

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

### ELSMERE AND ORTHODOXY.

A Discourse by H. W. Thomas, D. D., Pastor of the People's Church, Delivered at McVicker's Theater, Sunday, November 4th.

Give attendance upon reading.—I Tim. 4: 13. Speculative philosophy and theology deal largely with abstract principles and truths. The drama and the novel concretize truths and principles in personalities and represent them in life and action. These forms of literature naturally appeal more readily to the popular mind and heart; and hence it is possible to employ them so effectively in the presentation and advocacy of any great cause. The abstract principles of liberty and slavery had been discussed by statesmen and moralists from the foundation of this government and with little effect upon the masses north or south; but when Mrs. Stowe concretized these principles in the form of a story, and when this was put upon the stage the millions were moved to tears and aroused to indignation at the thought or sight of this monstrous iniquity as portrayed in the scenes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Before the invention of printing the stage was used by the church to present the stories of the Bible; but with the coming of books the strictly religious drama has largely disappeared. The novel in literature, in some form as old and as universal as literature itself, and the appearance of this form of teaching in religion is by no means new. Even our Saviour employed fiction, or imaginary instances and characters to embody and illustrate his doctrines; for we need not suppose that he had in mind any one family in the story of the prodigal son; nor that the events as narrated concerning a "certain man that went down from Jerusalem to Jericho" and of the priest and the Levite, actually occurred.

And thus the novel has a legitimate place in religion, and may be used as a great power in reaching the public mind and heart; and especially so in this wonderful age of books and reading; and it has been thus employed very effectively in the last half century in advocating a broader and purer and more rational theology. Then, however, the nature of the religious novel called "Yeast," by Charles Kingsley; then came "The Novels of Faith," by Froude, and the writings of George MacDonald; and in this country the moral and religious stories of Mrs. Stowe, and Eggleston and others; and by a strange coincidence within the last few months have appeared "Robert Elsmere" by Mrs. Humphrey Ward of England; and "Ward, The Preacher," by a lady of Boston; and "Love and Theology" by Mrs. Woolley of our own city; and all in the same line of thought and tendency, though with a different placing of characters.

Very few books of this or any time, perhaps, have met with so rapid a sale as Robert Elsmere; and the demand has been mainly from the more thoughtful classes; for there is nothing in the work that appeals to the vulgar, and very little that is even exciting or in any way sensational. The thought value of the book must be placed as far above the average; the expressional value is almost faultless; and the impulsive or emotional value is certainly pure, humane and stimulating in quality; but judged from the orthodox standpoint, the work is one of the most subtle and dangerous attacks ever made upon the Christian religion. Indeed, so great has been the alarm from this quarter, that the defenders of this form of faith have rushed to the front to warn their flocks, and it is possible to ward off the deadly blow dealt by this one fair hand. A hundred thousand clergymen trying to defend their boasted orthodoxy of 1400 years against the words of one woman!

We can hardly suppose that all present have yet found time to read this much-discussed book, and hence for their sakes, and for the sake of clearness in my remarks I will give the briefest outline of its contents. The work is wide in its scope, and brings in, in one way and another, many types of character, phases of modern life, and especially of English society, such as poverty and wealth, the condition of the working classes, their indifference and infidelity in reference to the religious teachings of the day; and hence the need of clearer statements of religious doctrines, and of more practical work.

The story is woven around the life of Elsmere, who whilst a student at Oxford is drawn by his emotional nature and the imposing ceremonies of the church to enter its ministry. His wife is of strong Puritan type; they enter upon their work, are devoted and successful; but with reflection, wider reading and under the influence of a skeptical thinker, he comes to doubt and to deny the historic evidences of the miraculous in the Christian religion. All this involves much struggle, and is a deep sorrow to his wife; but he resigns his parish and goes into London and takes up a work among the ungathered masses, goes into the debating clubs where Christianity is ridiculed and wins the scorn of his friends, and faith in that which to him is a more rational faith; and then, worn out by work and suffering he dies, and his wife, having been partially won over to his broader thought, after attending her own service in the morning goes and sits in silence in the meeting he had established.

Aside from its high literary merit, almost the whole interest of this story of 700 pages centres in the highest thought and struggles of its leading characters. Take these out, and the work would possess no public interest. And now several questions arise, and the first is: Why are the millions of Christian readers in England and America so interested in this story of a clergyman giving up his old views? We can hardly account for this upon any other theory than that somehow the people are in a state of mind to expectant and welcoming of some new form of belief; and this suggests again that they are uneasy and not fully satisfied with the faith that is commonly taught; and such is the simple fact in our day; and it is not that the people want to doubt, but that they cannot believe in many of the old doctrines. Their rational and moral consciences make it impossible. They do not want to sink down into unbelief; and hence they are so hungry for a religion that will satisfy both the reason and the heart.

A second question is: Why are the orthodox clergy of two great countries so uneasy? Why do they so dread the effects of this latest religious novel? Why are a hundred thousand preachers so disturbed by the words of this one woman? England and America have been under orthodox teaching for centuries; these teachings have the sanction of age and the support of wealth and learning and social position. If all these preachers were at all certain that they are right; that their positions can stand the test of critical research and unprejudiced reason, why should they be so anxious? Are they afraid to trust the common sense of mankind? Are they afraid that the real foundations of Christianity will be undermined?

Does not all this alarm suggest that many of the clergy have themselves felt the difficulties and the uncertainties of some of their positions, and are afraid to have the people think upon such matters? My good friend Dr. Gussanulus has confessed that the doctrines of Elsmere are preached at a time when men are most ready and best prepared to receive them; and that they "take hold of men with an almost fatal grasp." But why is this? Why is it so? What is it? Is it the world and the orthodox faith? Why is it that the children rocked in the cradle of orthodoxy, and sent to its schools, and many of those even who have been educated for its ministry, and themselves growing out of these old beliefs? If in the change they lost their faith in God and righteousness, and their love and reverence for the good, the explanation might be found in the resulting moral darkness. But such is not the case. Elsmere's faith in God and religion is if anything stronger after the change than before; and he is no less earnest in his love for man, and his efforts to do good; and such is the general experience of those who come into large views. The very fact that it is so hard to hold the world to any form of faith suggests the suspicion that there is something wrong in that faith.

To thoughtful and unprejudiced minds who really believe in the Christian religion, it is a pitiful sight to see that religion so exposed to attack, and so weak in its positions and defenses as to be disturbed by this simple story of a woman; and it is pitiful to see the entire orthodox church, Protestant and Catholic, in Europe and America, unable to answer Col. Ingersoll. There must be something inherently weak in Christianity itself, or there is something wrong in that conception of it called orthodox that constantly needs bolstering up, and then is never secure.

The weakness, my friends, is not in Christianity; but in the methods employed for its advocacy and defense, and in the weak, unreasonable, and often wicked doctrines, taught in the name of Christianity, and put forth as themselves being Christianity, and it is just here that the New Theology is taking its place in the world and in the New Reformation of the

19th century, and is trying to free the Christian religion from the accretions of error that are exposing it to so many sources of attack, and making it appear so weak and indefensible.

Mrs. Ward in her novel has not gone deeply into the questions of theology; and it is not in this form of literature that they are to be settled; but upon the higher planes of debate, there is nothing new in what she makes her imaginary characters say. But the fact that a woman has written such a work is very suggestive, and it is this that makes the orthodox preacher so uneasy; for it is matter of common knowledge that many of the open-minded men of these churches have long since ceased to believe in much that they hear from their pulpits; but they are held to the church by social ties and pecuniary interests. They have helped build these places of worship; their wives and children attend them; and they think the moral influence is generally good; and hence they remain and support them. But what if the women begin to think and to question the very doctrines that the men have ceased to believe in any thorough and realizing sense? That is what orthodox fears; and that is the danger that threatens it in this age when women are coming into the foreground of thought and action.

Mrs. Ward in her book has really touched but two phases of modern doubt; that of the miraculous in its bearing upon the authenticity, and hence the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divinity of Christ; and upon neither of these does her preacher express precisely my own views; for from my own stand point, I do believe in the incarnation and in the divinity of Christ, but not in the grossly materialistic conception and statement of that doctrine. I believe in the immanency of the divine in nature; that God is in nature, and not outside of it, and that at the centre, or germinally, man is divine, and that the fullness of this divine nature was revealed in the Christ; differing not in kind, but in degree, from the divine in man. Hence, placing the divine in nature, and not outside, we arrive at a different view of the supernatural; for from this standpoint there is the higher and the lower in nature, and each thing is natural upon its own plane, and hence the great evidence of the divine in the eternal order of nature; and not in any supposed violation of that order. Hence, whilst I do not feel called upon to deny the miracles of the New Testament, I would say that if the events occurred, they were in accordance with a higher law; but I would not rest the Christian religion upon these miraculous stories; not even upon the literal bodily resurrection of Christ. The evidence seems quite strong that he did appear in the body that was crucified; and the disciples and Paul believed as much; but is it the best evidence to us? Is it material to our faith in Christ to believe that his body was raised from the tomb? I think not. Historic evidence addressed to the senses and to us now unverifiable, is not as strong as that addressed to reason and the present experience of mankind. The essential fact is, that the Christ now lives; and this essential Christ never died; death had no power over him; and the life of Christ in the souls of men is not denied by any. It was natural one to insist upon the resurrection of Christ's body; and of all human bodies; but who believes now that the bodies that die will be raised?

Moral truths are not dependent upon miraculous attestations; rather, the appeal to reason and moral consciousness, in man; and on that foundation they are forever secure. Dr. Barrows says, referring to miraculous works of Christ, that "miracles are the jewels which naturally adorn the brow of this celestial king." Yes, you cannot put too many jewels in that crown to suit my reason or my heart; but let them be the jewels of the eternal moral order and glory of God revealed in the world of love and love in unfolding; and of the present moral and conquering power of that love and life in the world; and let us not bar mankind from this life by any such conditions as that they must believe in the resurrection of the body of Jesus so long ago. The real miracles of early Christianity were in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit; and that miracle—if such we call it—may be a blessed fact in the experience of praying souls to-day.

It is not necessary to believe everything in order to believe something; and in what the orthodox call this loss of faith by Elsmere, he still had undoubted faith in God; but that faith was saved—by giving up what he could not believe; for he says to the orthodox, "If I could see life and God for one hour as you see them, I should cease to be a Christian the next." He still believed in the great human Christ, in whom the beauty of God was revealed; and he went into the worst places of London, and redeemed the name of Jesus from low abuse. He had faith in God and right, and the future.

The orthodox preachers seem to think Elsmere gave up all faith; or rather they say, "he had nothing to give up." Well, he gave up "his living," his parish, and that is more than a great many who claim to be orthodox preachers are willing to do. They hold on to their pulpits and salaries. Elsmere was consoled to do the same thing, but his simple answer was, "I prefer to be honest." He did not give up his sense of manhood; but to keep it, he had to give up all the early associations of life—his church relations and friendships, and to be looked upon and branded as a heretic. Oh! this world will never know what the narrowness, bigotry, and severity—not of Christianity proper, but

of orthodoxy, has inflicted upon suffering hearts and lives. The hearts that the Christ loved, orthodoxy has persecuted and cast out, and imprisoned and burned at the stake.

The orthodox preachers of this troubled and doubting age owe it to themselves and to the future to lighten some of the burdens that the darker ages put upon Christian faith; the cold, external Latin accretions, such as the doctrine of original sin, and a penal atonement and everlasting punishment, that formed no part of the Christian faith as it was taught by the early Greek Fathers of the Church, and by the Apostles and Christ. Will they do it? or will they compel the reason of this age to stay outside of the church? The Young Men's Christian Association tells us that 75 per cent. of the young men of this country are never seen in the churches; that not over ten per cent. are church members, and less than five per cent. communicants.

Poor Elsmere said, "Christianity seems so small to me, with all God's great works without." Yes, "small," as usually interpreted, for the orthodox limit it to their narrow views; and limit salvation to those who accept their views; and Secretary Smith of the American Board says, that "not one in 400 in China ever heard the name of Christ"; and that there is but one missionary to every 818,000 souls." But thank heaven, the love of God is greater and His truth larger than the measure of these narrow minds; and O friends, who love the truth; who love the liberty of the truth; who love man and God; who love the Spirit of Christ, and really believe in his religion of humanity, of justice, of mercy, of life and hope, be true and strong and help build up a great church that will welcome all that is true and beautiful and good; a church where the millions may find rest and peace and joy.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
MATERIALIZATION.

Peccoliar Attitude of A. R. Wallace, and Criticism of Mrs. Sidgwick.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

In a recent number of *Light*, the editor publishes with comment a remarkable correspondence between Mr. Wallace and Vaughan Jenkins, and the criticisms of Mrs. Sidgwick. It is remarkable for the admissions made by the great co-workers with Darwin, and their seeming acceptance by the editor.

Mr. Vaughan Jenkins writes in a tone of astonishment that the materialized spirit Nellie cut off a lock of her hair which he sawly pressed. He does not understand how she could do this, although he does not doubt that she did it. Wallace replies to this in the following remarkable language:

"The permanent materialization of hair and portions of garment is very extraordinary. Sometimes such things do vanish away, either rapidly or gradually, but in other cases both remain. The hair I had here, but have now returned it to General Lippitt. All we can at present do is to make some of the facts."

Sure of the facts! Has Mr. Wallace made sure of the amazing "fact" of the materialization and permanency of that lock of hair? If he has not, are not the criticisms of Mrs. Sidgwick deserved? She is one of the most cautious and laborious investigators connected with the London Society for Psychical Research, and her long continued investigation shows her unusually fair and desirous of reaching an impartial conclusion.

Here she meets a great leader in science, who would be implicitly trusted in minutest detail of what he saw and had tested in islands in remotest Indian seas. He states a fact in regard to the appearance of a materialized spirit, the cutting off and giving a permanent lock of hair which cannot be a fact, cannot be true. The remaining of eye-lashes, locks, or fragments of lace out of proper touch, invalidates the whole. If some one should say to Mr. Wallace that he had seen a pig covered with feathers instead of hair, he would at once decide from the known laws of animal growth that his informant was mistaken, or lying, for he would know that such a freak was impossible. If a lock of hair could remain, the whole being from the editorial it was cut, might remain. Yet the editor in *Light* says: "It is clear, even from this correspondence, that there is no common platform on which we Spiritualists and those who approach us in this way can stand. We can be of no real use to those who, after many years of investigation, have not been able to make up their minds as to the truth of the vast mass of evidence that they have presumably considered."

It strikes us after reviewing this correspondence, that we have the greatest use for exactly such investigators as Mrs. Sidgwick. She does not enter on her work with just distinction between the requirements of spiritual phenomena and the coarse methods of material science, yet she indicates what will and what will not be received by scientific men as accurate. She makes no apologies or special pleadings. She demands simply the truth. There are statements as facts which no amount of evidence can substantiate. If a person should come to us saying that he saw a red hot piece of ice, we might say that he saw such an appearance, and might be conscientious in his statement, but ice becomes liquid at 32°, steam at 212°, and when this steam is heated red hot it must be confined in the strongest bonds. If he brought ten or a thousand witnesses, all ready to testify to the correctness of his statement, it would only prove that the ap-

pearance, whatever it was, had only deceived them. In this category is the "lock of hair," which no amount of evidence can demonstrate as a spiritual materialization, and it is ill-advised to trust such instances as crucial facts on scientific investigators attracted to the subject.

Mr. Wallace's complaint that the really important facts have been received by these investigators heartlessly and unsympathetically, is very just, and the attitude he assumes, and the "facts" he regards as crucial, have much to do with the manner of these investigators. They have usually taken the known frauds and the commonest tricksters, even jugglers into their confidence, and their "investigations" have been farces; yet, after all, if spiritual phenomena are to stand, and be received as final evidence, the ways of science, modified to meet the varying conditions must be instituted.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Present-day Danger Beacons.

R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D.

For the moment it has slipped my mind what nation is responsible for the truthful old proverb, that "A ship ashore is a beacon at sea," but it is a good one, and quite applicable to that grand, old, full-rigged ship, now proudly sweeping onward, that represents all that is good and true in our modern civilization, for surely ahead, off either quarter, and ahead, she sees many a ship ashore which to her must ever be as so many beacons at sea.

As compared with her ancient power, in all matters, religious, scientific and civil, it is very evident that the Roman Catholic Church is either in very shallow water or actually ashore. Priesthood and popery, that are other words for superstition and cruelty, which have always been since the dawn of learning, the open and avowed enemies of science and progress, to-day should be a big danger-beacon to our ship of civilization. Unfortunately we cannot exterminate them, as it is sometimes possible to do with other pests in the world, but we can keep them in thorough check in this country, and force them to stand and do service as a beacon at sea.

True, pure and rational Spiritualism, although still in a formative stage, may fairly claim a place in our modern progressive civilization, and beyond all peradventure it has its own danger beacon, and we must see it in the great corps of public paid mediums and their host of lesser followers. Recent disclosures have driven them in very shallow waters; ere long they will be ashore, and compelled to do duty as an additional danger-beacon to the onward course of civilized men.

Ideal civilization fully appreciates the fact that it is barbarous to settle international disagreements by vast destruction of lives, the breaking of millions of innocent hearts; the burning of cities with all their libraries, works of art, and scientific collections. Surely that is not civilization, and consequently standing organizations of armed men, as our own army, must be regarded as a danger of great menace to true progress, and our laws should ever tend to reduce it to its minimum, and remember that the residuum is to progressive civilization a beacon at sea. Next to Romanism the army *per se*, is thoroughly inimical to science and learning and all the gentler arts, and however much they may endeavor to assume the ways of men civilized, they are nevertheless both as a whole and in the individual, trained to kill and destroy, and within itself discourage anything in the form of learning. Hosts of men still strive to persuade humanity that their hundred and one nostrums and drugs constitute the means by which disease is to be eliminated. It is false, and a check to the progress of true sanitary science, and people civilized are slowly coming to know that quite the reverse to this is the case, and these educated quacks as a class must be steered clear of, by our ship of modern civilization and be regarded but as another danger-beacon at sea.

Through the operation of ignorance and bribery, courts civil not infrequently commit to prison, or even worse take the lives of innocent men, and in courts military it is the rare exception to have even-handed justice done, for in them, however infamous his character may be, the paramount thing to be regarded is to support the "superior officer," and even with us this always leads to injustice, often to the countenancing of perjury and fraud, and the illegal incarceration of innocent people.

So the methods by which such results are rendered possible, are fatal drawbacks to progress, and when grounded should be ever regarded as danger-beacons in the onward course of an ideal civilization.

Another ship ashore, another huge beacon is constituted in that element which is constantly striving to reconcile the statements made in the Bible with the facts brought to light through the investigations of modern science. Now science makes up the steering-gear of our ship of civilization, and no single danger in these times has been more threatening to her than the one to which we allude. It's the residue of the pith of that sword which has been used against her and against all progress since the mind of man took to thinking for itself. No beacon that can be discerned from her decks should be given a wider berth, and in pointing out this danger Dr. A. D. White very truly says of it, that

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## AFRAID OF THE DARK.

My name is Edward Houghton; I am twenty-eight years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a Government inspectorship with a good salary, am a member of the world—I am afraid of the dark. Indeed, it is something more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted me from my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides myself have my secret; my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to his sons, and who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvemonth ago, my nervous dread of the nights I should have to pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when traveling on inspection duty, became so acute and overwhelming that I determined to consult a leading physician about myself.

Sir Alfred Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about my health and habits, and especially whether anything ever occurred in very early childhood to give me a shock, although I might have been too young at the time to remember it now. My catechism over, he said:

"Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I can do nothing for you. The symptoms you have described are distressing, but I cannot tell you as a physician how they originate, or suggest any way of alleviating them. I have a friend, however, who is a profound believer in animal magnetism, and although I am very skeptical about many of his theories, he is one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I know. It can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly sympathize with you, if he can do nothing else. His name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you. Call upon him at three o'clock to-morrow, and I will write to tell him that he may expect you."

I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large luxuriously furnished room crowded with pictures, curios and "pretty things"—a handsome young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see through a millstone, look-d as if they could pierce a human being through and through.

After a little indifferent conversation, I began to tell him my tale, but I was so nervous that I bungled woefully and interspersed my narrative with idiotic giggles.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry," said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a glass of wine from a side table; "you are my patient, you know, and must drink this before beginning a long story."

I expect he must have put something into my draught, for in a few minutes I found myself talking as calmly and impassively as if I were speaking of some other person.

I told him how, if I left my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was utterly lost; how my outstretched hands would touch a window where I expected to find a door, and all the furniture seemed to play push in the corner as I moved about until at last I would sink on the ground utterly unnerved and trembling to wait through long hours for daylight.

I told him (and as I went on Mr. Pallatti's face grew eagerly attentive) how, when I was a boy of sixteen, my mother had described to me the circumstances of my eldest brother's death by drowning when I was an infant; how the same night my light went out and I saw through a luminous haze a room with ladies and a gentleman in it, a servant coming in at the door followed by a boatman carrying a boy in his arms with a dead face and the water dripping from his long hair; how, when I told my mother what I had seen, she said that I had described the minutest details of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them if ever called upon to do so might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the woman who died in the arms of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might have thickened to a cord.

"That night a great storm of wind and rain broke over the Towers; my window was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my hand were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the luminous haze rolled out before me; and through it there appeared a very small room with one narrow window, the lower sash of which was thrown up—a lumber room apparently, with one bare table in the center, a few broken chairs piled up in the corners, some dirty looking prints in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches, and all in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When all this was clearly developed, the shadowy forms of a man and a woman appeared dimly, and I could see that their outlines agreed with those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me. But happening at that moment to turn my head, I saw a thin stream of light shining through a chink in the door. I reached it at a bound, and catching up a lamp some one had left burning on the stairs, returned to my room to find everything as usual. I told Sir George, and we thoroughly explored the deserted wing of the Towers, but could find no room in the least resembling the one of my vision."

As I concluded a page boy brought in coffee, and when I had drunk mine, the curious feeling of constraint under which I had been speaking passed off, and I said quite cheerfully, "There, Mr. Pallatti, I have made a clean breast of it, and now, what do you prescribe?"

"A dog," said Mr. Pallatti. "What to eat?" I laughed.

"No to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But prevention is better than cure, so buy a little dog, and let him lie at the foot of your bed, and you will not be troubled by visions again even if your light does go out."

We parted with mutual promises to meet soon, but I was ordered away on duty, and it was six months before I saw him again.

I had just returned to London and was intending to look him up, when I received a

letter from Sir George Gillingham begging me to go at once to the Towers on a matter of the deepest importance. I lost not a minute in obeying the summons, and full of anxiety and a misgiving that something was very wrong, I arrived at the Towers as the dressing gown for dinner was sounding.

Sir George met me as I drove under the great portico. He looked so worn and harassed that I could not help whispering, "Good Heavens, Sir George, what is it? Has that question of the title-deeds cropped up again after all?"

"Yes, it has with a vengeance," said Sir George, "but go dress now and meet us in the dining-room. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who says he has met you before."

I entered the dining room with the soup and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed as for some great state function. He wore black knee breeches and silk stockings and great diamond buckles in his shoes, the broad ribbon of the Bath crossed his white waistcoat, and he wore half a dozen orders as well. He had brought his chef down with him, and we sat down to a dinner fit for the gods. The wine he gave us was scarcely ever brought out except when some Royal Prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost priceless. I knew it and Mr. Pallatti soon found it out, and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in the old-fashioned way and said, "I am making a little feast to-night, my young friends, for reasons of my own. It is the old story; let us eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we shall be dead. We'll do the same, let us hope," he said, turning it off with a laugh.

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well worth a good dinner. Without seeming to monopolize the conversation, he always had something original to say upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were so keen and spontaneous that our solemn little dinner party became quite a rollicking affair. Amongst the subjects we discussed was the last new trick of the last new conjurer, which was puzzling all London and giving learned judges and doctors and parsons sleepless nights in the endeavor to find it out.

"Why, don't you know how that is done?" said Mr. Pallatti, and he proceeded to solve the riddle in a dozen words.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir George. "Do you mean to say you found it out yourself?"

"Yes," returned Pallatti, "the very first time I went. There never has been and never will be a trick of any kind that I am unable to unravel. I suppose it is a kind of gift, but I have never made any use of it except sometimes to have a little fun among the Spiritualists." And he gave me a peculiar look out of his black eyes.

"Exposing all their rascally fortune-telling and rapping and table turning and such knaveries," I observed, "I observed composedly."

"Quite so," replied Pallatti dryly. "And now, gentlemen," said Sir George as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and we were ashamed even to look as if we should like some more, "if you please we will take our coffee in the drawing-room as there are no ladies there," and he rose from the table and walked towards the door. As we followed Pallatti whispered in my ear, "Mr. Houghton, I should like to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret."

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a perfect blaze of splendor was before us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed ceilings and profuse gilding, was lighted up by hundreds of wax candles in great chandeliers, in sconces, brackets, and lustres; the walls were entirely covered by full-length portraits of old Gillinghams; over each portrait a powerful lamp and reflector threw so strong a light that every gallant knight and gentle dame seemed to have come to life and was gazing at the black-coated intruders into their gay assembly. Two enormous fires were burning, one at each end of the room, and before one of these Sir George stood and motioned us to be seated. He looked so grand and stately and the brilliance of the scene was so overpowering, that Pallatti and I listened for his words with a kind of awe.

"Gentlemen, I am not going to detain you for any length of time by telling you over again the history which you have both heard already from my lips. But on this particular night I wish to recapitulate some of the main facts.

"In the year 1745 my great grandfather, Sir Hugo Gillingham, after being many years a widower, married a young and beautiful girl and brought her to the Towers. There are his portrait and hers," pointing to them; "go up to them and inspect them closely—learn them by heart. Who knows what may come of your doing so?" he said almost fiercely.

"The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond, worthless cousin, the son of a man who had squandered his birthright and was plying with all the great estates of Gillingham to his son, or brother and his heirs for ever. There is the man's portrait in that corner; study his face and figure as closely, both of you. The year 1745 brought rain and misery on many a noble house, and Sir Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentlemen, it is a fact that that poor scarecrow, the Pretender, once sat in that travesty of a throne, whilst well-born, virtuous ladies crowded his false hand, and Sir George pointed to a chair, and Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner, we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

"We were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance, caused us to stop.

"Eureka! eureka!" he almost screamed; "I ought to have seen it at a glance! Come back both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes."

The usually calm and impassive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight into a room called the Best Bedchamber, in one corner of which there still stood the great iron chest from which the fatal title-deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot-rule from his pocket carefully measured the wall on one side of the door—nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor, which was paneled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measuring off nine feet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room (known as the Blue Bedchamber), he scored off seven feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for!

"There is a carpenter at work close by," panted Pallatti; "we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools."

I was off like a shot, and soon returned

read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune, and of loathing for the subject of his vengeance.

"To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor, in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure why some day or other I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title-deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate there are agents busily at work, making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, with your keen wits and ready invention can help me, my resources are at an end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then leant his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantelpiece. A servant entered and looking up he said quite naturally, "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam. I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how it looks on a state occasion—and take the cigars and things into the billiard-room. We will finish the evening there."

Of the almost incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to offer any explanation. I can only vouch for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr. Pallatti believes, the secret can be explained, or whether it is a mere coincidence, or whether those events were merely the result (to quote the Doctor in "Martin Chuzzlewit") of a "most extraordinarily happy and favorable conjunction of circumstances," will forever remain a mystery to me.

When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange nerves with a cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drunk, the dazzling splendor of the state drawing-room, the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the life-like portraits of the principal actors seem to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself most wide awake I began to doze off, and was soon as fast as a church.

How long it had lasted I could not tell, when I woke with a start, and for the third time in my life found myself alone in the dark. I stretched out my hand for the matches, but they were gone, and at the time the luminous glare appeared upon the wall. Then the room, with its one tall open window, the broken furniture, the case of stuffed birds, and the two figures of my former vision developed rapidly. I could see the last plainly enough now—a man in a long horseman's coat and brown boots with great silver spurs, a woman in a long white wrapper, with her hair flowing over her shoulders nearly to the ground, and they stood together by the table reading from a large sheet of paper which they held between them, by the light of a single candle in a tall silver candlestick. Occasionally they turned their faces towards me with an anxious expression, as if they were listening for something, and I immediately recognized two of the portraits in the state drawing-room. Suddenly they started violently, the man rushed to the window and leaped out, the woman thrust the papers into her dress, and a second man with a drawn sword flashing in his hands dashed into the room and through the window in pursuit of the fugitive. Then the woman drew out the papers and tried to tear them, but they must have been parchment and she failed; she put them over the flame of the candle, but one corner only began to char, and she would not burn. At last she turned to one of the dirty prints which opened at her touch, thrust the document into a cavity in the wall, and reclosing the aperture, fell headlong to the ground. I could not have borne much more, when there was a glare of light in my eyes, a hand shook me roughly by the shoulder, and a voice (Pallatti's) exclaimed, "Good Heavens! Houghton, what is the matter? You must have had the nightmare and are now quite exhausted." He took a glass of brandy and poured the contents into a teaspoon put it to my lips. Whatever the potion was, it was so strong that it nearly took my breath away, but its effect was instantaneous, and I asked him quite calmly, "How on earth did you come here?"

"Why I felt so nervous and wakeful after Sir George's entertainment that I couldn't sleep, and as I got worse and worse, I thought I would see the ghost of my grandfather. You certainly seem to have been no better off than I, and I think we had better stick together and keep ourselves awake by talking till daylight doth appear."

"Most willingly," I said, "and I will begin by telling you my vision like a modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may be able to expound it, O Joseph. There may be nothing in it or everything, who knows?"

The next morning, after an almost untasted breakfast, Sir George and Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner, we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

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with the astounded carpenter, who had been shedding gimlets, bradaws, nails and screws, and such small articles plentifully by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatti had already spudded the wainscot; the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench, the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an almost indescribable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints—all were there, and on the little table in the center stood a tall and tarnished silver candlestick, the candle long since devoured by the great-grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we entered.

For two or three minutes not a word was said, and then I sprang at one of the prints and tried to tear it from the wall, but Pallatti stayed my hand.

"There is not a secret spring in the world could baffle me for two minutes," he said quietly.

With one touch of his fingers the picture flew open, and putting in his hand he pulled out a mass of crumpled parchment.

A short inspection proved to Sir George that they were the long lost deeds, and we all sat for ourselves that one corner was shrivelled and stained with grease and smoke.

The next morning I found Sir George waiting for me at breakfast.

"Where is Pallatti, Sir George?" I asked. "Gone," replied Sir George, hurrying out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed."

"What on earth should I do that for?" I wondered.

"Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in a cupboard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever pass his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."—EDWARD A. IRVING in *Belgravia*.

## A Premonition that Was Fulfilled.

The *Two Worlds* alluding to one of many murders lately occurring in London says: "When the sister of the unfortunate murdered woman was being examined, as to her means of recognizing a body too much mutilated and disfigured to present opportunities for recognition, the following almost unparalleled piece of testimony was received without doubt or question. In answer to the coroner, the witness said:

"On the Sunday morning, when I read the account in the newspapers, I thought it might be my sister who had been murdered. I had a presentiment that that was so. I came down to Whitechapel and was directed to the mortuary; but when I saw the body I did not recognize it as that of my sister."

"How was that? Why did you not recognize it in the first instance?" I do not know, except that I saw it in the gaslight, between nine and ten at night. But I recognized her next day."

"Did you have some special presentiment that this was your sister?" Yes. I was in bed, and about twenty minutes past one on Sunday morning I felt a pressure on my breast and heard three distinct kisses. It was that which made me suspect that the woman who had been murdered was my sister."

"The Coroner (to the jury): The only reason why I allow this evidence is that the witness has been doubtful about her identification."

*Daily Telegraph*.

Comment on these few and touching passages is to the experienced Spiritualist unnecessary.

There remains but one more lesson to be drawn from the silence which seems to hold the action of the Spirit-world in abeyance, in the present awful age of crime. The bread, clothes, and shelter, by "selling flowers," "smallwares, going out to work, or doing whatever they can, and, failing other means—oh, horror, shame, and disgrace to a Christian and civilized land!—their next and only resort is to sell themselves to any wretches—even to robbers and murderers—who will buy them! The whole story revealed of the dens in which the poor vegetate, the miseries that drive them to sin, and the total absence of any restraining moral law, renders, hap, or even the means to lead decent lives, is at once a mocking comment on the splendid array of well-fed, highly-paid, pampered Christian Bishops, that have lately met by their hundreds in Manchester, to preach up the glories and triumphs of Christianity, and to say to thieves, robbers and murderers, "Though your sins were as red as scarlet, they shall be washed as white as wool in the blood of the Lamb."

It is also an answer, if one more be needed, as to why the angels in heaven, who love, pity, and care for the suffering ones on earth, may permit some short, brief passages of martyrdom to be enacted, in order that the day of reform may ring out in clarion tones around the world, and an outraged public sentiment may awaken the spirit of humanity, to declare to the glorious civilization of this boasted age and nation—"Mene mene, tekel, upharsin!"—"Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

If such a result as this can be obtained, by dragging into the light and exposing to public attention the miseries of the abject poor, the conditions in which they subsist, rather than live; and above all, if it can illustrate, as never before, the infamous doctrine that a human fiend, such as the author of the Whitechapel murders must be, can, if caught and put to death, go straight to heaven by virtue of the cabalistic words, "I believe in Jesus, the savior of sinners," whilst his victim, for lack of this magical utterance, will go to everlasting perdition—if, we say, such tremendous and startling events as are now convulsing the civilized world will waken up an all too apathetic age to the urgent necessity of solving such problems as the above, and instituting systems of thorough social, political, and religious reforms, then will the blood of the poor martyrs of "miserable London" not have been shed in vain, and the darkest hours of human wrong may herald in the brightest day of human redemption.

## The Nun of Kenmare.

The astonishing fact of the abdication of her ecclesiastical position by the world-renowned Nun of Kenmare, and her withdrawal from the Order of Peace, which she founded, has a singular interest for every one interested in the Catholic Church, for or against. After thirty years of service as a Sister, and many years as Mother General of the Order of Peace, the Nun of Kenmare has been compelled to retire from her successful enterprises, owing to the intense opposition to her work manifested by certain high ecclesiastics.

These matters are set forth in the following copy of her letter now in the hands of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

## To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

HOLY FATHER—It is with great grief and regret that I address this letter to your Holiness. I am obliged to resign into your hand the office to which you were pleased to appoint me, and to leave to others the work of the Order of Peace which your Holiness has authorized me to establish.

I have not taken this step without long and careful consideration, for I see every day more and more the necessity of such works as this for Working Girls. They have indeed the great support of the Roman Catholic Church, and they deserve all that can be done for their comfort and encouragement.

But I have found such opposition to this work, which I so dearly love, from certain bishops whose influence is so powerful that they disapprove, even though it has the sanction of your Holiness, that I am obliged to retire from it. My health, always delicate, is completely given way under the pressure and pain of this discouragement. I have in vain pointed out to these ecclesiastics that the fact of your Holiness having permitted me to establish a New Order, should have satisfied them that I was, as the document sent from Propaganda to the Right Rev. Bishop Bagshawe said, "worthy of confidence and trust."

This document says, "I may assure your lordship that due notice, acknowledgment, and consideration has been taken of whatever has been written or sent to Propaganda, and nothing was found to prevent the Cardinal Prefect from recommending her (Sister M. Francis Clare) to the Holy Father, not only to disperse her from belonging to the Poor Clares, but to give her that dispensation to establish and direct a new congregation under your lordship. That very fact is an evident testimony of the judgment passed in Propaganda that she is worthy of your lordship's confidence and trust, and that of any one who may put herself under her guidance."

Notwithstanding the above, reports are circulated both by ecclesiastics and in public press under the control of ecclesiastics, making false charges against me ever since I came to this country, which are most defamatory to me as a religious; and what is far more discreditable, these charges are based on the wisdom and prudence of your Holiness in appointing me to such an Office, and on the judgment of the Sacred College of Propaganda, as they are circulating, both in public and in private, the very charges against me which Propaganda has declared, after a careful judicial inquiry, to be false.

I am now publishing in a volume an account of my life. The facts and documents which I shall print will show how groundless are the charges which have been made against me by these influential ecclesiastics, and will show that I was not unworthy of the honorable position to which your Holiness appointed me. If in this publication certain bishops shall be seen to have thrown obstacles in the way of the work which your Holiness committed to me, by speaking of me as if I were an unworthy Sister, your Holiness will be pleased to remember that before publishing these documents I gave them many opportunities of clearing me, publicly or privately, of their false charges, and even in such a manner that it might not appear that they were the authors of them. It will be seen, indeed, that I have treated them with every consideration and patience.

I have now, Holy Father, to express to you my highest respect and my deepest gratitude. The memory of your kindness will remain with me to my dying hour.

With regard to the Sisters who have been associated with me in this work, I am certain that no ecclesiastic can say anything but good of them. Holy Father, take these good Sisters, whom I have so long loved and cherished and trained for this work, to your heart. Be assured that I will altogether keep from them, and shall not give a pretext to any ecclesiastic for any opposition to them on my account. They certainly cannot be held responsible for my supposed faults, and I will be as one who does not exist, as far as they are concerned. God alone knows what this sacrifice will cost me, but I make it willingly, as I see that it is the only way to secure permanence and prosperity to this work.

As during the thirty years which I have served the church as a Sister I have always acted in strict obedience to canonical rule and observance, I have sent in my resignation to the Right Rev. Bishop Bagshawe and the Right Rev. Bishop Wigger. The former, in his reply to me, expresses his deep regret that my state of health obliges him to accept my resignation, and his sense of the great value of the work done by the Sisters of Peace in his diocese.

I beg to subscribe myself, with the highest respect your Holiness's most grateful

SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE CUSACK.

Late Mother General of the Sisters of Peace.

## SAMPLE BURIAL HORRORS.

Examinations Prove that Many Persons are Put in Ground Alive.

As the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

As set forth by the *Chicago Herald*, "Sample Burial Horrors" are numerous. One of the gravediggers who excavated a cemetery in Minneapolis the other day told a reporter of that city that in nineteen coffins the remains were found turned on their sides, and in one case lying face downward; the latter was that of a full-grown woman, with long jet black, beautiful tresses scattered over the shoulders, and tangled about the neck, indicating that, after being consigned to her last resting place, the latent spark of life quickened, and, conscious of the awful hopelessness of her situation, and with the strength of desperation she began the frightful struggle, vainly turning and twisting within the narrow walls of her prison, until exhaustion finally overcame her and brought relief.

When the ancient cemetery east of Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, was dug up and the remains taken away to allow of the extension of Raymond street, the writer saw numerous indications of premature interments.



The most hideous and blood-curdling of these was that of a body found in the old Presbyterian public receiving vault. It had been placed there about four years previously, and the lid or top had been strained so that some of the screws were torn half out, the end and lower part of top had been wrenched outward, and the right foot and part of the leg had been forced through, and was so found, protruding. Upon further examination the entire body was found twisted, the skull turned under, and the fingers of one hand were thrust through and wedged in under the lid—evidently in the last straining, hopeless effort for liberty. In scores of graves the coffins were found to contain bodies that were turned and twisted more or less to one side—positive proof of having been buried alive.

It is a well-authenticated fact that the mother of the poet Scott, while lying in a trance and declared by the physicians to be dead, was laid away in the family tomb in the great vaults under the parish church. At night the ghoulish sexton stealthily entered the tomb, opened the casket, and proceeded to rob the elegant and wealthy lady of the jewels which were on her person, according to the then prevalent custom. Finding some finger rings too tightly fixed, the unconscionable thief took his pocket knife and slashed the flesh from the fingers. The sudden shock and flow of blood caused a reaction of the vital forces, and the renervated madame opened her eyes, uttered an exclamation of amazement and attempted to rise up. The guilty and horror-stricken rascal's hair rose straight upon his head, and with the yell of a desperate madman, he rushed forth, thus raising the alarm which brought help and rescue to her. She lived many years subsequently, none the worse from her awful adventure, which occurred five years previous to the birth of Sir Walter.

The mother of General Israel Putnam, of revolutionary renown, was placed in her coffin and the funeral services commenced, when she revived, and six years afterward gave birth to the child Israel.

Long years ago three medical students, who paid an extra sum of money to a professional "resurrectionist" for the purpose of procuring an extraordinarily desirable subject, entered the college dissecting room one night to view their purchase, which had just been received.

Lifting the cloth cover, they were more than pleased to discover the remarkable fresh, fine, desirable young corpse of a young and lovely maiden lady. It was the form of a Juno and the features of a Hebe. Round, plump, splendidly developed, perfectly symmetrical, with a wealth of dark chestnut tresses, and chestnut-colored eyes, pink, creamy-tinted complexion, brilliant ivory white teeth, thin, delicate ears, mouth and nose, eyebrows and eyelashes beautifully long and shapely.

One of the two fingered about the body apparently as one held under the spell of a strange, undefined fascination.

The girl had been ill and was supposed to have died of some heart disease, and had lain in her family vault about twenty hours. The young student, filled with admiration, gently lifted the magnificently molded arm. It was not chillingly cold, although cool. The muscles were not hard and fixed severely as in rigor mortis. He raised the eyelids and saw none of the glassy and ghastly peculiarities. He was aroused, and laid his ear down over the region of the heart. Then he was puzzled and started, and applied the stethoscope.

Then he repressed his growing excitement and summoned assistance. Evidences of latent life in the body were discovered beyond doubt. Vigorous efforts were then made for resuscitation, and successfully, too. Then the hapless girl, while yet unconscious, was wrapped in blankets and tenderly removed to the residence of one of the professors near by. Her relatives were sent for, and in time she regained perfect health, and subsequently wedded the student, who afterward became president of Philadelphia Medical College. She is now a widow and resides with the youngest of four stalwart sons.—Chicago, Ill.

#### CONSIDERING THE LILIES.

Science as Related to Religion.

Rev. Myron Adams' Sermon—"The Question of God's Existence Brought Directly to Man's Mind by Evolution."

The fourth discourse in the series of sermons on evolution now being given by Rev. Myron Adams was delivered at Plymouth church last evening. The topic selected by the reverend gentleman was "The Functions of Science as Related to Religion," and he chose as a text the familiar passage from the sermon on the mount: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—Matthew vi. 28. A synopsis of the sermon follows:

"To consider is the office of science. Such consideration must lead, according to Jesus Christ, to certain results, namely, the beneficence and goodness of God. Two hundred and eighty years ago Kepler published his work upon the movements of the planets. From these he deduced the other laws of Kepler. In his last work he said that the book might well wait a century for a reader since God had waited 6,000 years for an observer. Kepler was the legislator of the heavens. He built together the facts about the heavens. In all departments of thought the law of relation between facts must be discovered before there can be order. Men see things, but do not see their relation. The facts are all helter-skelter in their minds. Then arises some one to discover the law of relation. Darwin spent a laborious life in discovering the law of relation in biology. Then Spencer formulated by generalization the law of evolution. It is philosophy built upon observation. Why should not this philosophy be adopted by all thinking religious men? It will not destroy true religion. The law of evolution has been accepted for centuries as a law. If you take an egg it has certain shape, color, weight. The observer breaks open the shell and finds an albuminous mass inside—a mass of cells. A process of differentiation begins in the egg after a while. It separates into three layers. They are to form three functions or organs—the nerve system, the nutrition system and the blood system. The nerve system has to do with the exchange of impressions between the outside and inside. The nutrition system has to do with the exchange of matter between the outside and inside. The blood system has to do with the exchange of matter between the parts of the inside. The unit cells of the egg become muscle and nerves, flesh and blood. The law of evolution results from an observation of such facts as these.

"The child is told that God made him. This is true. But he is not taught, as he becomes a man, how this is so. The child sees a moth. He is told that God made the moth.

He takes a paper and a pair of shears and tries to make one himself. That is the way he sees God makes moths. The next spring he sees a moth come out of a cocoon. He tells his mother she was wrong in saying God made the moth. She tells him God made the cocoon. After a while he sees a worm make the cocoon. He tells his mother what he has seen and says the worm, not God, makes the cocoon. She tells him God made the worm. Then the boy gets sharp sighted and goes out and finds a little bunch of bead-like eggs. After a while the worm is hatched from the egg. The boy goes to his mother again and then the mother says God made the egg. Finally, he finds out that the moth lays the egg and says the whole thing goes in a circle, egg, worm, cocoon, moth and so on. But his mother says God does not make things as he does, that he will some time learn to study and admire the process of God.

"The boy grows up. He treats the whole thing as coming from God, of coming from nothing. There is no reason why he should not believe it comes from God and pretty much every reason why he should not believe it comes from nothing. Suppose the mother should tell the little boy to let the cocoons alone and should tell him they are snares of the devil. She will put her boy on the way to permanent unbelief. Put the church in the place of the mother and the children of the church in the place of that boy and what is the conclusion?

"Science can tell me in what way I was made. It cannot tell me who made me. That is a philosophy and not science. Men seem to believe that God is a non-resident and an absentee; that God sub-lets his functions to cohesion, adhesion, vital force, and other natural forces. God is conceived as a chief marshal of other gods called natural laws. That is a polytheism that has held its ground for centuries. The new science will not admit of this theory. The new philosophy utterly discards this polytheism. It sees God in all natural laws. Either God operates all nature in a more intimate way than has been latterly taught, or nature operates itself and needs no God. Does it take long for any one to decide which is true unless he be grievously afflicted with materialism? The highest function of science is to show man his direct connection with God. If you are forced to admit the presence of God in the lower creations, are you not compelled also to admit his existence in man, or in the words of Christ: 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'—Rochester, N. Y. Paper.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at and can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

PRINCIPLES OF THE ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY of Society, Government, and Industry by Van Rensselaer Denslow, LL. D. New York: Cassell & Co. Limited, 1888. Pp. 382. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Denslow has endeavored in this large volume to answer the many questions of interest to students in political economy. He trusts, he says, that his "work may prove acceptable to the students of political economy in this and other lands, in the degree in which it fairly reflects the opinions of statesmen, the wisdom of nations, the views of practical men of affairs—for these get nearest to the truth of things." Dr. Denslow aims to be constructive rather than destructive, although criticism forms a large part of the work.

Of the English writers on political economy our author has not a very high opinion. "Political Economy," he says, "can never make rapid progress in England until missionaries of human progress in that country, to inculcate or in some way develop there, the faculty of apprehending the distinction between stupidity and profundity." The illustration of this "point" is found in "Malthus's law of population," as stated by himself and Ricardo.

"The law is," says Dr. Denslow, "that as the laborer's income expands, his power and tendency to procreate expands at the same rate, so as to hold the laborer, ordinarily and naturally, down to the same standard as if his wages had not increased." "Hence, if A. T. Stewart married on an income of \$1,000, or say \$500 each for himself and wife, the so-called law of Malthus would have required when his income reached \$5,000,000 a year that Mrs. Stewart should have borne him 12,000 children. In fact he did not bear him one."

This is a strangely unjudicial and one-sided reference to Malthus's law of population. It cannot be denied that in regions the most scantily provided with means of subsistence the tendency of population is to decline rather than increase. This is especially true of men in a savage condition. When civilized men come to occupy such countries, the means of subsistence are multiplied, and the increase of population is made possible. The law of reproduction in mankind tends, no doubt, to increase of population in a geometrical ratio as Malthus maintained, but in savage life there is lack of the means of subsistence, while in civilized life, famine, positive checks, work the most freely and with the most destructive effects.

These facts are indisputable, and yet it is true that in the most enlightened countries the increase of population is greatest among the poor, and least among the wealthy or well to do classes. The rate of increase is reduced about in the ratio of the improvement of the social condition, and this is owing largely to prudential moral checks upon the importance of which Malthus insisted. Malthus's claim that food can be made to increase only in an arithmetical ratio may fairly be questioned, and to much in his reasoning exception may be taken; but Dr. Denslow's attempt to show that Malthus and Ricardo failed to see that there is no physiological distinction between the effect of an increase of income on a laborer, a profit-maker and a landlord, as to his tendencies to procreate his species, as they are all laborers of some sort, and that Malthus's law of population is false because the barren wife of a millionaire is not the mother of 12,000 children, is simply ridiculous.

Prof. Bonamy Price's statement of the Malthusian law that human beings, like all other animals, have the power of multiplying faster than their food, is met in the following fashion:

"Since as human beings are the food of all other animals, and all other animals are, or may be the food of human beings, as the power of multiplying faster than their food pertains both to human beings and to all other animals, it follows that Prof. Price has affirmed both that human beings have a power of multiplying greater than that of other animals, and that other animals have a power of multiplying greater than that of human beings." This may be smart, but it is not a very convincing refutation of "the Malthusian law."

John Stuart Mill's "obvious truism" that customs, duties, are protective only so far as they produce revenue, only so far as they exclude imported goods, and that they yield revenue only on the quantity of goods which they admit, our authority regards as mere "chop logic." Mill's proposition has the appearance of self-evidence, but Dr. Denslow brings forward tariff statistics to disprove it.

To Adam Smith's statement that taxes should be direct and certain, so that each man should know exactly the extent of his burden,—Dr. Denslow replies that the burden of the tax is not lightened when the man who feels them keenly will resist their unjust imposition. But is it a civic virtue so much higher to resist taxation, than to pay taxes, that special pains should be taken to make it painful? Of what great value is it to any man to have burdens made so extremely evident?

The book contains many statements not necessary to the author's argument, some of them incomplete or exaggerated like the following:

"The development of man mentally, morally and socially is therefore the product of diversification of industry." (page 318). A true statement would seem to be that the diversification of industry is the product of man's development, each industry having its origin in man's wants and productive power, and all being made to serve in this development. What

Dr. Denslow says as to the importance of industrial diversification?

A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a defense of the protective tariff, a subject with which Dr. Denslow is thoroughly familiar, and which he discusses with ingenuity and acuteness, but with, we must add, too much of the bad temper which he ascribes to distinguished writers whom he opposes. Thus he says: "Protective theories have the qualified endorsement of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, even while they call forth the polemic of both, and provoke the temper of William Jevons Cairnes, Bonamy Price, Fawcett, Thorold Rogers, all lose their good manners on no other issue but this, and singularly enough their lack of patience in investigation, candor in analysis, and even honesty of statement, seems proportionate to the fervor of their anger." The besetting sin of the free-trade school of writers is that they advance the purities of children with the pompousness of kings, and the unscrupulousness of rogues, and then say this is demonstration, when no intelligent mind sees in it the quality of conclusiveness, and often it lacks all semblance of knowledge, or candor, or economic expertness in thinking.

With all its defects the work has real merit. It contains many facts and figures, numerous citations and references, and much ingenious and interesting thought on subjects of current interest. The style is strong and clear and the book is very readable. It is the result of years of thought and study, and the production of a man who has the courage to differ from the past one, but in a work on political economy it is without the slightest excuse. The work is carried by so many similar passages that one is led to believe that some of the chapters were written under mental strain or in a state of nervous excitement.

TOWN AND COUNTRY SCHOOL BUILDINGS. A Collection of Plans and Designs for Schools of Various Sizes, Graded and Ungraded, with Descriptions of Construction and Sanitary Arrangements. Light, Heat, and Ventilation. By R. C. Gardner, architect, author of "The House that Jill Built," "Homes and How to Make Them," "Common Sense in Church Building," etc. New York and Chicago: E. L. Kellogg & Co. 410. Cloth, 144 pages \$2.50.

In looking over these pretty designs, one wonders why every school house, especially in the country, has not been made beautiful ere this. It never seems to occur to the board of trustees that there is anything necessary except four walls, a roof and a floor, consequently there is great room for improvement, and in this day and age of the world when the aesthetic taste is cultivated to such an extent, our children demand that the places in which they spend so much of their time shall possess the most perfect system of heating, lighting and ventilation known. The author shows how to make even a handsome log school house. He gives very minute details which will be found easy for even the commonest mechanic to work from.

THE LOVER AND OTHER PAPERS. By Richard Steele. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents, 350 pages.

This collection of essays, Richard Steele will be read with interest. They are a selection from "The Englishman," "Town Talk" and other noted English papers of that day, and when we think that Steele has been dead 160 years, we must realize that we get an idea of their time and place in no other way. W. A. Jones in "Literary Studies" says of it: "It contains many admirable suggestions of the highest practical value, and delicate satire, with fine irony unequalled but in the pages of his friend and associate."

MISS PARLOA'S COOK BOOK. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. This preparing and cooking of food is not only discussed, but all details of the culinary department are introduced.

TICKNOR'S PAPER SERIES. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Ticknor & Co. are issuing some of the best and choicest reading in this paper series. John Bowdwin's Testimony and Love and Theology are two of the latest out, and no doubt will meet with large sales.

THE SUNSHINE SERIES. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

This popular series is constantly bringing out works by well-known writers in this cheap form, and meeting with success.

#### New Books Received.

Society and the State. Two sermons by Rev. H. N. Brown. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Peckster Professorship. An Episode in the History of Psychological Research. By J. P. Quimby. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane. By Frank Barrett. Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price 50 cents.

The Astonishing History of Troy Town. By Q. Rainbow Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The following new books received from Roberts Bros., Boston: A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Feet. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Price \$1.00.

Casimir Maremma. By Arthur Helps. Price, 75 cents.

With Sa'di in the Garden, or the Book of Love. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Price, \$1.00.

The following new works from Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:

Biding his Time. By J. T. Trowbridge. Price, \$1.00.

Travelers and Outlaws. Episodes in American History. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Price, \$1.50.

Chapters from Jane Austen. Edited by Oscar Fay Austen. Price, 75 cents.

Readings from the Waverley Novels. Edited by A. F. Blaisdell. Price, 75 cents.

November Magazines Not Mentioned Before.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The stories, poems, and illustrations are all that the young readers could ask for. Some children of Modern Painters and the children of the White House are most interesting readings. The departments are full of useful information.

Current Literature. (New York.) Number six, volume one of this successful monthly is at hand, and has a varied table of contents. The several departments are good; that of The Unusual, Ghostly and Queer will interest many of our readers.

The American Magazine. (New York.) An unusual array of articles are found in this monthly for November.

Also:

The Unitarian Review, Boston.

The Christian Metaphysician, Chicago.

The Independent Pulpit, Waco, Texas.

Notes and Queries, Manchester, N. H.

Historical Art Journal, Rochester, N. Y.

Woman's World, Chicago.

The Children's Friend, and Kindergarten, New York.

Quarterly Journal of the Jannet Miller's System of Patterns, New York.

Sphinx, Leipzig.

Le Messager, Liege.

The Phenomenological Magazine, London.

La Revue Spirite, Paris.

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#### Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and full of what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

Psychography. By M. A. (Oxon.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Home Circles, how to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for mission purposes.

Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Fiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time. Price, 30 cents.

The Watska Wonder. A narrative of startling phenomena occurring in the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum. Also a case of Double Consciousness. These cases are wonderful psychic and physio-psychological studies and have attracted world-wide attention by their authenticity and startling phenomena. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: After Dogmatic Theology, What? Materialism or Spiritual Philosophy and Natural Religion. The aim of this work is to state materialism fairly, and to hold it as inconsistent. A wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history is given. Cloth, 150 pages; only 60 cents, postpaid.

The American Protectionist's Manual. The Inter-Ocean says: "It collects the largest, most valuable and readable fund of information ever put in so small a compass on economic subjects, and is more instructive than any work of like size issued in England, France or America. It is clear and plain." Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper cover, 25 cents, post paid.

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Revelations—Those of the Past and of To-Day.

In his "Life of Carlyle," Mr. Froude says of the stern old sage of Craigenputtock: "Experienced fact was to him revelation, and the only true revelation. In revelation technically so-called,—revelation confirmed by historical miracles,—he was unable to believe; he felt himself forbidden to believe by the light that was in him. In other ages men had seen miracles where there were none and had related them in perfect good faith, in their eagerness to realize the divine presence in the world. They did not know enough of nature to be on their guard against alleged suspensions of its unvarying order. To Carlyle the universe itself was a miracle, and all its phenomena were equally in themselves incomprehensible."

Carlyle did not believe in feeding on the dry husks of the past, in clinging to the myths and mythologies of a dead civilization. He preferred the fresh succulent spiritual food, the facts and phenomena of the universe, in which he saw evidence of divine power as manifest as it was in olden times. To him all nature was sacred and not simply a particular period of history, or a particular place on this planet. In the sunrise, and in the change from day light to the star-sown gloom of night; in the germination of a seed, the growth of a plant, and the evolution of an animal organism, in the revolution of worlds and their majestic march through space, and above all, in the marvellous phenomena of human thought, Carlyle saw miracles, compared with which the alleged miracles of theology seemed paltry and contemptible.

Is not this the rational and true position? With cosmic movements all around us, in which is immanent the Supreme Power, why should men view these with indifference and insensibility and pay perpetual deference to an undeveloped superstitious past. In all practical matters people are taking advantage of enlarged knowledge and the new light. In the study of science and in the province of "profane" history, so-called, miracle plays no part, for it is assumed that law everywhere prevails and that whatever occurs, however strange, must be in accordance with law. It is an absolute rule of historical criticism to exclude from all ancient as well as modern narratives—except those called sacred, every account involving special divine interposition. In Christian nations the exceptions to this rule are only the particular sacred books of the Hebrews and Christians, those that have survived, and have not been rejected as apocryphal. The alleged miracles in these writings are still believed by millions. In the orthodox churches are yet heard the old worn thread-bare theological names and formulas, the teachers of which feel obliged to feed their hearers on spiritual husks in which there is no nourishment, because the churches are bound by iron usage and creeds formulated centuries ago. The truth and light of to-day are ignored. Men and women who in active life are reasonable enough, inside of the churches, in the crepuscular shadow of the sanctuaries, revert to the mental and moral stature of two or three thousand years ago, and recite the words which voiced the spiritual wants and feelings of semi-barbarous nomads and shepherds of the far distant past. They have moral natures and the moral sense far more fully developed than was the moral sense of the ancient Hebrews, and there is accessible to them stores of knowledge unknown in the past; and yet these men and women who cling to an irrational theology, turn from

the revelation of to-day, to those of the past, as though there had been no progress in science, no advance in knowledge.

The past should not be undervalued. It made the thought and culture of the present possible. In the old myths and miracles there are expressions or aspects of truth suited to the ancient mind, and which served to give it inspiration and strength. It is only when minds under the influence of a more advanced civilization, turn to these old beliefs and accept them as full and final truths that they have a stunting and dwarfing tendency. Fortunately the great thinkers of Christendom, those whose thought percolates slowly down through all the intellectual and social strata, are applying to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures the same methods of investigation and the same canons of criticism which have been applied with such splendid results to Egyptian, Indian, Greek and Roman history; and these methods and canons are by no means confined to a small class of thinkers; they are used by thousands, and in every community among the most intelligent are men and women who can never again be satisfied with the faith in which they were reared, but from which by thought and study they have freed themselves and have either found or are seeking a broader and nobler faith. Here begins a grand work in which a rational, scientifically proven Spiritualism can fill a splendid part in the evolution of man. Here and now is a field ripe for the harvest and demanding an army of well-trained teachers, filled with the highest inspiration and guided by the knowledge of to-day and the experience of all the past. Then let us to our task, Spiritualists! each according to his ability. See to it that material resources are forth-coming to reinforce the spiritual. Arouse, one and all, to the importance of the opportunity and give such power and momentum to the movement, such virility, such conviction-compelling force as shall carry all before it!

Mary Eddy Hunteon.

To thousands who have attended Spiritualist camp-meetings, the gaunt wiry form of Mary Eddy Hunteon is familiar. At Lake Pleasant she never seems quite at ease but moves about like a half-tamed fox, with a frightened look as if out of her familiar haunts and not quite sure of her bearings or of the people around her. At Queen City Park Camp the poor thing is transformed into another creature. Once more on her native soil, Vermont, she loses her timid ways and scared look; becomes smiling, quite at ease, and even jolly. Her hard, bird-like claw spontaneously grasps many a hand that it shrank from further south; and she holds her head as high as any of the mediumistic fraternity. One cannot help feeling a kindly pity for this wild, unkempt, Green Mountain gypsy, and must look somewhat leniently upon the poor thing's crude cleverness at her trade. When we reached Queen City Park early in September last, we found her there in the full tide of enjoyment, and rlying her vocation. Never having attended one of her seances, and with the testimony of witnesses as to the genuineness of demonstrations in her presence years ago fresh in mind, we mentioned our wish to witness her exhibit to a mutual acquaintance, who reported it to the medium. A cordial invitation was at once given by Mrs. Hunteon, who declared she was not afraid of us, no, indeed! only dishonest mediums need fear us and she wasn't one of that sort. Accordingly at nearly nine o'clock of a cold, raw evening, we made one of a dozen or so who climbed a pair of steep stairs to the dismal attic of a camp cottage. The darkness was made more pronounced by a sickly, smoke-mitting kerosene lamp and that irrepresible African nuisance known to campers as George Washington Stunt, who with lugubrious expression and bent form held down a rough chair and pumped distressing sounds out of a wheezy accordion, under the seeming supposition that it was music such as brings angels down to earth. After considerable delay, caused by Mrs. Hunteon seating the sitters by "impression," she selected two persons to sit with her behind a curtain which concealed their forms up to their necks. The individual whom she was "impressed" to place to her right, and who was to hold her hands securely, of course, was a man over seventy years of age, whose senses it was quite apparent had lost what little acuteness they may have had in earlier years.

This, the first act in the show, went off quite successfully; some feats were performed which seemed beyond the power of the medium, though whether they were or not, was, in the nature of things, impossible for anybody in front to demonstrate. This introductory performance was followed by the materializing seance, Mrs. Hunteon having first essayed a stock speech in her own unique vernacular, the drift of which was that she was a poor but honest instrument in the hands of the blessed spirit, and just doted on having skeptics present.

The exhibit of "spirit" forms proceeded. Attracted seemingly by the odor from "Africa's coral strands," generated to the left front of the cabinet by the perspiring labors of Mr. G. W. Stout in his efforts to draw agonizing sounds out of the accordion, the ghostly figures flitted momentarily into view and then disappeared behind the curtain. Their disappearance seemed to be a signal for redoubled efforts on the part of the colored mortal to drown the noise which cabinet spirits generally make in arranging their outfit prior to their appearance. It is unnecessary to go into a detailed account of the uncanny farce. The "dematerializations

in view of the audience" were too transparently fraudulent to deceive any one not blinded by their expectations and faith. As Mrs. Hunteon, personating the spirit, slowly dropped on her knees, bent forward to the floor and drew herself behind the curtain, every movement of her body was seen by its effect on the curtain, behind which she was retreating in this grotesque manner. Where all was only bungling, carelessly concealed deception, it was useless to particularize. This part of the seance was without question wholly fraudulent; and was so regarded by most of those who witnessed it. Immediately the show was ended, a hypersthetic woman who either swallowed all she saw or simulated faith most perfectly, and who seemed to be a sort of director of ceremonies, pounced upon the poor editor and in a high falsetto key demanded his verdict. Pity for the principal actor and painful disgust to think that supposed-to-be rational people can satisfy their spiritual hunger on such rubbish, compelled him to return an evasive answer; and this account of the affair would never have been written if Mrs. Hunteon and her cronies had either remained silent or told the truth. They did neither; and from all parts of the country comes to us the story of our endorsement of the seance as a genuine exhibition of materialization, coupled with the inquiry if it is true. Hence this account which answers these inquiries. We are not passing judgment on what this woman may have been in the past however; every seance must stand on its own merits, as we have said a thousand times.

## The Hebrew Bible and Spiritualism.

We learn from the San Diego (Cal.) *Daily Bee*, that Keener chapel of that city was crowded on the evening of Oct. 26th, by an intelligent and expectant congregation, at the regular Jewish services, to hear Rabbi Freuder's address on "The Hebrew Bible and Spiritualism." Among those present were many Spiritualists. He chose as his text:

Deuteronomy XVIII, 10-13: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or daughter to pass through the fire, or that uses divination or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord, and because of these abominations the Lord, thy God, drove them out from before thee."

The Rabbi stated that "No enlightened man can view the spread of Spiritualism without surprise; no truly religious man without regret. You and I, and all those who believe in a harmony of faith, with reason, and strive after an enlightened religion, cannot help being astonished and agrieved to see the spiritualistic doctrine and practice gaining ardent admirers and blind followers among all classes of a people whose just pride is to be in the van guard of culture and civilization. Honest and careful investigation has established the fact beyond the shadow of a doubt that all those spiritual manifestations are such that 'any clever slight of hand performer might produce them. The report of the Seybert Commission, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania, clearly proves that the most wonderful and renowned mediums the 'commission came in contact with turned out to be nothing but impostors and frauds.'"

This "learned" Rabbi, however, found an opponent—N. F. Ravlin—in San Diego, who was superior to him in all respects, and who illustrated the extreme absurdity and foolishness of his assertions. The Rabbi declared: "The Climax of Spiritualistic absurdity is reached in materialization. What an immense amount of stupidity this belief requires." In answer to that charge Mr. Ravlin asks:

"How about the angels (spirits) that came to Abraham and Lot in materialized form as men, and ate and drank with them? How about the angel (spirit) that wrestled with Jacob during the live-long night, and finally smote and dislocated his thigh? How about the fingers of a man's hand that wrote Belshazzar's doom upon his palace wall? If those were not materialized fingers, what were they?" He concludes his able address as follows:

We commune with our angel friends just as really and truly as did Jesus when the angels came and ministered unto him," or when Mary saw and talked with them at the sepulchre, and when the disciples saw the angels and talked and communed with Jesus after his resurrection. The wonderful demonstration on the day of Pentecost, the trance and inspirational "speaking with tongues," the rushing mighty wind, the cloven tongues of flame, and the attendant results are all plain and perfectly understood by intelligent Spiritualists. In much the same way we now demonstrate the life immortal. We furnish proof positive of the continuity of human life, or of the conscious existence of man after death. We furnish a scientific basis of facts, stubborn facts concerning our future destiny, that cannot be overthrown, or long evaded. We proceed orderly and scripturally. Our teachings are the quintessence of spiritual truth. Our philosophy comprehends man's regeneration, or spiritual unfoldment. It teaches exact and impartial justice. It inculcates charity as the best, sweetest gift of the spirit. In our philosophy, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; and he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." As every one does his own sowing, so every one must do his own reaping. In other words, must meet the consequences of his own acts. But we do not kill a man because he picks up sticks on the Sabbath; nor do we kill off our unruly, wayward sons, nor stone to death our drunkards and gluttons. We seek to reform them from their evil ways, instead of killing them as you would the wild beasts of the field. Our circumcision is of the heart, and in the spirit, and not in the flesh. We live not under the laws of a carnal commandment, but in the power of an endless life.

## Preaching Hell to Their Congregations.

Inspired by that dangerous materialization of Mrs. Wards' brain, "Robert Elsmere," the city editor of the Chicago *Tribune* detailed a force of twenty reporters to attend as many city churches a week ago last Sunday. Only leading societies were selected, and the reporters were armed with instructions to count the audience, men, women, and children, and submit to the ministers after the sermon these questions: Do men go to church? If not, what is the explanation of their non-attendance? Do ministers believe in Hell? Is orthodoxy dying out?

Last Sunday's *Tribune* displayed in a full page the result of this expedition in search of data.

Of the sixteen evangelical churches reported on, the attendance at morning service was as follows:

Baptist (3 churches): Men 537; women 758; children 233.

Methodist (3 churches): Men 361; women 466; children 59.

Congregationalist (4 churches): Men 833; women 949; children 375.

Presbyterian (three churches): Men 692; women 961; children 175.

Episcopal (3 churches): Men 343; women 406; children 90.

Aggregate attendance in sixteen churches, men 2765; women 3980; children 927; making a total attendance in sixteen of the leading churches of 7,238, or an average attendance of 452½.

The ministers did not seem to relish the questions put to them; Dr. Lorimer of whom one sees more of in the newspapers than any other and whose congregation on that morning numbered only 329, was especially irritated, and protested against the *Tribune's* attempt, positively declining to answer the questions. All the others believed in Hell, but not one of "fire and brimstone." All of them with the exception of the Episcopalians, declared that orthodoxy was not dying out, and some affirmed it to be more vigorous than ever.

All sorts of excuses were given for the non-attendance of men.

In reply to the question, "Do you believe in a Hell?" Rev. P. S. Henson (Baptist) said: "I do, yes, sir, I do sure. What is it like or how it I don't know; I don't want to know. I have some conception about it. Xea, I imagine it is some solitary place, dark, dismal, forbidding, where the wicked are cast in all together; the sorcerers, where-mongers, idolaters, etc. They will live in the utter fithness for which they so craved while on earth. No; that cannot be enjoyment even though the very thing they loved here below. Every man must hold that this is not the last of humanity; in the future there must be a place for the righteous and the wicked. Our world is but a speck in the firmament. When the end comes we shall all be gathered to one central place. The righteous will enjoy Heaven, the wicked the Hell I have told you about."

Rev. Robert McIntyre (Methodist) said: "Most certainly I believe in a Hell. Not in a Hell of fire and brimstone. No one believes that now. Those were merely figures of speech. But I believe in everlasting banishment from the presence of God for those who are persistently and willfully rebellious against God. And that's a far worse Hell than fire and brimstone."

To the question on Hell, Rev. E. P. Goodwin (Congregationalist) replied:

"Certainly, if the Scriptures teach anything they teach that there is a Hell, a place for evil spirits. I believe in Hell just as it is taught in the Bible."

Rev. Arthur Little (Congregationalist) is reported as saying:

"I believe in a hell. I believe that the Scriptures teach us that there is a place or condition of endless punishment for the incorrigibly wicked."

Rev. T. E. Green (Episcopalian):

"I believe in a Hell; I can't help it. The Bible teaches it, the church teaches it; that ends it. Orthodoxy is on the decline. Sadly so in the Protestant world."

Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow (Presbyterian): "I believe in the Hell of the Bible; and I preach Hell as the result of persistence in impenitence and refusal to accept Christ and God. By Hell I mean just that which Jesus taught us to teach—the soul being cast off from God. Not a Hell of materialism, but the results of an immoral life following the guilty into the next world, in which there is no Bible promise of pardon, but 'the wrath of God abideth on them.'"

It should in justice be said that the morning was somewhat stormy, which probably lessened the attendance, but it is a highly significant fact that on the same morning Dr. H. W. Thomas spoke to a full house in McVicker's Theatre, his audience fully equaling the aggregate attendance of any three of the orthodox churches. His theology, what little he has, is heterodox, but he makes up for it in religion, a religion of love and hope and noble endeavor. Space forbids further discussion of this topic now, and we will only add that in view of these figures and views of everlasting punishment, it is no wonder, such books as "Robert Elsmere" and such preachers as Thomas are in demand, and that people decline to attend orthodox services, even when for strictly business and social reasons they retain nominal fellowship with orthodoxy.

Dr. Thomas, in his sermon on "Robert Elsmere," asks some pertinent questions which his orthodox contemporaries cannot satisfactorily answer. His discourse is a model for its brevity and suggestiveness, stimulating the hearer to think for himself; condensing whole paragraphs into a single sentence; thus leaving one to fill in the space with one's own thought, rather than by exhaustive treatment leaving nothing for the hearer to add and thus encouraging intellectual inertia and mental dyspepsia. Dr. Thomas's example in this particular may be followed by many speakers and writers with great profit to themselves and to the public.

Taking a hint from the JOURNAL's valuable column of coincidences, the Chicago *Herald* essays a similar work, and devotes a page in its issue of last Sunday to the same interesting topic. The *Herald* quotes freely without credit from the JOURNAL, and also introduces a number of remarkable cases never before in print, some of which will be reproduced in these columns.

## PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

Every well-wisher will be glad to have the JOURNAL begin the new year with several thousand new readers. Every such well-wisher will be twice as happy if he or she puts passive good-will into action and sends the product to the publisher in the form of one or more new yearly subscribers. Try it, and if it don't afford genuine pleasure to the sender the publisher will make amends in any way that you may suggest.

## PROPOSAL TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

To any subscriber whose subscription is now paid in advance and who will before the last day of this month send in one new name as a yearly subscriber, with the regular subscription price, \$2.50, we will send as a holiday gift a copy of that curious and interesting book, *The Spirit-World: its Inhabitants, Nature, and Philosophy*, by Dr. Eugene Crowell, a cloth-bound book of about 200 pages, originally published at \$1.25. This book has been the subject of wide and varied comment.

To every subscriber in arrears who will pay up, renew for one year and send in one new yearly subscriber, the above offer is open.

These propositions hold good all this month, but will not be repeated in these columns, so don't forget. Act promptly if you desire to secure this book. In writing don't fail to mention that you are entitled to the book.

## HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The publisher will issue an extra edition of probably not less than 40,000 copies for a holiday number. It will be filled with short accounts of well attested phenomena, and brief articles from well known thinkers. Readers who would like to contribute a brief narrative of experience are cordially invited to do so immediately. Keep it within 500 words; no introductory remarks are necessary; begin at once with the story you have to tell; if you wish to make explanations or to add corroborative testimony for the editor's benefit, do it on a separate sheet. All matter for that paper must be in the office within a week.

This will be an excellent number for you to send to friends. We will supply it at the rate of \$5.00 per 100 copies, or 5 cents per copy for any number. If preferred we will upon receipt of a list of names and addresses plainly written, accompanied with a remittance at the rate of 5 cents a copy, mail direct to the addresses from the office of publication without extra charge. We hope to issue the holiday number under date of December 15th, if not that week it will be the next. Now let us see how generally and generously you will co-operate in placing the paper in the hands of those who need to see such a paper as you know the JOURNAL to be!

Those in arrears should at once square their accounts with the JOURNAL and renew. Such an act of simple justice will give additional zest to your holiday enjoyment, to say nothing of the pleasure and relief it will afford the publisher.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

More than 50,000 copies of "Robert Elsmere" have been sold already in this city alone.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the excellent test medium, arrived in the city last week from her home, Hope, Dakota. She is on a visit to her son.

Miss M. T. Shelhamer, so long the medium for the *Banner* circle, is reported by a Boston correspondent to have been married, last week, to Mr. C. P. Longley.

Are we to understand that to know is less a warranty for religious feeling and hope than to believe, or rather try to believe? One would think so to hear some people talk.

J. Gifford writes that under the ministrations of Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee the First Spiritual Society of Watertown N. Y., is growing very rapidly. Mrs. Van Duzee's address until further notice will be at that place.

In answer to an inquiry as to whether promiscuous questions are answered by the spirits through the telegraphic medium Rowley, of Cleveland, Ohio, we would state that his whole time is now devoted to medical practice.

The Ladies' Social Circle of the Peoples' Church, of which Dr. H. W. Thomas is pastor, will serve lunches at the hall over C. H. Slack's store, Northeast corner Wabash Ave. and Madison St., December 4th to 11th. Lunch served from 11 A. M., to 3 P. M. Take elevator at Wabash Ave. entrance.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at the Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., the first four Sundays of December. He will answer calls for week evening lectures at accessible points until Dec. 25th, in New England or elsewhere. He is open for engagements for Sundays, East or West, any time after Christmas. Address Boston, Mass.

The JOURNAL commends to the sober and candid attention of those inclined to credulity and to the sectarian spirit, the judiciously fair remarks on Materialization and A. R. Wallace, by Hudson Tuttle, on another page. Prof. Wallace is an expert in analyzing the testimony of rocks, trees, plants and animals, and making generalizations therefrom, but when it comes to dealing with human testimony as evidence in support of occult phenomena his training is seriously at fault and he is incompetent for the task.

Mrs. O. C. Converse of Waterbury, Conn., is an old lady of 78 who had a hand in the education of two Presidents of the United States—Benjamin Harrison, President-elect, and James A. Garfield.



## Munificent Philanthropy.

Within the next decade or two the United States bids fair to have the most magnificent endowed institutions of training in the world. The latest enterprise is one which is peculiarly characteristic of this practical age. The following press dispatch from Philadelphia will explain it:

"I. V. Williamson, the aged philanthropist, who has decided to devote \$12,000,000 of his enormous fortune for the establishment of a great industrial school for boys, has completed his arrangements, and to-day took the first step in the direction of establishing the school by selecting a board of seven trustees, all of whom are well known business men. A meeting between Mr. Williamson and these gentlemen was held to-day and the plans were discussed in detail, but they were not given to the public. The trustees will have entire charge of the plan, as Mr. Williamson's great age would not permit of his active participation in the management of the proposed institution, which will be known as the 'Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades.' It will be devoted to the education of white boys in the old-fashioned trades. It is not confined to orphan boys, but will be opened to all, with or without parents. Neither is there any restriction as to religion or race. The school is to be located in the City of Philadelphia or the immediate vicinity.

"As to the amount of money with which the institution shall be endowed, it is stated that even Mr. Williamson does not know that himself yet, but it is understood that the fund will eventually be many millions of dollars."

## Lawrence Oliphant.

We had somehow been led to think that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant was rapidly convalescing, and had at no time been so seriously ill as the public supposed. It is therefore with surprise and profound regret that we learn from *Light* that his condition is still one of grave anxiety to his friends. Mrs. Rosamond Owen Oliphant concludes a letter to *Light* as follows:

"With regard to my husband's malady, the doctors pronounced it beyond the reach of medicine the last of August. Since that time he has taken no drugs. Such help as he has had, therefore, has been magnetic and spiritual. The former (animal magnetism) has been of use, but our dependence lies rather in spiritual than in physical aid. What the result will be none can say; his recovery is as yet far from complete; but of this we are sure, that the one effort should be to hold personal desire in abeyance, and that the perfect will of God will then be wrought out, unhampered by any selfish inclination."

## J. Clegg Wright in Chicago.

Next Sunday afternoon in Kimball Hall, 245 State Street, corner of Jackson, Mr. Wright will begin a series of lectures lasting through the month. The JOURNAL has often commended this speaker as one of the ablest on the Spiritualist rostrum. Those interested in Spiritualism, and in psychical matters generally, will be profited by attending regularly upon Mr. Wright's lectures. His subject for the opening lecture is, "Normal and Abnormal Mental States." In the evening he will speak upon "Man, Magnetism and Spirit." Remember the afternoon lecture begins at 3 o'clock, and the evening meeting will be open promptly at 7:45 o'clock.

We do not claim we have in Spiritualism a science as yet, but we do affirm a synthesis of facts presenting the basis for a science, the culmination of which may be a religion or not according to the insight and disposition of the recipient mind.

Dr. A. W. Lozier of New York is about issuing a work which is in memoriam of Dr. Clemence S. Lozier, who passed to spirit life in April, as previously announced. The book is to be ready for the Grand Bazaar of the Alumni Association of the Medical College and Hospital for Women, Commencing December 3rd, and continuing one week at Masonic Temple, 23rd Street, corner of 6th Avenue, New York. The Bazaar is for the purpose of endowing a Hospital Pavilion as a memorial to the late founder of the Institution, Dr. Clemence S. Lozier. The life work of Dr. Lozier is interesting to all humanity, and will stand as a fitting monument to this noble, whole-souled woman and physician.

Some years ago a book by Mrs. Leonowens, "The English 'Overness' at the Siamese Court," had wide reading in this country, and the lectures of the accomplished and large-souled authoress were heard with deep interest by thoughtful people. One of the most tender and touching descriptions ever given of such a scene was her narration of the last earthly hours of the Buddhist high priest, as she sat among the priests in the temple and was filled with reverence by the sweet calm of the aged saint. Years ago it was published in our columns. Now it appears that her good work has borne fruit. The present king of Siam was a child in his father's palace, and one of the royal children under the care of this woman as governess, and teacher. Bound by his coronation vow to support the Buddhist faith, he is friendly to the American missionaries and hospitable to religious freedom and inquiry. After he was crowned he did away the slavish old oriental custom of prostration in his royal presence, and for the first time his nobles and attendants stand erect before the king. He has brought the kingdom into the Postal Union with other lands, issued postage

stamps, coined money stamped with his own profile instead of the elephant and umbrella of old coinage, opened telegraphs and encouraged schools, and is breaking the barriers which have kept the slow life of his old kingdom from the quickening tides of our larger thought. To the influence of one true woman much of this can be traced.

*Light*, our very able London contemporary, is to be congratulated in that it has taken a step forward by securing new and commodious quarters. It now has suitable accommodations at No. 2 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C., which it occupies in connection with the Spiritualist Alliance. Americans visiting London and interested in Spiritualism may be assured of a hearty welcome at the office of the *Light*, where they will find a comfortable reading room, with the JOURNAL and all the current literature on the subject at their disposal. The JOURNAL infers from the comments in *Light* that America is not the only country where people like, and do not hesitate to enjoy, all opportunities for listening to lectures, discussions, and expositions of the phenomena of Spiritualism, provided it costs them nothing. Speaking of the meetings of the Alliance, *Light* says, "While those interested in Spiritualism have shown no unwillingness to attend our meetings, they have not thought it incumbent upon them to join our Society." That is the Oxford way of politely telling these "spongers" that the Alliance is quite tired of their unprofitable company where favors are all on one side, and that they must either do the many thing and help to share the expenses, or stay away. We, on this side of the water, put things a bit plainer, though quite likely no more forcibly or effectively. All the editorial and counting-room work of *Light* is done without remuneration, and by men who depend upon their labors in other fields for income. Such laborious and persistent effort to sustain a high-class paper should be appreciated by wealthy English Spiritualists of whom there are many.

It would surprise our subscribers, were they to know how widely the JOURNAL is utilized by preachers, lecturers and newspapers. The other day fourteen cases were pointed out by a friend, none of them over two months old, where the exact language of sentences and even whole paragraphs from the JOURNAL's editorials had been appropriated by preachers and lecturers without accrediting their source; and of newspapers with editorials in which the "assimilation" of the JOURNAL's utterances was plainly apparent. Daily papers frequently take a cue from the JOURNAL and utilize, as original, matter taken bodily from its columns. Sometimes when the JOURNAL's spirit of self-abnegation is resting, or its altruistic sentiment is laid up for repairs, a wave of indignant protest agitates its ordinarily placid breast, at these borrowings without credit; but this agitation is a signal for the approach of a nobler spirit with the gently spoken reminder: Each individual effort is but a part of one Divine Whole, and it matters not whether individual effort be acknowledged of men. To the hand stretched forth to save a life, or guide to safer paths is not due the credit of the act; it belongs to the divine impulse which impelled the hand.

Next Tuesday, the 4th, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Alles are to celebrate their crystal wedding at their beautiful home in that lovely locality known far and wide as Riverside, California. Like others who have graduated from the JOURNAL office and set up for themselves, Mr. Alles has made a brilliant and rapid success, and is entitled, jointly with his faithful helpmeet and adviser, to the heartiest congratulations of his hosts of friends, and to all the crystal that the home will hold. May this worthy couple live long to add to the prosperity of their adopted State and to bless those who come in contact with them.

Next week the Chicagoese are to be treated to the first course of a series of "University Lectures." Beginning at 12:15 noon, on Monday, in Hooley's Theater, and at the same hour for five consecutive days, the brilliant and scholarly lecturer, Prof. Thomas Davidson will discourse for forty minutes each day upon the following subjects: Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Dante and Savonarola, taking one for each lecture, in their order as given. Tickets for the series five dollars. Prof. Davidson's style is clear direct, simple and fascinating. Every intelligent person can understand him and no one can fail to derive pleasure and substantial addition to his knowledge.

## General News.

The Judson female seminary, near Marion, Ala., has been burned.—Diphtheria is prevailing to an alarming extent in the vicinity of Danville, Ill.—George O. Sauer, a Kansas City commission merchant, has failed for \$70,000.—Four colored men were killed recently in a dynamite explosion near Tazewell, Tenn.—Frank Dodge, a barber at Morton, Tenn., killed himself because of love troubles.—Pleur pneumonia is devastating the cattle herd in the vicinity of Middletown, N. Y.—The recent cold weather wrought great damage to the apple crop near Belvidere, N. Y.—The Old Guard, eighty-five strong, paraded Saturday at New York in honor of evacuation day.—Dr. W. B. Springle, charged with assaulting Miss Leona Kelly at Hillsboro, Ill., has been acquitted.—Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, was upset in a runaway accident in New York Saturday, but was not seriously injured.—George H. Hampton, city marshal of Lemars, Iowa, was shot and killed by John Gaynor, whom the officer was striving to arrest.—Walter J. Booth, of West Grove, Pa., a popular young business man, has disappeared, leaving \$14,000 in unsecured debts and some forged notes.—Mrs. Mary Waters, a colored woman, was burned to death and her daughter was severely injured

in a fire which destroyed their dwelling at Columbus, O., Saturday.—The body of John Pflom, who murdered Kate O'Melich near St. Cloud, Minn., recently, has been found in the woods with the throat cut from ear to ear. He is supposed to have committed suicide.—Mrs. Sophia Vanderbilt Moore, eldest grand-daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, was seriously burned at her home in New York Saturday. Her skirts caught fire from a match and she saved her life by jumping into a bath tub.

## A Secret

of good health is in the regular movements of the bowels and perfect action of the Liver. These organs were intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you offer a "standing invitation" to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which will surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. All these unhappy conditions may be cured by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Powerful for the effectual regulation of the bowels and Liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created.

## SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS

Now run through daily, over the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar FAST VESTIBULE Express Trains, between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha) and between Chicago and Kansas City and St. Joseph. These trains are equipped with new and elegant Day Coaches, Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars (east of the Missouri River) and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, heated throughout by steam and having all the modern improvements. West of Kansas City and St. Joseph, splendid Dining Hotels are located at convenient stations. The completion of the Colorado extension of the ROCK ISLAND system affords the most direct, desirable and RELIABLE line from Chicago through Kansas and Nebraska to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, giving choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific Coast.

Tickets on this popular Route are on sale at all railway coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada, where time tables, folders, etc., can be procured, or address E. A. HOLBROOK, G. T. & P. A., Chicago.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I should be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

## THE GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL.

The Union and Central Pacific roads, and Pullman Company, put on, December 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, bar, beer, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children make it "The finest train in the world."

Dr. P. Kayner can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultations, or lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder produces a soft and beautiful skin; it combines every element of beauty and purity.

The December *Century* will contain three complete stories: "The Mystery of the Blue Diamond" by Hawthorne; "Mince-A Plot" by H. S. Edwards; and "Two Runaways" by The Rise and Fall of the Irish Aigle, which is the first one of the Irish-American stories by George H. Jessop. There will also be a travel sketch by F. Hopkinson Smith, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," with ten illustrations by the author.

No paper in this country ever was sold at the low price at which the *Chicago Weekly Times* is now offered, viz., 50 cents a year (postage paid). The offer is only open till January 1st. Subscribe now. It is so cheap everybody can buy it.

Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond death. The book is a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution. Among other distinguished endorsements, John Burroughs writes: "I wish it were in the hands of every intelligent reader in America." Rev. Charles Voysey, the noted London preacher says: "I am simply fascinated with the work; its splendid logic and beautiful arrangement." Price, \$1.75. For sale here.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

David Sloos of Dearborn, passed away from San Diego, California, after a short illness of heart disease, early in the month. The funeral was at his home, on Sunday, November 18th, and the burial at Woodlawn cemetery, Detroit. Mr. Sloos was an old and well known resident, 64 years of age, of singular honor in business, greatly beloved and respected for his kindness and purity of life, and his fine attainments. Quiet and unpretending, he had the courage of his convictions and was a Spiritualist—a man of rare worth and excellence. His life beautiful indeed. The spacious house was full of people on a stormy day, and it was his privilege to pay his tribute to his worth. G. B. STEBBINS.

## ROBERT ELSMERE

—BY—  
Mrs. Humphrey Ward

This novel has had an immense sale, more copies being sold than any other novel of the Nineteenth Century. It has furnished food for the diabolical courses of the most eminent dramatists of the present time; has given society something to discuss outside of the general run of topics, and the reading public in general much to entertain them. Price, cloth \$1.25; paper 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

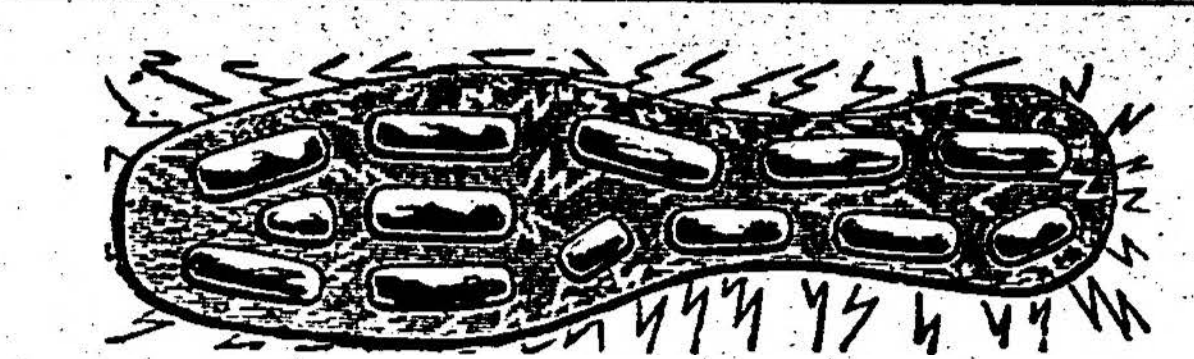
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I sell more bottles of **Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER** than of any other cough medicine kept in stock, although I keep fifteen varieties. F. M. Robertson, Coyville, Kan. Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

**OPIMUM HABIT** Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. THE HENRY HENRY CO., La Fayette, Ind.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.** Is a cure for every pain, Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises.

Try it tonight for your cold; with a sharp dose of Radway's Pills, you will sleep well and be better in the morning. See directions.



DR. THACHER'S Magnetic Shields contain more vitalizing life-giving power than can be distilled from any laboratory. Magnetic shields contain this soft, gentle energizing stimulus which is natural and full of health-giving action. These shields are reservoirs of vital force; give off a constant stream of magnetic life warmth and comfort. The action on the blood and nerves is soft and gentle as sunshine. These shields fill the corporeality of the blood with magnetism, and keep it constantly up to the health line. The natural life-giving power pervades all nature, and when applied to the body revitalizes every atom in the human system. What water and warm sunshine are to the vegetable world, these shields are to the human organism. Life, health, and physical growth follow the wearing of their shields. Dead molecules are carried out of the system and new ones are brought into life and action. Disease will yield to the influence of the shields just as surely as this grand natural law is called into action. All pure blood is highly magnetic, and when we supply magnetism we offer rich food for the blood and nerves. All who are sick should read Dr. Thacher's new book on the subject of health. To live healthfully is to enjoy the life our Creator gave us. Book sent free to all.

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Continued from First Page

"The very finger of the Almighty seems to have written the proofs of this truth on human history. No one can gainsay it. It is decisive, for it is this: *There has never been a scientific theory framed from the use of scriptural texts, wholly or partially, which has been made to stand.* Such attempts have only subjected their authors to derision, and Christianity to suspicion. From Cosmas finding his plan of the universe in the Jewish tabernacle, to Increase Mather sending mastodon's bones to England as the remains of giants mentioned in scripture; from Belarmin declaring that the sun cannot be the centre of the universe, because such an idea 'vitiates the whole scriptural plan of salvation,' to a recent writer declaring that an evolution theory cannot be true, because St. Paul says that 'all flesh is not the same flesh,' the result has always been the same."

These then are some of the beacons of experience which we conceive indicate the danger shoals on either hand of the track of our present civilization. Doubtless there are many others of them, but only the chief ones have been pointed out, as chosen from the principal activities which engage the minds of men and which are the prevailing factors to our progress, as science and religion, and such other activities as law and medicine.

### COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences now being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any incident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp for reply—which will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

—27—

Conversing recently with a gentleman in regard to the action of one mind on others, and the ability of one person to control the action of others, I stated that I believed that if one person possessing a strong will and some mesmeric power, would play cards continuously with three others, he would in time be able to so control their thoughts and actions, as to cause them to play just as he should "will" them to play. Of course he must not let them, or any one else know his purpose, or it would cause them to assert their wills and thus counteract the effect of his purpose.

I was not aware that this had ever been done, and spoke of it merely as a possible experiment. Within ten days I received a letter from a gentleman saying that he had been experimenting with an euche party. Some artists who were decorating a church in the town he lived in, not finding the boarding house an inviting resort had come to his room; while they were playing it occurred to him to try and see if he could cause any of them to play as he wished; he reports:

I believe that in playing euche the other night, I made one man make hearts the trump when he had but two in his hand, by sitting there and willing him to do it; later I made another do the same thing. As I found I could do it, I refrained as it led to their ruin, for that game, each time, and that didn't seem honest. Try it some time. I wonder I never thought of it before.

—28—

A few years ago, in locating a new railroad, between Chicago and Elgin, it was found necessary to purchase a piece of property that had been for some time the home-stead of an old citizen of Elgin, to which he was much attached, and after selling to the railroad company he arranged to continue to occupy the upper part of the dwelling, after the lower part had been remodeled and used as a depot. Shortly afterward his daughter residing in Chicago, dreamed that her father was in the building, saw two men enter, and attack him. She was not aware that he was sleeping alone in the building, but afterward learned that at this time he was. The dream impressed her so forcibly that she wrote her father the first thing the next morning, telling him of her dream, and saying that if he was alone, to be sure and use extra precaution against burglars. He received the letter that afternoon, and recalling the request on settling to his room that night after he had turned the key in the lock, he slipped a piece of wire into it. After getting into bed, it occurred to him that this would not be much security, as the wire might be easily pushed out of the key from the outside; so he arose and hung his boot on the wire, then laid down and went to sleep. Sometime afterward he was awakened into semi-consciousness by a low scratching noise; but after listening a moment, concluded it was a rat, and again went to sleep only to be soon awakened by one of the railroad men calling to him, from outside the building, asking him to get up, the man saying that he had seen two men prowling about; had not seen them go away and believed they were in the building. On rising and opening his door he saw two men disappear down the stairway, out into the darkness. On examination he found that they had tried to open the door, and then had commenced to saw the door around the lock.

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In the Life of Count Zinzendorf, by Spangenberg, it is related that the Count believed that he enjoyed intimate and heart-felt intercourse with his Savior, and that whenever he was placed in any dangerous or critical situation, his Savior generally let him know how it would terminate. Ridicule or deny the Count's theory as much as we may, yet the record of his life shows that the Count had plenty of evidence during his life to establish the truth of it, so far as he was concerned. Others might call it superstition, but to him the evidence was clear, conclusive and convincing.

Captain Garrison, of the "James," with whom the Count sailed from New York to England in January, 1843, reports:

On the 14th of February, when we were near the Scilly Islands, the wind blew tempestuously from the South; we were in great danger of foundering upon the rocks. The crew were in great terror, and I myself was afraid. The Count, perceiving this, asked me if the danger was really so great; at the same time comforted me, and told me we should all come safely to land. He himself was so cheerful and happy during the danger, that I could not help wondering at it. When he saw that I was still anxious, he told me that the storm would be over in two hours. I was scarcely able to listen to this; I took it for granted, that this was something no one could know beforehand. Hence I made myself ready for death, by prayer as I was wont to do in similar circumstances.

When the two hours elapsed, he told me to go up on deck and look at the appearance of the weather. Scarcely had I been there two minutes, when the storm subsided, the wind changed to the south-west, and we were soon out of all danger. I then remembered what he had said to me, and was much affected by it. I went down into the cabin, and informed him that the storm was over, and we were out of danger. He then requested us to return thanks with him to God, who had delivered us, which we accordingly did. Being very desirous of knowing how the Count could determine the precise time when the storm would subside, I questioned him about it. He replied that the Savior had let him know that the storm would be over in two hours. It was something new, and strange to me, but I believed what he told me for I had seen and heard so much of him on this voyage, it was clear to me that he was a faithful servant of Jesus Christ."

On another occasion the Count arrived at Amsterdam with David Nitschman, one of the Moravian brethren. They retired at midnight, both occupying the same room. "About three o'clock in the morning Nitschman suddenly awoke, as if some one had shaken him violently. He sprang out of bed, and found the candle near the Count's bed had burnt out, and the table on which it stood, together with his pocket-handkerchief, and bed-clothes on fire, he was much terrified, but retained his presence of mind, and extinguished the fire so quickly and carefully, that the Count was not disturbed, but continued to sleep quietly; and, on awaking, knew nothing of what had happened."

Ten years before this, traveling through Germany and Switzerland, he visited Count Von Gersdorf, at Leichman. The two friends continued conversing until near midnight, when on arranging to retire, he felt impelled to continue his journey; feeling assured that it was his Savior's will, he ordered his carriage, took leave of his friend, and set off without suffering anything to detain him. Scarcely had he left the place, when the ceiling of the room, in which he was to have slept, suddenly gave way, and fell down on the place where the bed stood.

The Count's exhibition of indignation in the following instance is not, therefore, much to be wondered at. While residing at Dresden in 1723, he was invited by a gentleman to dine with him. He went, though ignorant what kind of company he was to meet. While seated at the table, discoursing on various subjects, one of the company went so far as to blaspheme the name of Christ and his doctrine. This was a dagger to the heart of the Count, who, apprehensive that more such expressions would follow, arose from the table, horrified, and withdrew, saying he was no use in such company. He went home, so inwardly grieved, that he prayed, that if there was no hope of the repentance of the man, that the Lord would make an example of him to deter others from acting in a similar manner. Before the year expired, the man while using similar language, at the same table, was struck with paralysis, so as to be unable ever to utter another word.

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J. Beaumont of Leek, Staffordshire, England, says that the following was often related by those who knew the parties concerned, and was fully believed in as a fact. One night, at a public house in Leek, a few men were drinking at a late hour; when one of the party said, he would engage to ride his horse to Blackmere and back again in a certain time, for a sum of money which he named; and that he would bring with him sufficient proof of his having been there. Blackmere is a large pool of water, at the top of Monideg hill, which some think is without bottom, and is about three miles from Leek. His proposal was agreed to, and he mounted his horse, and with all speed, when he came near the place, he heard a woman cry out, apparently in very great distress. It directly struck him that some one was trying to drown the woman. He immediately shouted as though addressing some companions: "Here he is! here he is! I have him." On which he saw some one leave the woman, and run for his life, and soon found his conjecture true, for a man was indeed trying to drown the woman in the pool. Giving her his top coat, he told her to get up behind him, and hold fast, for he was riding on a waver and must be back at Leek in such a time. He reached the inn within the time, delivered the woman to the landlady, giving orders for her to be dressed immediately; turned to his companions, related the circumstance, and presented the woman as a proof that he had been at Blackmere.

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In the article on dreams, in Penny Cyclopaedia—published in 1838—is given a number of interesting coincidences. From them we select the following, which has often been quoted, and do not think the facts have been disproven.

A WELL AUTHENTICATED AND REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

On the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams of Scorrish house near Redruth (England) awoke his wife and told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol Mr. Percival, the Chancellor of Exchequer. His wife said it was only a dream and recommended him to go to sleep again. He did so, but shortly after again awoke and said he had a second time dreamed the same dream. The next day he went

to Falmouth when he related his dream to all his friends that he met. Two days after a gentleman arrived there from London and reported that he was in the House of Commons on the night of the 11th of May and saw a man called Bellingham shoot the Chancellor in the lobby of the House.

About six weeks after this dream, Mr. Williams had occasion to go to London on business and was taken by a friend to the House of Commons. Immediately on entering the lobby, Mr. Williams at once exclaimed this place is as distinctly in my mind as any room in my house (he had never visited London before in his life). He then pointed out correctly where Bellingham stood when he fired, and where Mr. Percival fell when shot.

### Sunday Newspapers.

Chicago ministers of the various orthodox sects have in the Sunday newspaper a perennial subject for anathema. The utility of their light does not lessen their activity, but heightens their animosity. About every month the subject is brought into the ministers' meetings, but so far no paper has lost a single subscriber from among church members and is not likely to. The daily Chicago Mail has this to say of the last Presbyterian attack in which Dr. Herrick Johnson of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary led off:

Publishers of Sunday newspapers do not have any plans to make. They print Sunday newspapers simply because people will buy and read them, and because this is a country of free thought and free religion. Neither Dr. Herrick Johnson nor any other man is recognized as having a right to say whether or not newspapers shall be read on Sunday. The opinion of one man is no more valid than the proceedings of yesterday's meeting, when the Sunday journals were attacked. The contrary view, and neither party has the right to force, or attempt to force, the adoption of his own practices upon the other. The zeal of narrow men too often leads them into presumption.

It would be a poor newspaper in which could not be found much more adapted to the development of a broad Christian spirit than the proceedings of yesterday's meeting, when the Sunday journals were attacked. The lowly Nazarene had no such ways as have some of his alleged followers. In fact, he rather frowned upon the holier-than-thou group.

The Chicago Tribune of last week, Friday contained an able letter from a working man in reply to Herrick Johnson and his brother preachers. Speaking of Johnson this laborer says:

He is a survival from the age of intolerance and persecution. He was meant for a punisher of heretics and witches. He would have made the Inquisition a Protestant. We do not allow of such religious exercises nowadays, and so he makes up for it by presenting from the pulpit the harshest and sternest features of his bitter creed. The lake of fire, the worm that gnaws forever, the unending ages of eternal suffering are the themes of his sermons. I do not like to hear such things; and I know other workmen do not. So I can understand why the reverend doctor has few hearers Sunday—which he calls the "Sabbath" but which is not—

Let me suggest to my clerical friends that some searching of hearts might lead them to the conclusion that they, and not the Sunday papers, are to blame for empty pews Sunday. No church was ever large enough to hold those who thronged to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He feared no Sunday paper rivalry. Prof. Swing tells his Central Mass. friends that he has heard of a Protestant who has as large a big auditorium will hold—

Men who labor for a living are not fond, as a general thing, of going to orthodox churches. Large numbers of them are agnostics here as they are across the ocean. When they are told that they are probably predestined to go to sheol anyhow they do not care why they should waste what time they have on earth in going to hear what the Rev. Herrick Johnson talk about brimstone and sulphur and predestined damnation. They think that clergymen do not like the workmen. They think the poor man has no show in the fashionable church. The two classes are not sympathetic as a rule.

I never knew of a man kept from going to church by the Sunday papers. If there was any preacher who had anything to tell him that he thought he ought to hear, he would hear it. Workingmen have sense enough, however, to be able to tell streams of fresh and running waters from mudpuddles, and hence keep away from the dry and unprofitable shepherds who give the same old crust year in and year out. I know, however, of the Sunday papers keeping multitudes of men from the saloons Sunday. In that missionary field they beat the preachers ten to one. They show hundreds, perhaps thousands, of my fellow workmen who, if they had not the varied and entertaining reading of these much abused Sunday papers, would have spent their Sundays, or "Sabbaths," as some wrongly call them, on the streets or in the drinking places. What Dr. Johnson calls the "Puritan Sabbath" they will not submit to. They will neither stay at home with closed blinds, reading Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," or other devotional books; nor will they go to a Herrick Johnson church where the wrath rather than the love of God is taught. They want recreation, amusement—innocent amusement, if possible, but amusement as well as recreation. The paper gives them a harmless, useful, and instructive one, and keeps them from vice and liquor, while some ministers, if they had their way, would drive them crazy with their dogmatic bugaboos.

Why do not the preachers understand that what they call the "Puritan Sabbath" has gone forever and can never be restored in this country? It has gone with the grim and iron men who made it. We must have Cromwell, and Mather, and Knox once more if we are to have their Sunday "Sabbath." Their descendants cannot recreate it.

### A Spiritualist's Last Hours.

The following was a personal letter to the editor and not intended for publication, but we desire to share it with our readers and trust the writer will forgive the liberty:

COL. J. C. BUNDY—Dear Friend.—My dear husband passed to spirit life on the evening of Nov. 6th, after five weeks of painful illness. He bore it with unsurpassed meekness and bravery. He directed and advised us with regard to everything about his business, giving us all at last his parting blessing. A few days before he passed away he said:

"I wish you to write to Col. Bundy for me,

and give him my love, and say I sympathize, heart and soul with him, in his noble endeavor to elevate humanity by giving to the world a pure Spiritualism, and I trust he may be amply rewarded, both here and hereafter."

This was his last message. A few evenings before he passed on a Roman Catholic priest, who as a friend had visited him, used every effort to induce him to join the Catholic Church, but failed. The next night, as several friends were sitting around the bed, without solicitation he rose up and said:

"I shall not change my religion now in the hour of my death, as I have lived so will I die. I believe in one God. I believe in Jesus Christ as a great spiritual leader and teacher, but not in blood atonement as the church teaches. I believe in the progression of the soul after death. I am not afraid to die, for I have lived an honest life and done the best I could under the conditions and surroundings. I hope to pass to a better and a higher life, leaving all the infirmities of the flesh behind me."

We have lived in this same house for over twenty years, and we miss him going out and coming in, and mourn him greatly, but not as he would have mourned if he had not been so beautiful a soul-sustaining hope. We had much to comfort us in our great sorrow, for our earth friends stood by us day and night during those long sad weeks, and for ten days after, while God and his angels gave us spiritual strength such as few know of in this world of trial. At the funeral the attending minister spoke beautifully and appropriately of the Spirit world and of our retaining our individuality over there, of being ourselves as much there as here.

New Orleans, La. SERENA MILNER.

Upon the walls of the handsome building of the Chicago Art Institute there is now hung a remarkable collection of paintings representative of Dutch art in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and comprising one hundred and sixty-three pieces. At first view the collection is disappointing, and only a close study will exhibit a more favorable impression. The exhibit is the private collection of Mr. L. R. Ehrlich; loaned to the institute through the exertions of its president, Mr. C. L. Hutchinson. These paintings are of more especial interest to artists and connoisseurs than to the general public; but are well worth careful study, and should be viewed in daylight, if possible, as they show to better advantage than by gaslight. This is a good time to remind our Chicago readers that they can hardly spend money to a greater profit than by securing the privileges of the Institute. The annual membership fee is \$10 which insures the member and his or her family and non-resident friends, free access at all times to all exhibitions. On Saturdays and Sundays the rooms of the Institute are thrown open for the free admission of the public. Saturdays from 9 to 5, Sundays from 1 to 5.

All Soul's Monthly is the name of a magazine published monthly, from October to June as the organ of R. Heber Newton's Church. Each number contains one of Dr. Newton's able discourses, which may be read with profit by all. The November number contains a sermon on "Robert Elsmere" and treats of the "truth of the book." The December number will continue the subject and treat of "the errors of the book." Single copies of the magazine, 5 cents. Annual subscription 50 cents. Address S. M. Crandall, 716 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Although Dr. Newton is rector of an Episcopal Church, he stands for the most complete intellectual freedom, and declares this may and should prevail within the Episcopal lines.

The crude materialist and the bigoted Christian unite in asserting *a priori*, the impossibility of spirit phenomena. It matters not to these blatant opponents that they are acting in concert across an impassable gulf, as they vainly strive to join hands against the spiritual hypothesis. With Spiritualism vanquished, the materialist could enjoy his "one world at a time" and the Christian would rest content in the joyous reflection that most of his fellow-men will be in everlasting torment.

The most successful and universally popular place of resort last week was the Fat Stock Show, which filled the big exhibition building, and was not true to name but included a fine display of blooded horses, cattle and sheep, and was enlivened by spirited contests for prizes for the best saddle and carriage horses, as well as for the most expert horsewomen. By some freak, it was the fashion, too, to visit it, and the crush was simply terrific from first to last.

The way to make money is to save it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, as it is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Do not take any other preparation if you have decided to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The December installment of the Lincoln History in The Century is entitled "First Plans for Emancipation." It will contain much heretofore unpublished material regarding Mr. Lincoln's ideas upon this subject—among the rest the earliest draft of his famous proclamation, which, in the President's own hand-writing, is now in the possession of the authors of the Life.

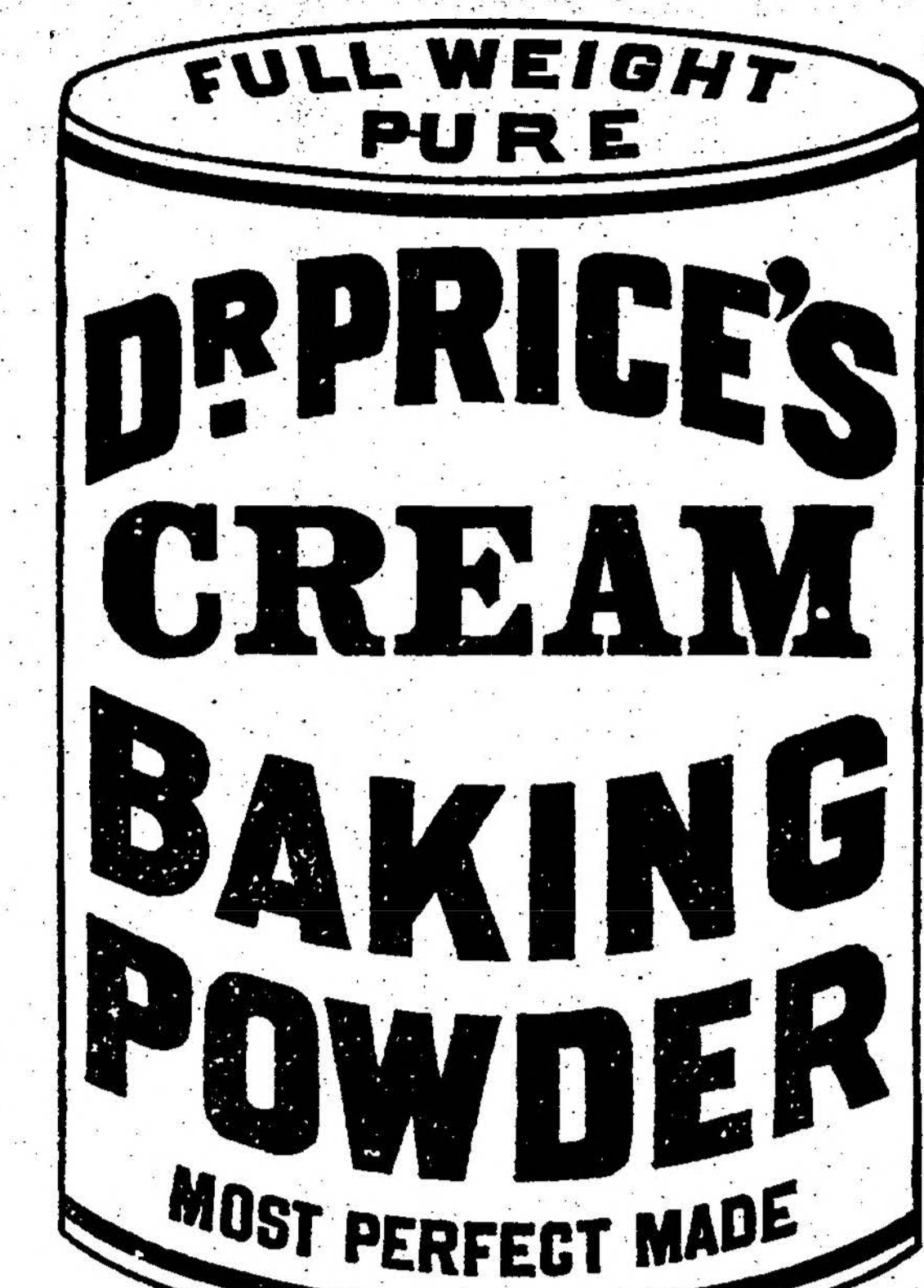
## FOUR BOOKS LEARNED IN ONE READING.

### A Year's Work Done in Ten Days.

From the Chaplain of Exeter College, and Houghton Syrac Prizeman, Oxford.

Dear Sir—In April, 1885, while thinking of taking orders in September, I suddenly received notice that my ordination examination would be held in a fortnight. I had only TEN (10) days in which to prepare for the Exam. I should recommend a year's preparation in the case of any one so utterly unprepared as I was; but your SYSTEM had so STRENGTHENED MY NATURAL MEMORY, that I was able to remember and give the gist of any book AFTER READING IT ONCE. I therefore read Lightfoot, Proctor, Harold Bruns, Mosheim, etc., etc., ONCE, and was SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY ONE OF THE NINE PAPERS. The present Bishop of Edinburgh knows the facts. Faithfully yours,

(REV.) JAMES MIDDLETON MACDONALD, [M. A.]  
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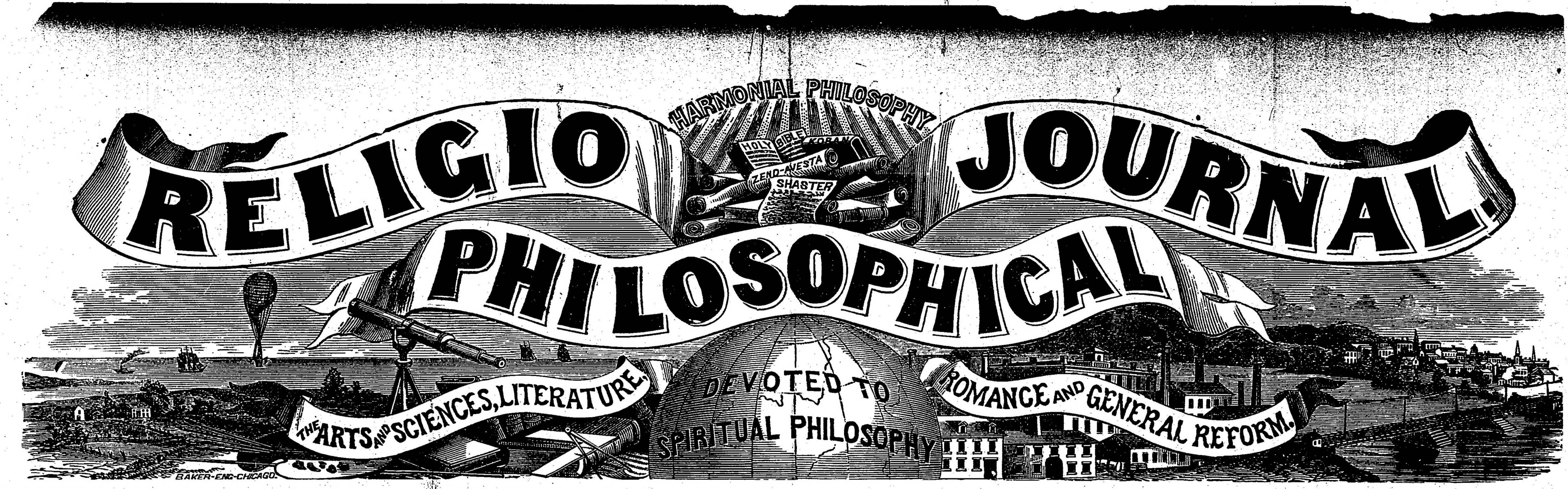
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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 8, 1888.

No. 16

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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### SUNDAY!

Shall it be a Holyday or a Holiday.

An Address Delivered by Rev. J. H. Palmer at Portland, Mich., before the Universalist State Convention.

The terms holiday and holiday are used in their popular, rather than in their stricter philological signification, where they are nearly synonymous. The word Sunday is used instead of Sabbath, for the reason that the latter word and the character of the day indicated by it, are alike foreign to the spirit and teaching of Christianity. The term Lord's Day is eschewed because I think we are all agreed that every day is a Lord's Day, that every required service, of home, of shop, of field, to church, school, or country, is a holy service; that it is as essentially a religious act to wash a baby's face as a saint's foot; to stand in defence of the flag of one's country as for the defense of the gospel.

If we follow the New Testament teaching, we shall discuss this question with our thoughts unwarped; not Godward. Nothing is for the glory of God that is not for the good of man. The Jewish Sabbath even was made for man, and Jesus, loyal to the last to the faith of his fathers, added the affirmation, "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath days." To the minute, trifling negotiations of the teachings of the elders and scribes. Had he lived longer, and had Christianity consequently become a reformed Judaism instead of a Christianized Paganism, we should today be facing a different problem, but the Jewish Christianity vanished when the Gentiles became strong enough to formulate the laws of the new religion. Paul, an apostate Jew, and consequently the more bitter against the faith of his former profession, commences and carries on his aggressive quarrel with the conservative Peter, who desired to remain both Jew and Christian, denouncing alike circumcision, new moons and Sabbaths. In every way he endeavored to separate his followers as completely as possible from the formalism and ceremonials accepted and practiced by Jesus and Peter, but which with politic and far seeing eye, he recognized mere obstacles, almost insuperable, to the spread of his ideas among people to whom everything Jewish was contemptibly hateful. Only once in all his epistles does he mention the Sabbath—Col. 2: 16. This chapter, from the 16th verse to its end, is a peculiarly strong and suggestive piece of Pauline bluster, dogmatic and irritating in the highest possible degree, and bitterly in opposition to the practices and teachings of the disciples of Christ at Jerusalem, and other places where Peter was an accepted leader.

Whether we like to acknowledge the fact or not, it seems to be indisputable that our Christianity is of Rome, and not of Jerusalem, and from pagan Rome, not from any word of Gospel or epistle do we have our three great religious days, Sunday, Easter and Christmas, and they were all alike originally, in that they were days of festival and rejoicing, and not in any sense whatever, days of pious observance, asceticism and gloom. For the first three centuries the Christians indulged in all their usual avocations upon Sunday—I mean the pagan Christians—and among their peculiar methods of manifesting that it was a day of especial freedom from formalism of all kinds, they said their prayers standing erect, neither kneeling nor bowing.

Bishop Taylor in his history of the Sabbath says: "The Lord's Day did not succeed in the place of the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was

wholly abrogated, and the Lord's Day was merely an ecclesiastical institution. It was not introduced by virtue of the 4th commandment, because for almost 300 years many Christians kept the day which is named in that commandment, but they kept the first day also as a festival, without any opinion of prime obligation, and therefore they did not suppose it a matter of morals."

The Apostolic Constitutions, a work of the third century, and which for a long time was an authority in the early Church almost equal to the Gospels, has this: "We exhort you, brethren and fellow servants, to avoid vain talk and obscene discourses, and jestings, drunkenness, lasciviousness, luxury, unbounded passions, with foolish discourses; since we do not permit you so much as on the Lord's Days, which are days of joy, to speak, or act anything unseemly." It was not until Constantine—A. D. 321, and while he was yet a pagan—issued his decree, restraining labor in the cities upon that day, that attention was paid to the fact that any man worked or refrained from working upon the first day of the week, and it was not until Leo, A. D. 469, issued his edict to that end, that civil writs and processes could not issue, and courts could not sit on that day. From this time onward, among certain orders of the Church the idea of Sunday as a Holy Day gathered strength, although the Roman Church and the great reformers always considered the day a festival, and treated it as such. It is not now a fast day in the Catholic Church, even in Lent.

The Augsburg Confession, the work of Luther and Melancthon, has this: "Quæ—What ought we to think of the Lord's day?"

Ans.—The Lord's Day, Easter, Whitsuntide, and other such holidays, ought to be kept, because they are appointed by the church, and that all things may be done in order. But the observance of them is not necessary to salvation, nor is the violation of them, if it be done without offence to others, to be regarded as a sin.

So the Swiss Calvinistic Church says in its catechism: "The observance of the Lord's Day is founded, not on any commandment of God, but on the authority of the church, and the church may alter the day at pleasure." We all of us recall as an interesting point in his biography, the horror of that sturdy Presbyterian, John Knox, who, on his visit to John Calvin found him on a Sunday afternoon, not in his closet at prayer, or reading his Bible, but playing tennis in his garden. We, unfortunately, inherited the Puritan Sunday, as we also inherited the Puritan hatred of the theatre, card playing, dancing, pictures in churches, Christmas, Easter, and almost everything bright and hopeful in religion. But this doubtful inheritance was pitted against God in the heart of the natural man—and it is only the natural heart that affords a fit temple for his Holy Spirit—and God has triumphed. The Puritan churches to-day have organs, paid choirs, responsive services, and celebrate Easter and Christmas by having sung for them, with voices that are literally silver, the metrical prayers and thanksgivings of the once hated and still maligned Roman Church.

One hundred years ago children were not permitted to play on Sunday; now they can, in the body of the church, take part in Sunday School Concerts and Exhibitions, which are nothing if they are not theatrical; no one could do the slightest labor, or seek for the most minimized atom of enjoyment; to-day the deacons and elders enjoy cushioned pews in their churches, and cushioned coaches in which to ride to them; stop at the post-office for their mail, read the Sunday paper, fall asleep upon a downy sofa after a hot Sunday dinner, and dream of the dividends they will gather from the stock they hold, not in the realms where moth and rust do not corrupt, but in railroads that run Sunday trains, in rolling mills whose fires like those of the nether pit, are never quenched, and in great wholesale corporations, whose traveling men have rest neither day nor night in their anxiety to obtain another order "before writing in to the house." So insidiously, and yet so completely, has the thought of almost the entire people changed front in regard to the propriety of labor and amusement upon Sunday that we are hardly aware of the magnitude and thoroughness of the revolution without considerable mental effort at realization. Thirty years ago, an open drug store, cigar stand, fruit store, or meat market, unless kept by a Jew, was, in northern cities, a thing unknown. Livery stables, barber shops and bars were the only places in which anything like open business was tolerated; the first two, on the ground of necessity; the last, because the business has been largely lawless from time immemorial. We have enlarged the meaning of the phrase, "labor of necessity," until it has come to mean "labor of desirability."

It is idle for the church to condemn in others the thing of which it is itself largely guilty, and attempt to quiet its conscience by spasmodic efforts to enforce piecemeal, some half obsolete statute or ordinance against Sunday desecration. It is idle to indict against the Sunday newspaper, which is simply sold on that day, but printed on Saturday, and then take a morning Monday paper, which compels, in order that it may be duly issued, the Sunday labor of the entire editorial, clerical and mechanical force. It is idle to wax indignant over Sunday excursion trains, and then say that business and the mails must not be hindered, by the absolute closing of post offices and the stopping of all freight trains. As an illustration of this kind of pious inconsistency, I may

relate that in May, 1885, I had occasion to spend a Sunday in the little city of St. Joseph in this State. Just at that time the churches were in the midst of an active crusade against Sabbath breakers. All the drug stores, meat markets and barber shops were under strict espionage, but as you know the little town is quite a resort for Chicago people and so the band was employed by the hotels and permitted to play from 3 to 5 o'clock in the park unmolested; the lenders of boats and the livery men were doing their usual business, for the reason, as I was gravely and seriously informed by a citizen who was heartily engaged in the crusade, that the band, the boats, and the liveries were necessary, the town couldn't live if they were not permitted to play and engage in their usual traffic! A more complete instance of

"Compounding sins we have no mind to."

can hardly be imagined. The fact is that judged by the practice of the Jew, the Puritan and the Covenanter, there is no longer for any of us, excepting that small body of people known as Seventh Day Adventists, any Sabbath. Sunday in its Roman origin is as secular as the Fourth of July, or at least, as a holy day, is as much a matter of dogmatic assumption as that Christmas is the birthday of Christ, or Easter the day of his resurrection. As a last resort, of course, we are told that Sunday is holy because it is the day of the triumph of Jesus over the tomb, but why should we observe it as sacred every week instead of every year, as some people do Good Friday, the day of his death, no one attempts to explain. As more and more we come to understand that the whole story of the resurrection must take its place with the rest of the miracles and myths of a credulous and uncritical age; that the open door of a tomb from which a once dead God has come forth, is no more a reality than the open door of a wound, as a festival, in that we may wisely go back to the Mother Church. In this we may say with Bishop Taylor that the keeping of Sunday is an ecclesiastical institution, not a matter of morals. We may say with Luther that the violation of the church's rule regarding Sunday, if it be done without offence to others, is not a sin.

This last sentence contains, I think, the suggestion as to what it is proper to do and what it is improper to do on Sunday. The fact of the unity of human interests becomes central in the discussion, and as it does of all other questions which affect the rights and relations of men. Above all other days, Sunday is the poor man's day of rest and recreation. It is not so to the extent that it once was, for the righteous rich often to-day compel the poor man to toil while they worship, but much of it yet remains to him. He may occasionally spend a portion of the day with his family, some of the din of trade ceases, some of the miles are shut down, the front doors of the saloons are closed, and an air of partial repose, which of itself is rest, is over the land. For the wealthy man, all this is of lesser moment. He can rest, read, pray, attend lectures, go to the concert-room or the theater pretty much when he pleases. Now, how shall the poor man, the man who has toiled for 60 hours in a dusty or grimy shop, the woman who has toiled one-third longer than that during the dead week in a steaming wash room, over a jarring sewing machine, or amid the whizzing noises of a factory, how are these people to get rest out of this day?

You say they can go to church; you know that they cannot. A man whose physical frame has been on the rack of daily toil for six days cannot enjoy the eloquence of a Brooks or a Rexford, even if there were nothing else to prevent his attending church. But the rich people, and the methods of the rich people, and the vicious methods of the modern Sunday School, unite an almost insuperable barrier between the poor man and what with sublime irony we call the consolations of religion. If going to church refreshes the soul and nurtures the manhood, men will go to church; but to be made to feel in any way their inferiority, and that they are underlings, they will not go, even though they risk their hope of heaven by not going, and I honor them for it. First of all, the poor man wants a whiff of fresh air, a sight of the clear sky, room to stretch his legs in a little usual motion. He owns no coach, he may spare a few nickels to the street car, the railroad or the steamboat company. He can be rested by seeing and hearing, where the thinking is an impossibility. So he can enjoy the music of the band, the aural glory of a song, the spectacle of theatrical display and be recreated in body and soul and brought thereby nearer to his fellow-men and his God.

I do not scruple here to express my profound conviction that it is a much more righteous thing to witness such plays as Rip Van Winkle, Hazel Kirke, Siberia, and the White Slave, and they are not of the highest grade, than to listen to one who calls himself a minister of the Most High, while he pictures man as a villain of total depravity, or a moral imbecile, God as a far

off mystery, and creation a bit of infinite patchwork!

The church can make itself useful in furthering innocent and elevating uses of Sunday if it only will. It is much to be feared that it will not. True, it has got so far that it will permit people to enjoy the performances of professional singers if they will listen in churches instead of halls and Opera Houses; they may enjoy the privileges of a Sunday open library if they will connect themselves with some congregation or Sunday School, and not ask for it from the hand of the general public, and they may ride on Sunday excursion trains if they are going to camp-meetings. But in all this, dominance on the part of the church and obsequiousness on the part of the recipient of her favors are as arrogantly manifest as when an early pope put his proud foot upon the neck of a German King!

I think that the church could begin the movement toward a right use of Sunday, by the abolition of all monetary distinctions inside its walls.

Next, let it abolish the Sunday morning sermon and re-organize and reform that great separation of families, and hot-bed of religious snobbery, the Sunday School. Instead, let the people come together for an hour's worship, and let them come plainly clad, and in families; and let all the people praise God together, using as they ever love to do, some of the grand, eternal liturgies of the ancient Hebrews, reading together the great lessons of love and duty taught by the poor laboring man of Nazareth, and singing together the songs of faith, of hope, of courage, and consolation that have welled up from the very necessities and joys and sorrows of this mysterious human life. Do not, then, close the doors of your churches. There may be people—there are thousands of them in every city—hundreds in every considerable town who are going straight to the devil from the close, pent-up rooms of tenement houses, boarding and lodging houses, solely for want of a little brotherly or sisterly sympathy from people who call themselves Christians. Make your church parlors the meeting places, the resting places, of all who care on Sunday to use them for such purposes. Supply them with pictures, books, papers, and all things that may suggest brotherly and sisterly interest, and so fill the very atmosphere with the perfume of welcome that the poorest outcast that tramps the streets, once within your walls will feel at home.

The afternoon comes. Now let us do something for the people who are too indifferent, too ignorant to care to attend even upon the simple religious services of the morning. Let something be done for the people who, if they to themselves, will abuse themselves. If they cannot have innocent amusements they will have those that are gross and debasing.

It is useless to fight against the order of civilization. Sunday amusements are a part of our national life, and they have come to stay. If good men do not provide them for the general good, bad men will provide them—and of the worst character—for private gain. So I am in favor of railroad and steamboat excursions where no liquor is sold, public gardens, public concerts, clean theaters. In short, I am in favor of all sorts of Sunday afternoon recreation, in all sorts of places to which a husband, father or son would not be ashamed to take his wife, his child, his mother. It is for Christian people to see that there is ample provision of this character, and that it be not only abundant, but at a nominal price. When this is done, I have no fear of any evil resulting from Sunday base ball games, trotting exhibitions, cocking, cocking mains or prize fights of brutal dogs, or still more brutal men.

We have now come to the evening. The best place for those who have homes in which to spend the closing hours of the day, is at home. But many have no homes; many have been at home through the day, and all are in a measure rested and invigorated. The minister has not yet worked off his heavy sermon on a long suffering people; if ever they can stand it they can now. Let us have the sermon in the evening; let the children stay at home if they want to, and they will generally want to, engaged in such pleasant pastime as will sweeten the hours. Remember that you worshiped in the morning; remember also that a man cannot be in a worshipful and intellectually receptive mood at the same time, and so make the service intellectually, rather than spiritually uplifting. The preacher now has a chance with his wire twisted logic, his rhetorical pyrotechnics; give your choir also a chance to display their most daring vocal gymnastics. People will have an hour after they get home to discuss the preacher's gestures, the soprano's bonnet, and occasionally some one whose heart contains congenial soil, will gather a seed grain from the spoken word that shall bring forth thirty, sixty, or perhaps an hundred fold.

There is another thing which I think ought to be done, and which the church ought to ask for, and that is the complete abrogation of all Sunday legislation, excepting the portion relating exclusively to civil affairs. It is utterly valueless, and because it is valueless, it serves to bring all law and law-makers into contempt. Any mill, or factory, or store that wishes to run or keep open, does so, and there is not a man in Michigan that ever feels aggrieved enough over the fact to institute a complaint. Statutory morality is always the most ghastly corpse outside a tomb, and we ought certainly as a law-abid-

ing people to be in this matter a law-enforcing people if we want the thing the law demands; if we do not want it, then we do not want the law. Every unenforced statute is a lesson in anarchy, for the line is so fine between the man who is guilty of actual violation of law and the man who is accessory after the fact, that many states no longer make any distinction between them. Especially as relates to all statutes touching questions of morals, actual or alleged, is it true that acquiescence in wrong is assistance to wrong, and the most harmful and contemptible things called laws, are such as are never used save upon the motion of some low personal spite, or narrow partisan bigotry. In all this, I am only asking that the professed Christian be honest with himself, and that he shall not claim to desire what he does not really want, and which he will not put forth the slightest effort to obtain. This is especially true of all who, even upon the ultra-conservative side, call themselves "liberal Christians." Not one of us all asks for or wants the Jewish or Puritan Sabbath but that is only the actual Sabbath of Old Testament biblical authority, modified by the few affirmations of Jesus. He kept that Sabbath of entire abstinence from all labor not absolutely necessary, as a good and orthodox Jew. If he liberated us from that Sabbath as it is claimed that he did from other Jewish ceremonies, we are as free from any Sabbath day as we are from the Sabbath year, the year of jubilee, or the passover, the observance of which was the last act of his life. It is as obsolete as the commandment against making graven images, which Christian people universally ignore.

There is no middle ground. It is all or nothing. It is the Sabbath of Moses, or of the later law of the later, wiser, more enlightened church, of a later, wiser, more God precent age. If it is this last, it is ours, to change, to enlarge in its power to bring and confer happiness, and give meaning to the fulness of this overflowing age of necessities, of which the iron Peter and the Apocalyptic John had never a vision. God is not to be worshiped as though he needed anything. That only is God service which is man service; that only is worship of God which is for the blessing of men. He has his true servants, and the world its true saviors among men and women who never, on their lips, have formulated a prayer, who never in outward guise or after any ecclesiastical order have kept holy day.

The moral world is governed by a few grand principles, not by an encyclopedic multitude of rules. Common sense is not a very pious term, but it is, like the frame and vital breath of all true religion. Let us remember that this is God's world, and that we are his children; that we are here with him and at home in a house of his providing as much, and as minutely as it is possible for us to be in any world, or estate to which we can ever be exalted. But we may add to its wealth, its beauty, its blessedness. Upon the foundation principles he has given, we must uprear our own religions and civilizations, and minister to our myriad and ever-changing needs by such laws of sacrifice and service, such elaboration of times and means of labor and of rest as each age demands.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

My Acquaintance With the Cary Sisters

MRS. J. M. STAATS, MEDIUM.

Returning from a short vacation in the autumn of 1899, I found amongst many others the cards of Phoebe Cary and Mrs. Swift, and an accompanying note saying they would be at my home the following day. I looked forward with no small degree of pleasure to meeting Phoebe Cary, whose sweet songs had made me feel that she was not a stranger. They came as expected, and I learned that Mrs. Swift was the youngest of the Cary sisters. Being in poor health, she had left her western home to pass the winter in New York, thinking the air and climate more favorable to her malady. An unmistakable evidence of consumption made her dark eyes more lustrous and gave to her cheeks the false coloring so deceptive and flattering, but naught could disguise the ominous hacking cough or hide the quickened breathing which so plainly shows the effort nature is making when its vital forces are endangered by such a subtle foe.

Mrs. Swift already understood her condition, and was anxious to have corroborated through another, further proof of the reality of the home toward which she was so rapidly journeying. I was not surprised to learn that both my guests were believers in the continued progress of the spirit. Phoebe being very mediumistic, also Mrs. Swift.

Our séance was a delightful one. How could it be otherwise? They asked no positive test, demanded no proofs, seeming to know all that was required to make them realize that they were surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, whose gracious presence made the hour sacred and the place holy. Father, mother, sisters and friends came in response to the spirits of the living who had called from the great depths of affection. Deep was answering unto deep, telling of the home in the house of many mansions, filled with the Father's love. "Remember, my children," wrote their father; "if it were not so, He would have told you." They addressed Mrs. Swift by her Christian name Elmina, and spoke of her speedily approaching departure from earth life; promised to be near and with her, assuring her of their guidance and telling how their presence would ill-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## "The Moral Ideal."\*

Instead of offering an original review, the JOURNAL with pleasure reproduces from *Light* a thoughtful and none too appreciative study of a book which ought to attract many sober readers in America.

This charming little volume treats life entirely from the occultist point of view. Its title and terminology are not technically connected with Modern Spiritualism; but it should interest Spiritualists on account not only of its contents, but also of its historic antecedents. A short summary of the latter will fitly preface our remarks on the actual work, in view of the recent discussions about heredity in these columns.

The pottery of Etruria was, a hundred years ago, the centre of a movement of reform, unpretending in its methods, but as essentially revolutionary as anything that was going on at the time in Paris. Josiah Wedgwood familiarized the public with exquisitely delicate little cameos, not out in any precious material, but moulded in pottery's clay. Looking back from the point of view of our present knowledge, one cannot but feel that this was a prophetic symbol of the destinies of the family he was to found. His house was the meeting-ground of a brilliant array of genius of different orders:—Erasmus Darwin (already studying the origin of species), Wordsworth, Flaxman, Mackintosh, Godwin, and many others.

The centre of the group was an invalid son of the pottery, who seems to have been wonderfully in advance of his time. Amongst other incidental achievements, Thomas Wedgwood made sun-pictures nearly half-a-century before Daguerre. He also invented, and communicated to Erasmus Darwin, the method now in use for curing conical cornea, thirty years before Von Graefe made himself world-famous by re-inventing it. But the study of his life was the development of what he called "Genius," by which he meant the faculty of seeing new truth at first hand. Unable from ill-health to devote himself to any special pursuit, he made it his mission to combine the observations of the thinkers around him, with a view to write a book on the best method of teaching children to substitute for costly sources of enjoyment the exquisite delight which common sights and sounds and flavors afford to him (and to him alone) who has learned to make of each trivial sensation a means of revelation.

Thomas Wedgwood died (1805) at the age of thirty-five, having made a widespread reputation as a thinker, and a profound moral impression on all around him. Why his MSS. were not published by his survivors has never been ascertained. It was long supposed that they were taken to India by the friend to whom Wedgwood confided them, and there lost or destroyed. But they were found in England in 1832 by a medium, who was led to the discovery by a singular series of communications. Historically and morally these documents retain a perennial value; but many of the psychological observations recorded by Thomas Wedgwood have, since his time, been made over again by Hinton and others; and are now common-places of literature. Wedgwood longed passionately to become instrumental in the organization of rational education. On the same scrap of paper which contains his last directions about the arrangement of his chapters, is written this touching sentence: "How exhilarating is the thought that if, by the labour of my whole life, I can add one idea to the stock of those concerning education, my life has been well spent." The memorials of this sufferer, baffled throughout life by illness, and disappointed after death by the friends to whom he had entrusted his MSS., would be, for any but a Spiritualist, almost unbearably painful. Our faith, thank God, permits us to hope that he has been, and still may be, an inspiring influence over other writers; perhaps over some who do not know themselves, to be mediums, through whom the dead are speaking.

A sister of T. Wedgwood married a son of Erasmus Darwin, and became the mother of Charles Darwin, whose works present a singular combination of the hereditary Darwin ideas with the peculiar Wedgwood method of thinking. Darwin's works seemed for a time to be giving a materialistic tendency to science; because he studied the laws of development (which are quite general), in relation, chiefly, to the physical and lower intellectual faculties. But if he too much neglected the application of his own principles to the higher faculties, his cousin has now made ample amends for his neglect, by applying the same hereditary method to the investigation of what may be called the origin of species of moral ideas. As he taught us to look on the strife between animals, in the light thrown on that long warfare by the conviction that it has been an essential agent in the development of the specially human powers, so the volume now before us will force every attentive reader to look on the most foolish and vulgar theological squabbles as preparation for that serene knowledge of the Unseen Unity which every religious difference among men has done something to deepen and enlarge. It shows us the whole machinery of evolution at work to prepare the successive groups of men which are the vehicles of revelation for successive portions of religious truths.

For the book is, as we said, profoundly occultist. It represents each Church, State, and Race as a group of human particles, held together by the impulse to develop some special idea, to utter some special message, disdaining as soon as the revelation for which it was organized has been effected and the message with which it was charged has been registered for posterity. It is hardly too much to say that Miss Wedgwood presents human history as a series of séances, and the most typical men of each age as mediums, hypnotized and partially blinded to certain portions of moral truth by the overwhelming impulse to express the special truth with which each is charged.

The authoress does not condescend to controversy. She brings forward no arguments to prove the existence of a spiritual force controlling human destiny; but simply shows what light is thrown on admitted facts by assuming such control. She lays stress on no statements the accuracy of which has been, or seems likely to be, doubted by anybody; she concedes to opponents, whatever they may choose to claim, taking for the materials of her exquisite series of cameos the commonly accepted facts of history and literature; and utilizing for her purpose whatever may be granted by common consent.

So Thomas Wedgwood left costly luxuries to those incapable of appreciating the luxury which common pleasures afford to him whose powers are fully developed. So Charles Darwin left "The Infinite," "The Absolute," and "The Eternal" to such philosophers as fancy that deep truths are necessarily expressed in solemn words; and quietly revolutionized philosophy by studying the pre-

\* *The Moral Ideal*. By Julia Wedgwood. Trubner & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

dilections of earth worms and the marks on a pheasant's wing. The truest genius dares to leave rare jewels to be scrambled for by whoever is not artistic enough to make gems out of common clay; the truest faith dares to leave the miraculous elements in history to be contended for by those who cannot believe in the spiritual unless started into belief by something exceptional.

Though the book is the outcome of a profound study of the classical literature of all ages, it contains little which the reader of average culture may not readily follow. But it must be read with care; those who attempt to skim it will waste their time. It is, as we suggested above, a genuine collection of Wedgwood cameos; a hasty glance will perceive nothing more interesting than a confusion of innocent white clouds against a background of uniform blue sky. He who will linger over the details will find a new meaning in the ancient saying that the Creative Artist breathed His Spirit into the dust of the earth, and made of it His own image. The method of the book is utterly Darwinian in its absolute reliance on the evidence of facts. And the moral deduced from facts by Charles Darwin's continuer is this:—

"No ideal is possible, if that which is idealized knows no beyond. Man can strive towards no virtue in which he does not feel the sympathy of God. He must feel himself in some sense a fragment, if he is ever to discover his true oneness. Virtue must be a refracted ray from something above virtue; duty must be the aspect, visible in our dense atmosphere, of a higher excellence extending far beyond it. . . . Man, if we judge him by history, knows himself only so far as he turns towards the Eternal Other of the human spirit; he finds his true unity only as he finds a larger unity which makes him one with himself and with his brother man."

## The "Sad Fate" of Spiritualism.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

Large type in one of our great "dailies" of New York recently informed the world that Spiritualism was dead. It had been slain by Margaret Fox's toe, which, infected by its owner's prolonged drunkenness, had gone to rapping on its own account, and declared itself a first-class fraud. But our affectionate enemies of the press errred when they thought a joint-issue could be formed out of that toe; and they were equally mistaken when they supposed that Spiritualism was dead, or for any other rapping machine of that ilk; and yet, further, they made geese of themselves by assuming that any one was ever converted to modern Spiritualism by raps of any kind. Most assuredly no one with education enough to spell out the above Ananas assertion in large type, was ever converted in such a way. Rats, mice, and clever stimulation by wage or frauds are usually a sagacious explanation for one rap or a thousand; and counted as wisdom by the Spiritualist as much as by the reporter or writer of editorials.

But the intelligence back of the rap is the all-important point for the investigator, and a point carefully omitted by the doctors and reporters on the occasion of Margaret Fox's recent exhibition of her inebriated toe. So leaving this particular medium to gather the harvest she has sown; we know that every Spiritualist at every age, and of every race, founded on a presentation of facts the medium could never have known. A very early experience of my own will perhaps, best illustrate what I mean.

Raps on a table spelled the name of my mother's father who died at the age of 96, whilst I was a baby in a little town on the eastern coast of England. I cannot remember the old man, and had simply accepted him as an ancestral fact, with whom I have no concern whatever; any more than with my other ancestor, the undiscovered and fossilized man ape of the learned Darwin. His name was peculiar. Dan Proctor, not Daniel; but Dan. This was spelled correctly, with a message of home details, that startled me because it was reasonably impossible that an utter stranger acting as a medium in a land 3,000 miles from my grandfather's home, could ever have known anything about him. The toe of a confessed fraud, whether drunk or sober, is no possible explanation of such an experience.

But the slow rap never suited my impatience. Writing between slates securely fastened, and held in my own hand, was a great improvement. But that soon lost its zest for me. Slate writing mediums are scarce, and a very expensive luxury, specially adapted to Spiritualists of the millionaire variety, to which I have never belonged. So I sat patiently for weary evenings of more than a year, making my experiments alone in my own room; and always hoping to some day find a crack through which I might peep into the mysterious unknown.

At last I was rewarded with movements of my hand, at first jerky and violent, but presently writing sentences, and then short essays without conscious mental action on my part. Still I felt assured there was my hidden self at work; and as nothing was written beyond my normal ability, nor any statement of fact made that I had not read or heard, my Spiritualism became decidedly agnostic. But one day I had an experience that convinced me that my hand could be used by an intelligence that most assuredly was not my own. Sitting at my desk, and with my ledger open before me, my arm suddenly became cold, and my hand asserted its independence. I caught up a paper and watched the pencil as it wrote: "You are being robbed. Count your cash." A friend came in to whom I showed this writing. Under his advice we counted the cash, and went out to lunch. We returned together, and again made the count, finding (I think) eleven dollars short. That evening when sitting alone as usual I said aloud, "Some spirit friend has now an opportunity to give me a splendid test by telling me who took my money." My hand immediately wrote: "When society is ready to treat its criminals for cure instead of vengeance the Spirit-world will aid you to discover them, and not till then."

This was the end of that experience. I put on a new lock, and had no further loss. Of course a spirit of the Margaret Fox-toe description may have appropriated my eleven dollars; and he may just now be professing his loud contrition before a large assembly in some celestial amphitheatre; but as far as I am concerned the principal and interest remain unpaid, and the criminal unknown. Three times in my experience—and only three—have I had these convincing proofs of the supervision by some unseen friend. I have space for but one more. Two or three years after the above incident I was shipping timber and lumber from Canada to Europe. My office was in Quebec, but it happened to be more advantageous that season to load vessels in Montreal. One afternoon I was busy at my desk in Quebec when once again my hand was seized, and wrote, "Go

to Montreal instantly." I had just time enough to catch the night boat, and reached the wharf in Montreal the next morning before the bargemen and sailors had resumed loading the vessel I had chartered. I saw at a glance that there was serious fraud. The lumber had been graded—they call it "gouging"—in such a way as to make it pass for a superior quality when it was really very inferior.

I stopped the loading and appealed to the courts, with the result that the "culler" was proved to have been bribed. He lost his situation and was heavily fined. The "recalling" made many thousands of dollars difference in the invoiced total of that shipment. It is such instances, no matter how rarely repeated, that count with the intelligent Spiritualist. He soon finds that any attempt on his part to use his Spiritualism to protect his cash or grade his lumber, is either a dead failure, or a most dangerous success. But to the man or woman seeking truth as truth; wisdom as wisdom; to raise humanity to a higher level, such experiences come when most needed; but they will take various shapes as may be best wrought by those whom we affectionately call our "guardian angels." But such experiences prove that Margaret Fox's fraudulent toe has not slain modern Spiritualism, even though that toe was used as the jawbone of an ass by the editor of a great New York daily newspaper.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## A Few Objections to Theosophy.

R. A. DAGUE.

I have just finished reading some writings on Theosophy, which I was requested to read by an esteemed friend who desires me to investigate that subject. With your permission, I will state to your readers some of the objections I have already found to that philosophy. I do not say that a learned Theosophist cannot explain satisfactorily all the knotty questions I herein raise.

First, I wish to say that the object of the Theosophical Society, as stated by Prof. E. J. K. Noyes, F. T. S., in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Nov. 10th, is a most commendable one. He defines it to be: "To form a nucleus of universal brotherhood of humanity." I will also add that I like the broad philanthropic spirit that runs through all the writings of Theosophists which I have read. It is the doctrine of philosophy I object to, more especially that of "Re-incarnation." This dogma, briefly stated, is, "That all souls now inhabiting mortal bodies have, from all past eternity, been born thousands, yes millions of times, and have died as often as they have been born." The programme has been, being born, living a few years on earth, then dying, then being reborn in "Devachan," returning to earth and taking on another mortal body, and then after a few years dying again; and this routine has been going on through all past eternity. Theosophists teach that every man now on earth has, at some former period, lived on this or some other planet as a mortal; that he has been a woman in some former existence, and has committed every known and unknown crime, or if he has not so, he will commit them in the future, either in this mortal life or during some re-incarnations yet to come.

Alexander Fullerton, F. T. S., in the "Wilkesbarre Letters," page 6, says:

"The doctrine of re-incarnation is that each man dwells in the flesh not once, but often. His internal indestructible self comes again and again, into earth life, each time in a different race, family, condition; so that he is confronted successively with each form of test and trial, and each time he is made to feel the essence of each incarnation, and at last emerging with an exhaustive knowledge of humanity, and a perfected character. He is not a thousand men compounded into one, but one man who has had a thousand lives."

He further says each soul must have an experience in this life as father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, kinsman, patriot, philanthropist, etc. In further explanation of this, he says: "To understand each, one must incarnate each, and live the long path of the evolving individuality leads through every zone of sex, relationship, affinity, sentiment and duty, not a type of human emplacement being omitted or a phase of human affection skipped."

Prof. Noyes in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Nov. 10th, says:

"We believe that man, as a spiritual being is evolving from a lower state to a higher, and that instead of being the living being, it is simply a page in the book of life of a soul which had no beginning and will have no end. If we admit the existence of the soul as apart from the body and as an eternal being, it follows logically that it could have no beginning, unless we bring in the conception of a God who is continually creating new souls, and who is very unfair to them at that, for instead of starting them equally in the race, some are given a body in Fire Points in the slums, while others are given all the advantages of education and pleasing environment."

"Theosophists believe that probably at some point in the past all souls started level, but that the difference in position and environment to-day is simply a result of past acts and lives. That the apparent unfairness in life here when looked at from the larger point of view is simply the logical result of the sum total of past acts."

It may be presumptuous for one who has read but little on Theosophy, to attempt to criticize such eminent and learned gentlemen as Professors Fullerton and Noyes, but I will (with no desire to provoke a newspaper controversy) venture to state a few reasons why I cannot accept their teachings as I understand them.

1. If it has taken the first half of eternity to bring a particular individual, now in the mortal body, up to his present status, intellectually and morally, will it not require all the last half of eternity to double his attainments? If so, it seems to me too long a journey, involving too much suffering for the results attained.

2. Is the statement a logical or reasonable one, that a man must have been a woman and a woman a man, and that he must have been a drunkard and a murderer, in order to develop morally and intellectually, and to round out his character? As Prof. Fullerton puts it, "to understand each?" The theologians have taught that God could not feel that sympathy for poor, homeless, erring mortals, till He, Himself, was born of a woman, became poor and suffered physical death. To me the positions assumed by both Theosophists and theologians spoken of above, are illogical and weak.

3. Theosophy teaches, as I understand it, the doctrine of "fatality," or that an individual, in this mortal life, just where he ought to be, just where his acts in a former existence have placed him, suffering no more than he ought to suffer; that he de-

serves all the pain that he is called on to endure, even though he be the helpless victim of some heartless, cruel fiend who by force outrages every natural right he is supposed to be entitled to, hence the belief of this philosophy has a tendency to make its disciples dead and indifferent to the cries of the outraged or unfortunate ones. If a fellow mortal is in firm in body or mind; if he is the victim of dire misfortune; if his rights are being trampled upon; if he is sick and starving, and dying, why pity him, why assist him? He is merely getting "needed experience"—experience that he must have before he can gain "Nirvana." He is only reaping what he has sown in a former existence. Why, then, put forth your hand to prevent experiences necessary for his development?

4. Do not Theosophical teachers contradict themselves? In the foregoing quotation, Prof. Noyes says, "that a soul has no beginning and will have no end," yet in the very next paragraph he declares that "probably at some point in the past, all souls started level."

Now, if souls had no beginning, no starting place at all, how could all souls start level? Right here is deep water, so deep that we cannot perceive that our learned Theosophical teachers have any better success in fathoming it than other thinkers have had. The statement of Prof. Noyes that "probably all souls started level" seems to me to be a rather shaky foundation upon which to build up a great philosophy, and a great religious system, and yet on that same tottering foundation, which is only a probability—this doctrine of re-incarnation is reared, if I understand it. It reminds me of the answer of the rural school teacher, who when asked how astronomers measured the distance from the earth to the sun, declared that "they guessed at one-fourth of the distance, then multiplied that by four."

5. Is there good reason to believe that in order to develop a soul from a low mental and moral status to higher spheres, that it is necessary that such soul should occupy a mortal body thousands of times? It does not so seem to me. Such reasoning implies that there can be no progress in the illimitable universe except on the material plane. I cannot perceive that it is necessary that all souls should have consciously existed as such, from all eternity, nor that they should all have been started at the same time. On the contrary it is not reasonable to suppose that they had no individual existence, or if you prefer, that they existed in an inorganic, an elementary, and an unconscious state, prior to the time of their occupancy of a mortal body and that their consciousness began at that time, and that having been organized by entering into a human body and having acquired a conscious individuality that they thereafter retain that individuality forever? If this be so, then is it not as unreasonable to believe that such souls will be sent back into an elementary condition again, to be again born, as to send a fully fledged bird back into the shell from which it was hatched? Instead of all improvement being made in this mortal life, I am disposed to think that the great lessons of existence will be learned in the Spirit-world. To me, this existence seems like the starting place, as though we as souls are yet unborn—like the bird in the eggshell, not fully hatched. Real life will begin after we are born in the Spirit-world, after we break the mortal shell and step out.

We occasionally catch a glimpse of that world we are to inhabit; but while imprisoned in the mortal body, we are forming, are in process of incubation; the elements of spirit are being associated together and awakening to consciousness, and an immortal individual, a conscious intelligence, is being created from elements that have existed from all eternity. In due time the mortal shell will be broken and real life, which shall never end, will begin. I cannot see that any advantage could accrue to a spirit re-entering a mortal body, especially as he would have no remembrance of his former existence, hence could not profit by any failures or errors which he may have committed.

Re-incarnationists teach that there is no acquiring of knowledge nor progress of the soul except when occupying a mortal body; that all that disembodied souls have to do is to rest awhile, and then "sink away," and be born on earth again. This process of being born, then dying, then resting in "Devachan," then being born again, goes on and on for ages, till a certain condition of purification is reached, when the soul is swallowed up in "Nirvana" and individual consciousness is lost forever.

The system does not seem to me to be philosophical nor one calculated to make its disciples happy. A less objectionable theory and a more philosophical one is the doctrine that while spirit and matter have always existed in elementary form, yet neither our souls nor bodies have existed, as such, before our birth on this physical plane; that the material planets are the birthplaces of organized individual intelligences who having come into existence, will live forever, and will, in the spirit realm, be taught and learn, and study, and develop to all eternity. Theosophists say all knowledge must be acquired in the mortal existence; that there is no progress of a soul when separate from a body. To my mind they have not proven the correctness of their theory. To me the chief corner stone of their teachings, "re-incarnation," is both unreasonable and obnoxious.

Phillipsburg, Kan.

Another land to close its doors against Chinese immigration is Eastern Siberia. The government of the Russian provinces of the Amoor has proposed to restrict the entry of Chinese, with this statement: "The Manchurians form an element which is dangerous to the interests of our Russian colonists, as by their intelligence, industry, endurance and frugality, competition of any foreign labor system whatever with theirs is prevented." It is proposed to levy a capitation and income tax on all Chinese and Koreans in Russian territory, and to admit Asiatics to the privilege of Russian subjects only if they become naturalized Russians.

Ida Weston and Emma Martty, who are described as "cultivated, refined, and beautiful girls," have just escaped from the jail at Hutchinson, Kans., where they were incarcerated for horse-stealing. They are said to have a perfect mania for the business, and have had many thrilling adventures while stealing more than a score of horses.

Paddy Lane, the author of the Irish bull that he would rather be "a coward for five minutes than a dead man all the rest of his life," has recently perpetrated another. Speaking of his assailant, Kavanagh, he said: "I won't say anything hard of him. If he has done wrong I leave it to his own conscience and God to lay the devil with him."

The marble keeps merely a cold and sad memory of a man who else would be forgotten. No man who has a monument ever ought to have one.—*Hawthorn.*

## RELIGIOUS CONSOLATIONS.

The following is an extract from a letter of condolence on the news of my wife's death, written by my brother, a prominent clergyman in one of the principal cities of Ohio, and my reply thereto. D. EDSON SMITH.

"I do wish that you shared in my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is such a friend and such a comforter; and the peace which communion with him brings to the troubled soul is so much more sweet and perfect than that which comes from any other source. I earnestly pray that my blessed master, who is all the world to me, and who has never left or forsaken me amid all the trying and bitter experiences through which I have ever been called to pass, may graciously reveal himself to you by his spirit, and draw out your heart to him in love and confidence. He is a friend—I know it—that sticketh closer even than a brother. God bless you, my dear brother, and through the darkness of this very affliction, may He reach out and draw you to Himself."

SANTA ANA, CAL., Nov. 12, 1888.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your kind letter of sympathy and affection of Oct. 31st, was duly received. Yes, the easels that hold our jewels are laid side by side, to return to their original elements, and be again used to make other attractive forms; and you, indeed, know how to sympathize with me in my great loss. I certainly appreciate all your words of comfort and consolation; but when you come to offer me the consolations of "my young faith in the Lord Jesus Christ," and assure me that "the peace which communion with such a friend and comforter brings to the troubled soul is so much more sweet and perfect than that which comes from any other source," I have to beg leave to differ with you, and remind you of the fact that I have had a much more extended experience into the joys and consolations of various forms of religion than you. You must remember that I once placed the loved bodies of two darling children, all I had in one dark grave, and that my consolation then was the same that you now offer me. You must remember that forty years of my life have been spent living in the "faith of the Lord Jesus Christ." You must also remember that my zeal for truth, and my opportunities for finding out what is truth, have been quite as great as your own. All the knowledge upon which you found your faith, or extract your consolation in bereavement, is possessed by me; and hence, this I have made very extended research into a field of thought relating to a future life that you know nothing about. I assure you, dear brother, that the consolation from this latter source far exceeds those derived from your faith. I can not understand why you should offer me the consolations of your faith when you know I am as well aware of them as yourself; and also knowing that I claim to have a knowledge about the loved ones gone before which you know nothing about, but which I claim is far better to make mankind happier and better than your "faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." Of course I know you meant well, and I appreciate the kindness of your heart; but I am so astonished that one occupying so high a position as a public teacher of these things as you do, should make such thoughtless remarks. When you have given one-tenth the earnest study to arrive at the truth or falsehood of this view of man's nature and destiny that I have given to arrive at the truth or falsity of your views on this subject, then I will give more weight to your assertions that you have found the "highest source of comfort for the troubled soul."

But let us briefly glance at the comfort to be derived from our different religious ideas. You further say, "God bless you, my dear brother, and through the darkness of this very affliction may he reach out and draw you to himself." I can not help remarking right here, that it isn't God I want to be drawn to. I don't want to be drawn to any one but to my darling Minnie, and other loved ones.

Now this God of yours that you want me to be drawn to, is going to allow the majority of the human race to suffer endless misery, when it will not do them nor may one else any good; and he will allow them to be made them; or, if he didn't know it at the start, he found it out before he had got along very far. "And it repented him that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart; and he said I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth; for it repenteth me that I have made him."

Now after such a sad experience, why didn't he get out of the business entirely? Why didn't he drown Noah's family also, taking their souls home to glory? Why save eight for seed to again fill the world with eternal sufferers? Can any one who uses his or her reason draw consolation from such a God? I can conceive of no shadow of an extenuating reason why a single creature should spend an eternity in suffering when no benefit to any one is to be derived thereby. Far better destroy them as we do noxious weeds. This God says all must suffer who do not die trusting in the merits of Jesus' atoning blood. But my Minnie could not believe in this atoning blood, and yet a better, nobler, more self-sacrificing woman never lived. "The world was her country, and to do good was her religion." Would it be any consolation to be drawn to a God who will permit such a woman to suffer the pangs of a never-ending hell because her reason and rectitude would not allow her to cast her sins onto somebody else? You say, "She once professed faith in Jesus, and that will save her." You seem to forget that that greatest expounder of your religion, Paul, does not think so. Paul says: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

During her last days of earth life, when I was absent, my loved one was urged, by well meaning friends to return to the fold of Christ, and forsake the soul-destroying ideas she had imbibed since she became my wife. The loved one told me about it afterwards, and said she told them she was at perfect peace, and could not return to what she did not believe. She further said she did not want me to leave her alone again with such people, because her throat difficulty made it impossible for her to reply to their solicitations; and as nothing could change her knowledge, she wanted to be allowed to pass on quietly. Now because she refused, to last, to stultify her reason and her knowledge, your God has consigned her to eternal torments. I can not see where any consolation comes in. If that noble woman has gone to hell along with such noble souls as Thomas Paine, Victor Hugo, A. Lincoln and thou-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)







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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 8, 1888.

## What Will You Do? You!

The year is drawing to a close, a year in which Spiritualism has had many trials, and in which the principles of the JOURNAL have been found to be the only correct and safe guide in traversing the field within its scope; a year during which thousands of people and some newspapers vigorously opposed to the JOURNAL's attitude and methods in the past, have come to openly or covertly agree with the one and adopt the other. That some of these people and papers do not love the JOURNAL is not strange; but they will yet learn to love its principles and to heartily—instead of sulkily, as now in too many instances—follow its methods; methods which appeal to the truly scientific and judicially minded. There never was a time when the avenues for good and permanent work opened so invitingly, never a time when the demand was so great for the work which can only be done through the various activities of a strong, wisely and vigorously conducted publishing house. The growth of interest and widening of channels of influence have come to be a real burden and an encumbrance to us. We have developed a bigger field than our limited means enable us to cover in a way to make the concern self-supporting and income-producing.

With a reasonable addition of fresh capital the difficulties will disappear. We have in these columns published the prospectus of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, proposed capital \$50,000, and asked our readers to subscribe for the stock. To date, between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars have been pledged.

We are anxious that the bulk of the stock should be pledged this month, and at the latest before February next. A somewhat careful approximate estimate of the assets of our regular readers warrants us in saying that the JOURNAL is read by a body of people owning more than \$75,000,000. We want about \$34,000 to complete the Publishing House. Will it be forthcoming? Don't wait to see who else subscribes, but promptly do what you can, or wish to, yourself. The shares are \$50 each—see prospectus in advertising columns for further particulars. We have any number of flattering letters and words of good will, but these will not stock a corporation. Many write us they will take one or more shares at some indefinite time in the future. What we want is a bona-fide subscription now.

There is in the aggregate a large amount of trust funds waiting for just such a stable concern as this Publishing House will be when completed, where the donors can feel assured of the perpetuity of trusts, and where they will be free from the exigencies which overhang any single individual's life. Let us unite in establishing such an agency for carrying out the wishes of those who desire to leave funds in perpetuity for the advancement of the cause of spiritual truth. Let us have a publishing concern strong enough to publish books, pamphlets, tracts, periodicals and papers at a minimum price, and to give them away when it seems best. Let us have a concern which, emulating the enterprise of the daily press corporations, shall carry on its own psychical researches under competent supervision and with the best methods, giving the results to the public through the JOURNAL. Let us have a concern so strong and influential that it may protect and stimulate the cause of spiritual truth throughout the whole country. Let us have a corporation so powerful that it can effectively protect and encourage honest mediums and efficient workers in whatever part of the

field they toil. When we have such a corporation a new and brighter future will dawn for Spiritualism—Spiritualism in its biggest sense, cramped and confined by no narrow, sectarian definition.

The editor of the JOURNAL has made his record; you know what it is. He now very earnestly asks that you co-operate with him to the end that his almost unendurable labors and cares may be lightened and that the work to which he has given the twenty best years of his life may receive additional momentum and be more effectual. He awaits your response!

## The Totality of It.

In these troublous times for Spiritualism, or rather for Spiritualists—it is important not to allow the froth and driftwood which the mighty flood of a forty years' deluge of psychical and spirit phenomena has produced, to discourage those who have come into the broader knowledge of spiritual things. Don't forget that with all the Spiritualistic rubbish floating on toward the seas of Disuse and Oblivion, there goes with it, swirling, seething, roaring along toward the horizon which is to close down on it forever, the mass of theological rubbish, pseudo-science, bigotry, prejudice, priestcraft and dogmatism of ages. The happiness and the knowledge which come to the true Spiritualist, should make him strong, brave and enduring, and full of enthusiasm to do his duty to the cause he owes so much and to his fellow man. Remember that the errors, delusions and difficulties are not all, nor indeed any part of Spiritualism *per se*; but only the reliquiae of the past, the dust of superstition and ignorance, the deposit of selfishness and passion which man is gradually leaving behind in his never ending progress along the lines of evolution.

Remember that the totality of Spiritualism is as comprehensive as the universe, that it reaches from the lowest depths of human misery and passion to the highest altitude of wisdom and love; that it embraces all pertaining to man's material and spiritual welfare. Remember that modern Spiritualism has modified the current thought of the world and forced upon an unwilling clergy a more humane and lovable conception of Deity, and obliged them to be wary how they libel man and God by calling one a worm of the dust and picturing the other as an implaceable monster inflated with vanity and thirsting for blood. Remember all this, and be of good cheer. Do your duty, each and every one of you respectively, and do not shrink it because it involves some personal effort; some seeming sacrifice; the putting aside of some pet ambition; the giving of some portion of the wealth you legally hold the title to, but which is not yours and cannot be carried with you when you emigrate to the Spirit-world. Take an account of stock before the month closes, figure up what your deposits are upon which you can draw when you are once across the River of Death! Don't forget that "shrouds have no pockets," and that only upon your merits as disclosed by your record can you secure credit in that country toward which you are traveling and within whose borders you may find yourself any day!

## A Noble Philanthropist.

Daniel Hand, a native of Madison, (formerly East Guilford) Ct., who spent his business life in the South as a merchant, and came North during the civil war, has given the bulk of his fortune, over a million dollars, to the education of the freedmen in the south. Not waiting to bequeath this sum in a will he wisely gives it now, that he may suggest its wisest use, and enjoy the benefits it will confer on those who need it. He was of an old family, his ancestors coming from England more than 250 years ago, and noble qualities of manly usefulness seem to have marked his race. A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives this sketch of his personal qualities. All honor to men good and wise enough to bestow their wealth for the good of humanity:

"In personal characteristics, Mr. Hand although bred a merchant has always had the qualities and appearance of a literary or professional man. Of a striking personal presence, marked in its intellectual type and indicative of a strong mind and strong convictions, his conversation, instead of treating upon markets, trade and prices, has been of men and principles in their larger scope and range, for which his extensive reading of solid books and broad observation furnished ample material. Intensely practical and earnest in his mode of thought, it is probable that no work of mere fiction ever so much as attracted his passing notice. On the other hand, the smallest item of genuine and true human interest is not beneath his concern. Wealth, as such, has never been his aim or ambition, either for its luxuries or power, and it has come to him almost unsought while in the simple performance of ordinary life work and duty. These qualities, coupled with inexpensive and simple habits, have been the source of his fortune without any apparent aim for or thought of large accumulation.

"The writer of this recalls a remark made to him by Mr. Hand at a time when to all appearance the entire bulk of his Southern fortune was in imminent jeopardy of total loss by reason of the unfortunate cotton speculations in which Mr. Williams became involved, and when creditors and suits were pressing him on every side. Mr. Hand, who was much the largest creditor and was fully entitled to preference, stood aloof from any step toward pressing or securing his claim,

and quietly remarked: 'If Mr. Williams lives he will pay his debts. I am not at all concerned about it.'

"Such being the man, it is a natural sequence that he should consider his fortune a trust conferred upon him for some greater good than to enrich either himself or his family connections, and that he should pass it over, almost entirely to work out a beneficence for a branch of the human race which he considers most in need of help in its upward struggle toward civilization."

## The Woman's Department.

The JOURNAL once more essays a Woman's Department. It does this (1) because it is convinced that the world needs to give woman a greater leverage in affairs; and (2) because the more her rights and capabilities are recognized, the more readily will she gain her just place; (3) her cause is not always wisely, fairly, and candidly pleaded by those newspapers and advocates specially devoted to her interests. The JOURNAL has often noted an undue partisan spirit, a narrowness of view, a rawness, a zeal untempered by justice, a lack of discipline, a disposition to imitate the contemptible political tricks and subterfuges of men in some of those active in the woman's movement for increased legal rights—including suffrage. The JOURNAL believes there is no such thing as a clashing of interests between the sexes; nor that man need be flayed or roasted alive in order to bring him to a true appreciation of what belongs to woman. The JOURNAL believes in elevating woman to the highest altitude of power and usefulness she may desire; not because she is woman, but a human being inherently possessed of equal rights and privileges with the opposite sex of the same intelligence and moral status.

The full recognition of woman is a vital feature in the constitution of Spiritualism, and most professed Spiritualists are woman suffragists; they are such, not from motives of expediency, or for merely sentimental reasons, and hence may always be relied upon to aid every worthy enterprise looking toward equality of the sexes. They often work with bigoted Christians in this field, putting up as best they can with the gall and wormwood of ecclesiasticism which these people use, whose zeal for the church colors all their work, and whose bigotry causes serious doubts in the minds of hosts of sympathizers with woman suffrage as to its utility and expediency at present. Free thinkers, under which name materialists and agnostics are popularly grouped, are, equally with Spiritualists, the friends of woman's advancement. Though they arrive at their convictions by a different process, yet are they none the less active and earnest.

It seems peculiarly appropriate for a paper devoted to Spiritualism—in its all-embracing sense as the philosophy of life, to give some space to the special interests of woman. The JOURNAL has therefore prevailed upon Sara A. Underwood, the widely known writer and worker in the cause of her sex, to conduct a column. As Mrs. Underwood resides in Chicago, she can always be in close connection with the office, and thus be able to avoid the delays and obstacles which pertain to such a work when conducted from a distant point. It is to be hoped that she will have the active as well as the moral support of the JOURNAL's readers. She will be left free to express her views fully; to praise, to chide, to criticize and to advise as she pleases. It is the aim of the JOURNAL to allow this representative of woman to do her work untrammelled; if it meets the common sense and touches the hearts of her sister women, as is likely to be the case, the JOURNAL will have evidence of it, and encouragement to maintain this auxiliary to the general movement.

Canon Isaac Taylor has just written an article for the *Fortnightly Review* with the startling title, "The Great Missionary Failure," and the English people in the churches are still more surprised than they were a year ago at his commendations of the Moslem faith as a help to African negroes. He estimates the excess of births over deaths in Asia and Africa at 11,000,000 a year, and the yearly increase of Christians at only 60,000, so that it will take 183 years of this missionary work to convert a single year's increase of pagans. He takes the Church Missionary Society's report of work in Ceylon, which shows that their 424 agents spent \$55,000 last year in making 190 converts, and that 330 lapsed back from Christianity to paganism the same year, so that the result was an actual loss. He tells of a quarrel in a nominal Christian village in which the rioters cooked and ate the vanquished, to show the low grades of nominal Christianity. Canon Taylor is not a disbeliever in missions, but pleads powerfully for more rational methods, a more fraternal spirit, and more adaptiveness to native customs in all innocent ways.

The annual entertainment of the Chicago Press Club takes place at Central Music Hall next Friday evening (Dec. 7th), and a programme is now assured that in diversified interest has seldom if ever been equaled on any similar occasion. Among the chief attractions will be Miss Rose Coghlan, Anna Smith, the Norwegian Nightingale (her second appearance in America); A. P. Burbank, the distinguished reader; Professor Hart's Viennese Lady Fencers; members of the McCaull Opera Company, members of the Casano Opera Company, quartette from Conried's Opera Company, members of the Pearl of Fekin Company, Clarence Eddy, and several other striking attractions and novelties to be announced later. Seats may now be secured

at the box office of Central Music Hall. Notwithstanding the remarkable character of the entertainment the best seats are only \$1. each. There can be no doubt that this will be one of the most fashionable and successful events of the season.

The Cook County Woman's Suffrage Association, at its annual meeting last Tuesday, elected Mrs. C. V. Waite President, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert and Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Virginia Lull, Secretary; Mrs. Mary E. Bundy, Treasurer. Mrs. Harbert, the ruling President, has served the Association long and faithfully, having been president the past twelve years. Mrs. C. V. Waite is one of the pioneers in woman's work—the editor of the Chicago *Law Times*—and a woman well known throughout the country. She is the wife of Judge C. B. Waite, author of the "*History of the Christian Religion*." A vigorous plan of work is laid out for the Association, and it is hoped that auxiliary societies in the suburban towns will be formed, and all work together for the emancipation of woman.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Heaven Revised, by Mrs. E. B. Duffy, is in the hands of the printers and will be out in pamphlet form in a few weeks.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the well-known and much loved inspirational speaker lectured in Detroit, Mich., through November, to large and appreciative audiences.

Gerald Massey makes his final appearance at Boston, before the Independent Club, Sunday, Dec. 9, Subject: "The Coming Religion." The lectures are held in Berkeley Hall Sunday afternoon.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright's subject, next Sunday afternoon will be "Herbert Spencer and the Spiritual Philosophy," in the evening, "Life Beyond the Grave." Kimball Hall, southeast corner State and Jackson Streets.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, formerly of this city, and now of Dakota, is visiting among her old friends here. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 7th, 8th and 9th, she will be glad to see callers at 51 North Sheldon St.

During December J. J. Morse will be the speaker, before the Brooklyn Spiritual gatherings convened at Conservatory Hall, Fulton street, corner of Bedford Ave., every Sunday morning and evening. November was a halcyon month with the gentle, loving ministrations of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, who is always a welcome visitor.

Mrs. Staats' contribution on another page, wherein she recounts briefly her experience with the Cary Sisters, is especially interesting. Many of our readers know little or nothing of Mrs. Staats, as she has been so long out of public view; we therefore take pleasure in telling such readers that she is a most estimable lady, beloved by all who know her, and formerly one of the finest mediums before the public.

Ambrose Kent, of Wauwec, Wis., has twenty acres of land adjoining his residence, upon which will be located a camp-meeting to accommodate the people of Wisconsin. It is accessible by the N. W. R. R., is a well located, beautiful piece of land. So says the *Wauwec Reporter*. Those interested can learn all particulars by addressing Mr. A. Kent.

The Young People's Progressive Society will give a musical and literary entertainment and ball, at their hall, Martine's Dancing Academy, Indiana Ave. and 22nd Street, on Thursday evening of the present week. The many readers of the JOURNAL are cordially invited to be present. The society is now busily engaged in perfecting a literary and musical department, which is deemed will be of great benefit to its members.

The *Christian Register* says: "There are those who assume that Christianity is incapable of grappling in any degree with the great social problems of the time. But the other direction in which the fashion of the church is evident is in estranging rational men and women by the irrational dogmas it has presented as the essentials of Christian faith. Thus it has made skeptics and scoffers where it ought to have made converts. The workingman of to-day reads and thinks."

Mr. Walter Howell spent a few days in Chicago during his Cincinnati engagement, coming here to confer with Mr. Effinger, the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Association. Mr. Howell is in good health and shows largely increased intellectual grasp since our last interview with him several years ago. His reason for desiring connection with some organized body of liberal religionists are cogent, but as he has promised to put them in writing for the JOURNAL we will not forestall his statement.

In a speech at Edinburgh on the 29th ult. Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of England, declared in favor of Woman Suffrage, and said he hoped the day was not far distant when women would vote. Possibly when a few more distinguished foreigners take the same position in as public a way, Woman Suffrage will come to be the popular ad among American statesmen; so far, few of them have the moral backbone to risk offending the great unwashed and illiterate class of male voters by advocating it.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President-elect, receives many letters begging her to use her influence to procure appointments, but all such go into the waste basket and are not answered. She says she is not in politics, and, besides, she is not disposed to use her influence to procure appointments. She is doubtful if she would have any success in that way anyway.

## Left it for the "Infidel" to do.

When, some weeks ago, the great auditorium of Central Music Hall was thrown open for a memorial meeting to do honor to the memory of Judge McAllister, it was filled with personal acquaintances and friends from every honorable walk in life. Among the vice-presidents seated on the stage were representatives of the Bench, the Bar, the Press, and the People. Eloquent tributes were paid the arisen jurist, tributes in which not one word of fulsome eulogy appeared. The meeting partook more of the nature of a family gathering where were gathered those who loved and truly mourned. Romanist, Protestant and Spiritualist joined in speaking of the talents and virtues of the man and of the great love they bore him. Among all their burning words of affection and respect, in all their tracings of his career, habits of mind and beliefs, no hint was spoken of Judge McAllister's Spiritualism or religious views. That the Spiritualist refrained, from motives inspired by conventionalism and because he was to move the formal adoption of his memorial by the meeting as its expression of respect, may be understood; but that it should be left for the only "infidel" speaker to touch upon the subject that lay nearest the hearts of the audience, as it did to the heart of him to whom honor was being paid, seemed strange. Gen. I. N. Stiles, widely known as opposed to all existing theologies, an agnostic as to a future life, spoke last. Though a brilliant extemporaneous speaker, affection for his friend so overpowered his utterance that he felt obliged to confine himself to manuscript. Here is his short and touching tribute:

"Others have spoken of our dead friend as a lawyer and a judge. I knew him well in the other relations of life. For two years he was my law partner, for many years my neighbor, and for nearly a quarter of a century my friend. A great-hearted friend, whose tender sympathies we sometimes feared might control his great intellect.

"With great reverence for the law, his great respect for individual rights under the law became at times with him almost a passion. He loved justice and showed mercy. As a man as well as a judge he hated oppression in all its varied forms. He loved deserving praise, but undeserving censure never swerved him from the path of duty.

"He was well versed in the history of his own and other countries. He read much and had a wide range of general information, particularly upon historical and philosophical subjects. He was without ambition for political preferment. A modest, retiring man, avoiding crowds, detesting ovations, yet not exclusive; loving the society of his friends, with whom and with wife and children and home surroundings were spent the happiest hours of his life. His love and admiration for his dear wife were to his latest years the love and admiration of his youth.

"He loved art in all its varied forms, and of music he was exquisitely fond. A humorous story well told convulsed him with laughter, and the strains of delightful music moved him to tears. What an exquisite combination of tenderness and strength was found in this man. He did not attend church, he did not believe in creeds. He was without malice, cherishing no resentments. He hated the wrong rather than the wrong-doer. He did not fear God, yet he kept the commandments, loved justice, and his fellow-man. He did recognize a power above, beyond, to which or to whom all else is subject. He could not describe that power; he could not define it; he could not comprehend it.

"He had no desire for wealth, but loved money only for its good uses. He could not turn a deaf ear to appeals for charity, giving liberally yet not always wisely. This many man has gone from among us.

"His strong heart has ceased to beat; his great brain has ceased throbbing with noble thoughts; but with those of us who knew him well his memory will be kept green while we live.

"If a man die shall he live again? The psalmist did not know, nor do we. Our dead friend was of the belief that he should live on and on after this life. And had we been with him in his last hours he might have said to us in the language of another: 'Say not good-night; but in some happier, brighter clime bid me good-morning.'"

For the benefits of thousands of JOURNAL readers scattered over this country and Europe who do not see Chicago daily papers we republish from the memorial adopted by the meeting the following extracts:

The people of Chicago, of all political parties, of many creeds, of diverse occupations come voluntarily together to place solemnly on record their tribute to the great jurist, William King McAllister, who at the ripe age of seventy years, and in full possession of his faculties, unimpaired by time, passed away on the 28th day of October, 1888, having for twenty consecutive years performed the judicial functions intrusted to him by his fellow-citizens.

They record with gratitude that in his judicial career he has left imperishable glory upon his state and on his city. "With integrity unimpeachable, learning profound, courage unflinching, and conscience chaste he expounded the constitution and the law" are the words inscribed upon the pedestal of the bust which preserves that noble effigy, \* upon whose majestic head the Almighty had written the commission of the judge. In the exceptional combination and balance of the intellectual and moral faculties that separate truth from error and discern and deliver justice, Justice McAllister stands eminent among the jurists of any age of any country. The power "to reason with precision," the first qualification Blackstone demands in the

\* This refers to a marble bust of Judge McAllister, which stood upon its pedestal beside the speaker.—Ed. JOURNAL.







**To-morrow.**  
 —  
 GERALD MASSEY.

THE PROVIDENCE SPRING.

**Soldiers Believe It Had a Miraculous Origin, to Relieve Their Misery.**

The Ohio State Journal is indebted to comrade Harris for the following incident relative

stand historically, however, as a sort of prophecy that will be fulfilled when Mrs. Harrison goes to the white house as its mistress.—*Evening Chicago.*

rectly to Spiritualism, after the manner of these articles that truth is to be reached and ultimately to prevail.

To me Prof. Huxley is a perfect model as a disputant. He is never betrayed into the use of vulgar or abusive language, and if any man ever had an apology for so doing, Huxley is surely the man, for ignorance, bigotry and superstition have assailed him from almost every quarter of the civilized globe.

ly achieved notoriety by announcing that he has read "Robert Elsmere" and probably shall not. This trifling circumstance will scarcely be permitted to stand in the way of his preaching a powerful sermon, from the popular text.

oving Father, not afar off in a copper roof heaven, but over, in and above his brothers; he envies none, knows as but what he honestly earned; he knowing, that perhaps only yesterday from the same depths of ignorance he is happy, and does not worry that all will eventually be right.

on, will spend the holidays at Oak View  
ood that when she returns to the W  
rs. Cleveland will somewhat extend  
and scope of her own social enter  
the direction of drawing-rooms

form surrounded by a fleecy cloud, and all a-  
her it was as bright as mid-day. The roof over  
head was gone. I saw the stars peeping out  
behind the clouds. I threw back the blanket  
sat up. I was thoroughly aroused and as  
awake as if going into battle. On came the  
of my discomfiture until nearly over me, when  
gradually descended into the room. She  
dressed in a peculiar kind of drapery, all of v-

have taken a lively interest in the case which has come up in the courts the last week. It really makes little difference where John McGuire's body is buried." The doctor charged his friends not to make any disturbance about the burial of his remains in case of his death.

A number of English caricaturists are trying to make ghastly fun over the Whitechapel murders—another evidence that there is a good deal of latent barbarism in the Anglo-Saxon race.

attached before the firing of the rocket. For  
 a bird's-eye views the photo-rocket offers  
 several important advantages over balloon photo-  
 graphy, such as comparative cheapness in operating  
 freedom from risk in case of military recon-  
 nering.







Take it to-night for your cold; with a sharp dose of RAY'S  
Pills, you will sleep well and be better in the morning.



# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
DEVOTED TO  
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY  
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLV.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

No. 17.

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

### QUESTIONS.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong, and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so, of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and the Government?

### RESPONSE BY C. T. H. BENTON.

My mother when a girl, I believe, belonged to the M. E. Church, but ever since I can remember she has been a faithful Seventh Day Adventist. My father on account of a lack of veneration or spirituality, or possessing too much sense, never has belonged to any church. I was a member of the S. D. A. Church for about fifteen years, and of the M. E. Church about one year. I joined the S. D. A. Church in the spring of 1871, when I was about thirteen years old, and remained therein until the fall of 1885, when I became dissatisfied and withdrew. I then joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a member about a year, when I began to investigate the phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism. It was about one week before Christmas, 1886, when I openly denounced all church dogmas, and avowed myself a Spiritualist.

About the first Saturday in Dec., 1886 I made up my mind to attend a Spiritualist meeting about seven miles away. I had been holding religious meetings in the country at schoolhouses, assisting the pastor in his regular work on his circuit. The Saturday before mentioned I received word from the pastor that my services were needed the following Sunday, so my intended meeting with Spiritualists had to be abandoned. The next Saturday the pastor made the same demand in person. I gently informed him that I had an appointment at a schoolhouse and could not comply with his request. I attended two meetings. At the second one, after the meeting was over, we had a circle,—Mrs. J. Rosenberger was the medium, through whose organism a number of my loved ones made themselves known to me. I received a number of raps in answer to mental questions. Towards the latter part of the séance a strange feeling came over me, and I was controlled. I saw many of my loved ones and conversed with them. I have been a clairvoyant, clairaudient and trance medium ever since, and my powers as such are increasing.

My next séance was at North Lansing, Mich., at the house of Dr. Edson, a clairvoyant physician of considerable note in the place. The mediums were Charley Barnes and D. A. Herriek. It was a dark séance for physical demonstrations. Being pretty well acquainted with Dr. Edson and the mediums, and relying a good deal upon my own clairvoyant powers, I felt no danger of being deceived. The demonstrations were genuine and satisfactory. The guitar was played upon by spirit power—every note clear and distinct, while the instrument seemed to be floating in a circle above our heads and close to the ceiling. Trumpet speaking, materialized hands and independent written messages were the principal demonstrations. My sister came and slapped me on the shoulder

and patted my head. Others received similar expressions from their loved ones from the immortal life.

Last July I prepared a sealed letter in the following manner: I wrote the names of six spirit friends, addressed them by relationship, asked them questions, signed my own name in full, sealed them up and called on Dr. W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Without seeing the questions or breaking open the letter he was controlled and automatically wrote the answers to all the questions except one, which he received clairaudiently, giving name of my uncle, who is my control. He also wrote the names of all the rest as they signed them when in earth life. To authenticate this I could refer to hundreds of others who have obtained like tests, but will only mention the following: H. S. McNitt, Greenville, Mich.

The above references have made me a full believer in Spiritualism. As to Spiritualism being religion, that depends upon what religion is. If it is simple faith in "mysteries," I answer "No." If it is a knowledge of demonstrable facts and the utility of the same, I unhesitatingly answer, "Yes." The essentials of "Modern Spiritualism" are three: Agitation, Organization and Education; therefore the greatest need of the movement to-day is: KNOWLEDGE! The means for gaining this is through mediumship and journalism; but right and proper knowledge of life here and hereafter depends largely upon the truthfulness and purity of the instruments through which this knowledge is obtained; therefore "the greatest need of the Spiritualist movement to-day" is the right and proper Agitation, Organization and Education.

Since these laws govern the relation of soul or spirit to the universe of matter, or, in other words, to the earthly casest, therefore a knowledge of these laws, utilized, would enable any one to better control himself. To control self, to husband the physical, mental and spiritual powers as we do our money, would develop these powers, and enable us to reach that harmonious condition of mind and body that would enable us to feel and see clearly our duty to the family, to society and to government. Self-government is the basis of all government.

Psychic laws not only govern soul or spirit while in earth life but in spirit life as well. A knowledge of these laws, rightly utilized, will enable us to communicate with loved ones who have entered the new and spiritual life; will increase our physical, mental, and spiritual powers; will strengthen our love and broaden our charity, and in fact, make us in every sense of the word true men and women!

### RESPONSE BY J. L. POTTER.

1. My parents were members of the Close-Communism Baptist Church, but my father was ex-communicated therefrom in South Adams, Mass., for heresy, because he investigated Spiritualism and had the manhood to avow a belief in said doctrine. I am not in fellowship with any church, and never have been!

2. Since 1850. I have been lecturing upon Spiritualism since 1854.

3. By receiving communications from my mother through Ellen Sumner, H. P. Fairfield, and Parthena Hannum, as mediums; 2nd, by becoming controlled myself, which control still abides with me.

4. The one that most impressed me, and removed all doubts from my mind was this: We were holding circles; Ellen Sumner, a girl some twelve years old, was a rapping medium. My father said to me, "If you are bound to follow up this thing, you must bring the medium to our house." I did so. A circle was formed, and father was asked to sit therein. He said, "Not until I supplicate the throne of grace." He got the old family Bible and placed it in the center of the table; then he bowed in prayer, prayed God to remove this error from the earth, and to drive Satan back to his Plutonian home. When he had finished he said, "Now I am ready to sit with you." The circle was formed; soon the raps came, and the usual questions were asked, "Is it for me?" going around to some eight persons, and the answer was, "No." Then my father said, "Is it for me?" Three raps responded, "Yes." Then by the calling of the alphabet my mother's name was spelled out, and father conversed with her a half hour or more, until tears and sobs caused him to desist. He then and there before the friends composing that circle said: "No one but the spirit of my wife could answer the questions I have asked," and for which statement he was summoned to appear before the church for trial, and though excommunicated, he held to the new faith until the day of his death.

5. I do not, because it is founded on fact, susceptible of demonstration, equally so as any mathematical problem laid down for the schools, and it rightly followed out, conviction is just as certain in Spiritualism as in algebra.

The greatest need is to have every one act honestly with himself and toward his kind. Thus give his money and influence in favor of and for the support of Spiritualism, and not cry fraud and deception every time he speaks of Spiritualism, and not even a hint of falsehood or error when speaking of religion. Spiritualists are human, like all other beings that frequent churches and fill the materialistic ranks, and to say or even hint that the bad has worked itself into the spiritual movement, shows a vast amount of bigotry at least. To ever land men and women who

have not the moral courage to come out and investigate the Moralism, and always casting mercenary reflections upon those who are working for the spread and upbuilding of Spiritualism, is one of the things that requires reforming therein.

7. The same that a knowledge of toxicology helps us in the use of antidotes when poisoned. A greater help is derived by putting ourselves under their control, or by becoming sensitives ourselves. Then we will not submit to the tyrannical rulings of these would-be censors that often sit in judgment upon the controls, moving others to will and to do, while they are as ignorant of the law of control as a child unborn. Then have your psychic societies composed of men and women schooled in these laws of control; then we will cease building ourselves up at the expense of others, or by tearing another down that we may be built up. Experience is the one thing useful. Let Peter deny, Judas betray—few will have the courage to go out and hang themselves. Truth and error are handmaiden in this world, and to know just when to part company with one and espouse the cause of the other, requires a vast amount of experimental training. To be a good critic in music, one must have a musical training. To be a good critic in psychic laws, one must have a thorough knowledge of the operation of said laws upon and through all its varied ramifications, be they embodied humans or disembodied souls. "When the lion and the lamb lie down together, and the lion eats straw like an ox," we may see good in all, and evil in none; until then we must plod on as all other humans have to in order to reach the truth, and acquire the greatest good to all. Waukegan, Wis.

### RESPONSE BY E. G. RAIFFORD.

1. My parents were Methodists. My father was a minister of that church. I was a member of the Methodist church many years. I left it years ago.

2. I have been a Spiritualist twelve years.

3. I was an investigator of both the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism (not with the Fox Sisters) ten years before I became fully convinced of its truth. Then the question arose as to whether I would float with popular religion, with its myths, miracles and groundless theories, or adhere to my honest convictions of truth, and become the subject of derision and ridicule. A sense of duty in being true to myself and to those in my limited sphere prevailed, and I say truly, that I have been a happier man, and have no reason to regret declaring openly for the truths of Spiritualism.

4. I will call attention to a séance for materialization, the most convincing demonstration of spirit return which has occurred in my experience with mediums. It was at Chattanooga, Tenn., two years ago, and the medium, Mrs. Barnett Mayer, now resides at 313 East 5th St., New York City. For a better understanding of what follows I should state that many years ago I had an infant daughter, Rosa, pass away; also of later years my son, Dr. Albert Raifford. Mr. Pittman, of New Orleans, and myself called on the medium during the afternoon to arrange for the séance. We were both strangers to her. While there, at our request, she sat for independent slate writing, with neither of us touching the table. Upon being seated a shower of raps came all around her, which would have required that she have a hundred "big toes" in order to produce them. Messages came readily, she only using one hand to put the slate under the table, while she conversed with us. An Indian spirit called Ski, addressed a message to me, and gave my son's name as "Medicine Man," and said he was present. In a second message he said that my daughter was present, and that "she be named like the beautiful flower; her name is Rosa—me will show them to you to-night." The séance came with eight or ten persons present. The cabinet with only the box window of the parlor with cloth tacked all around in the rear, and a group of spirits in front. The medium entered the cabinet in full light, and during the entire séance the room was sufficiently light to recognize any one present. My son came first. I knew him at first sight by his shape, size and general appearance. He came to me and gave me a pleasant greeting. He said he was happy to demonstrate his presence and identity. He joined in the singing of "Nearer my God to Thee," standing at the time facing the light from the adjoining parlor. His voice, however, was weak. He then retired near the cabinet and dematerialized. My mother also came dressed as in olden times, with cape and cap. Mr. Pittman's mother also came to him and was recognized. Among the number was a boy about fifteen years of age, who in a twinkling changed to a stout man with heavy beard, and then back to the boy again. One man came and sat on the rocking chair for a few minutes, and dematerialized right on the chair. But to be brief, the Indian spoke to me from the cabinet in an audible voice and said he had fulfilled his promise to show me my children;—that he first showed the daughter a child, as she was "when she went away," and as "a woman as she is now."

QUESTION.—How did he know anything about my children? In other words, how did the medium know I had such a child, and that she died in infancy? How did the Indian know their names, and that the daughter was named "Rosa." I have no doubt whatever that these were genuine materializations, no more than I have of any fact of which my senses take knowledge. At the close of the séance the medium was still in the

trance condition and was covered with perspiration. It is also proper to say that Mrs. Mayer is a very large woman, and none of the spirits was any way near her size. She is the wife of Fred. E. Mayer, a clever German gentleman, who superintends her sittings. Columbus, Georgia.

### RESPONSE BY DUTTON MADDEN.

1. My parents never belonged to any church. Forty-seven years ago I started to become a member of the Disciple Church, but before I took the sacrament I began to exercise my own reason in regard to the virtue or utility of those forms and ceremonies of worship, and I gradually assumed a more rational view of a religion of acts and deeds, growing into a higher spiritual condition, minus forms and ceremonies.

2. It is about twenty years since I began to investigate modern Spiritualism.

3. My first evidence of a continuity of life beyond the grave, arose from intuition; that I can trace back till I was seven years of age, when my mother passed to spirit life. I always retained the impression of her continued existence, which seemed as real to me as any of the family still in the flesh. I felt that she was cognizant of the conditions of my life, which had some influence in shaping my actions.

4. My most remarkable and convincing evidence of spirit phenomena was with the Potts Brothers, of Harrisburg, Pa., some fifteen years ago. They were private mediums. I had evidence through their mediumship, that there was an invisible disembodied intelligence present.

5. It depends on what significance is placed on the word religion. If it mean this: to subscribe to a creed, dogma or articles of faith, I will say emphatically, no! In a world of progression no faith could possibly be applicable only for the time being, as it would soon be outgrown by the more studious and progressive.

6. All well-informed Spiritualists realize that our brief mundane life is a mere incident in our existence, and that we are the architects of ourselves, or, in other words, we are just what we develop or grow up to be by the sum of our life actions. If we rise into the higher and nobler faculties of our nature and cultivate our sympathies and affections for the common brotherhood of mankind, we become brighter and purer spirits and fitted for the higher spheres. If, on the contrary, we indulge in the gratification of our lower passions, we will be dark and undeveloped spirits, and gravitate to the lower and degraded spheres in spirit-life. That being the case, it is apparent that the greatest need of the Spiritualist movement is to let our light shine as much as possible by precepts and example, doing the greatest good possible.

7. The contrast between a person having a knowledge of the psychic laws and one who has not, is very apparent. The one sees directly from an external view, and his pleasure and gratification are merely sensual and temporary. He lacks the qualities essential to conquer selfishness and to devote his energies in the direction of a more general and lasting good. The individual who has a knowledge of psychic laws endeavors to shape his life and actions in harmony therewith—not for selfish rewards, but for the good results and happiness received in living for the good of humanity, physically, mentally, morally, socially and spiritually, and making each one loyal to the family, society and government; not only the government of the nation but the government of the world. Coatesville, Pa.

### RESPONSE BY J. F. CLARK.

My parents were not members of any church. They sent me to the Sunday school of the Methodist Episcopal Church when I was about ten years of age, and when about fourteen I became a member of that church; but I began to ask inconvenient questions, and left the church after a membership of about two years.

When twenty years of age, I accidentally came across a copy of Swedenborg's work, "Heaven and Hell," and became so much interested in it that I procured and read all his theological or inspired writings, and became a close student thereof for twenty years, becoming convinced of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the possibility of intercommunion between the mundane and supermundane planes.

In 1877 I read Nature's Divine Revelations, by A. Jackson Davis, and began the study of Spiritualism in a systematic manner, which I have continued with considerable persistency up to the present time.

The most remarkable incident relating to the phenomena in my experience, was the dematerializing of two human forms, male and female, while standing in a room in the presence of some twenty people, while a lady present held a hand of each of the spirits until the whole form disappeared, as if melting away at the floor, until nothing remained, but the hand, which, last of all, vanished from the lady's clasp.

I have had other more remarkable experiences of a different and far higher order, but do not feel at liberty at the present time to give them to the public.

I do not regard Spiritualism, *per se*, as a religion, but do consider that there is a Religion of Spiritualism, as there is also a Science and Philosophy of Spiritualism.

The greatest need of the Spiritualist movement to-day, in my opinion, is that those familiar with its facts and teachings

should apply the knowledge thus acquired to the regulation of their every-day life, and for the development of themselves in their highest nature, faithfully and honestly discharging the obligations that a life on this plane imposes, and thus not only prepare themselves for entrance finally on the supermundane plane, but at the same time, by the purity, sweetness, usefulness and beauty of their lives, induce others to seek for and utilize the knowledge that they themselves have acquired.

A sufficient knowledge of psychic laws and the ability to use such knowledge, enables the possessors to form their opinions of persons and their relationships, and conditions of society and governments, as to what they essentially are at the time, and not upon what they appear to be; thus enabling the possessor to act under the direction of absolute knowledge, and in harmony with existing conditions. To make the distinction broad, the person possessing a knowledge of psychic laws, and using it, with the view to the best interests of humanity, ever acts knowingly, according to the dictates of wisdom, while the person that does not possess such knowledge, acts upon appearances, and to a like extent ignorantly. New York, Nov. 20, 1888.

### RESPONSE BY MRS. A. CONKLIN.

1. My parents did not belong to any church. Some years ago I attended regularly for five years a church called Christian Endeavor. I received there the best of teaching as the minister was both spiritual and practical. The church was non-sectarian.

2. I was convinced of spirit return some fifteen years ago. As to being a true Spiritualist, I am simply trying to be, and don't know yet that I shall ever succeed, as I think a real Spiritualist is one who is thoroughly just in his judgment and criticism (and that is outrageously hard to be, if you don't like the person you are judging), and it also includes a fight with all that is mean, contemptible and unlovely in ourselves.

3. I never doubted there was another life beyond the grave, but was convinced of spirit return by my little girl before she was two years old.

4. It was a personal, private one.

5. In its present condition—yes, decidedly, because very many are making money out of it, and using it as a cloak for selfish purposes.

6. To make Spiritualists of our mediums.

7. A knowledge of the psychic laws alone will not help one. We must put as much earnestness in the building of our spiritual character as men do in a political campaign, and try to conquer in detail all that is evil and weak in ourselves. A knowledge of the psychic laws, if not applied to our lives, simply cultivates a person's vanity, by enabling him to explain many seeming mysteries. Brooklyn, New York.

### RESPONSE BY G. M. PAUL.

1. My father was a Methodist preacher all his life and lived to be eighty years old.

2. I belonged to the Methodist Church twenty five years.

3. I have been a Spiritualist about eight years.

4. I was convinced of a future life by seeing my spirit friends, both naturally and clairvoyantly, and partial materialization and slate writing. The first remarkable test I had, I was lying on my bed, a little after noon, one day. I heard a voice call my name and, as I awoke, I felt a hand on my forehead, and a hand behind my ear. I looked in the direction I thought the voice came from, and there stood my brother-in-law, who had been dead some two years, as natural as life. The next test was by my controls; the third by seeing partial materializations,—hands and arms reaching out to take hold of the slate with me and write a communication and signing names, all in plain sight, in day light.

5. I regard Spiritualism as a religion. From this standpoint it teaches us what we are and what we should be to be happy and useful in this life and the spirit life.

6. Honesty in all Spiritualists.

Bellaire, Kans.

### RESPONSE BY EDMUND D. HICKS.

My parents were Roman Catholics. I was a member of that church up to seven years ago. I have been a Spiritualist for about seven years. I was convinced that we survive the death of the physical body by reading the JOURNAL and investigating the phenomena of table tipping in my own home with a few friends. The most remarkable incident of which I have a personal knowledge was the carrying of a message by a spirit friend to some friends in Lawrence, Kansas, of which I wrote you at the time, and published in the JOURNAL under the head of "A Good Test of Spirit Power."

I shall never forget how overjoyed I was in my table tipping experiments when I came to fully understand that our spirit friends who manipulated our table were not devils with a big D., as I had always been taught in the church. Pittsfield, Mo.

Martin Wiles, bathing master of the Mohean House, Lake George, while digging under the roots of a big cedar not far from the beach, found a quantity of Indian weapons, evidently of great antiquity, and portions of a human skeleton, which crumbled into dust as soon as exposed to the air. The weapons were arrow heads and stone hatchets of curious design.



## A NOTABLE MEETING.

Interesting Remarks by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last Saturday eve was the occasion of a notable meeting that will be long cherished in the memory of a few earnest souls who make their dwelling in this City by the Sea. A number of the lady "working members" of the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society" organized themselves some time since into an auxiliary "branch" for the purpose of aiding to the best of their ability the work that was being prosecuted at the Temple, and this was the first of a series of "Dime Socials" inaugurated by them. It was held at the residence of Mr. Robert and Mrs. H. E. Robinson, and to say that it was an immense success in every particular, would be a long way within the limits of truth. Long before the guests ceased to arrive, it would have been quite apropos to have displayed the old theatrical legend of "standing room only," for truly, requisition had been made upon neighbors for spare furniture until space even cried "hold, enough," and yet all could not be seated. The number present was nearly one hundred, and a more animated scene would be difficult to imagine, for each one seemed bent on making every one else happy. Mrs. E. L. Watson was present and divided the honors of the evening with the charming hostess and aided her in introducing and entertaining the many strangers who for the first time were present at a Spiritualistic "Social." The buzz of conversation hushed occasionally while the dulcet notes from the piano-forte filled the room, and thus the minutes lengthened into hours almost without consciousness of lapse of time. Real home-made and most delicious cake was served with tea and coffee, after which material refreshment, came the demand for the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," which was responded to most reluctantly by the "little minister" of the Temple. It had been whispered around during the evening that an important announcement would be made, the nature of which had been vaguely hinted at, and all were on tip-toe of eager anticipation as Mrs. Watson slowly and sadly made her way through the crowded parlors to a point where she could face her hearers. It was evident to all that she was deeply moved, and as she looked around and met the sympathetic glances of her friends, the struggle for composure became most painful, and it was many minutes before she so far controlled herself as to be able to give utterance in a broken voice, interrupted by suppressed sobs, to the pent-up anguish which so nearly overpowered her. Then followed a pathetic statement of her sorrows and trials of the past few months, which had so told upon her health as to necessitate her retirement for an indefinite period of time from the field of her public ministrations. As the announcement was made, all were visibly affected, and many, although forsooth, unused to the melting mood, restrained not the silent tear of sympathy as the tale of sorrow and suffering unfolded itself. Other speakers followed, voicing the sentiments of all present, and paying such glowing tributes of affection and expressing such unbounded faith in her speedy restoration to health, and the consequent resumption of her ministerial labors that Mrs. Watson was soon herself again, and mirth and jollity reigned once more in the halls of the Robinsons.

At the earnest solicitation of several friends Mrs. Watson yielded herself to the influence of the unseen forces, and soon the presence of the genial Prof. Lambert was clearly manifest. There is no mistaking the sunny smile and the marked originality of expression that steal over the features of Mrs. Watson whilst coming under control of the renowned scientist, and the peculiar character and manner of his utterances are equally incapable of being simulated. But a few sentences had fallen from her lips in his musical "broken English," before the faces, which had been bathed in tears, were wreathed in the sunniest smiles, and soft ripples of mirth went floating through the room. He had evidently resolved to dispel the gloom which had settled over the little assembly, and no doubt need be entertained of the entire success of his benevolent efforts, for, after a liberal contribution of dimes to the fund of the "Ladies' Auxiliary Society" the guests bade adieu to their kind host and hostess and took their departure in the happiest mood imaginable. The pronounced success of the first "Dime Social" so gladdened the hearts of its promoters that they proposed to continue them for an indefinite period as often as once a month. In pursuance of the announcement made as written above, Mrs. Watson closed her labors at the Temple last evening by the time-honored Thanksgiving services; and I venture to say that in all the broad land no more eloquent discourse will be delivered on this, our national holiday. After the invocation and rendition of a solo by Miss E. Beresford Joy, the Chairman briefly stated (what was expected by all) that Mrs. Watson was suffering from extreme nervous prostration and exhaustion, and asked the kind indulgence of the audience. By those, who are familiar with psychic phenomena, it will readily be understood that Mrs. Watson's negative condition was conducive to her more perfect control by the unseen intelligences, and in truth it was apparent as soon as she had spoken the first sentence that she was under the sway of a most potent influence. Two stenographers were present, and I presume a verbatim report of the discourse will be sent to the JOURNAL for publication. In point of eloquence it was the crowning glory of a long series of master-pieces, and may truly be called an Epic poem, descriptive of the material, moral and intellectual universe, every word of which was resonant with the melody of the purest inspiration. For three quarters of an hour she held her hearers spellbound, for she spoke with marvellous rapidity, and the choicest words in the English vocabulary came flowing from her lips in an unbroken torrent that bore down the barriers to the most stolid intellect and the hardest heart. After another solo by the sweet songstress, Mrs. Watson again arose and in a neat little speech paid a glowing tribute to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its brave editor, and spoke earnest words of praise to his manly stand in favor of pure Spiritualism. She besought her hearers to give the JOURNAL material as well as moral support, for its bold denunciation of fraud had made it many bitter enemies who would hesitate at nothing to compass its destruction.

Her remarks were made with great fervor and feeling, and were greeted with applause by the audience. Thus closed for the present the career of Mrs. Watson as a public speaker, but if the prayers of her host of friends for her speedy restoration to health avail aught, her retirement will be but temporary, and she will return to her field of usefulness with renewed strength and vigor for the accomplishment of good.

A. E. KERR.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 26th, 1888.

## A RESTFUL HOME.

Books, Flowers and Souls!

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am in a spiritual Eden. For a week past I have breathed the restful tonic of this home where the air of heaven commingles with the soulshine of earth, and the wisdom of two spheres unites in one household. Milton Rathbun and his accomplished and devoted wife are the center of attraction, and two well-born sons add their happy influence to complete the circle of a model home. Five elegant book cases, stored with the choicest selections from ancient and modern authors, invite the student with an irresistible charm. A house without books is a barren place, no matter how richly equipped with other costly ornaments. Even if they are not read, books hold a psychic quality that impresses the mind with the substance of sentiments transmitted from age to age; and thoughts that follow a line of sympathetic transmission from author to author and leave their light on all they touch. A home well supplied with books and current literature inspires its occupants with tastes and desires for reading, as the sunshine and dews awaken in the slumbering germ and aspiration for a larger acquaintance with its environments, and receptivity upon which its growth depends. Plants and flowers not only charm with their beauty and sweetness, but impart to the air of a room the hidden light and secret music of their inmost nature which are tangible to the nerves of the soul and helpful to the spirit balancing itself against the cold waves and discords of the outer world. In this home truth is a welcome guest. All the inmates sensitive to the touch of qualities appreciate their blessings and feel the character of every guest. Kind to all, they keenly sense the intrusion of selfish coarseness and moral barrenness, but ever helpful to all, generosity and character sustain them. Here the late Prof. Denton was wont to visit and his sphere is impressed on these lives. Mrs. Rathbun is in delicate health, but her pen is not altogether idle, and it is to be hoped that ere long she will again make herself felt with pen and voice in the vineyard of spiritual truth.

In New York Capt. Jenks' is holding séances with Horatio Eddy, of whose mediumship some strong statements are made. I think it due to Horatio to say that he had no part in the "expose" which William and Mary so shamefully represented at Dunkirk, N. Y., some twenty years ago; but entered his earnest protest against it, insisting that Mary knew better, and that her accusations against all mediums as frauds were cruelly wrong and none knew it better than she. I do not get this from Horatio, but I was so informed at the time they were in Dunkirk, after the farce I had witnessed at Dunkirk.

My friend E. C. Leonard, at whose home I used to rest in Binghamton, is somewhat of an enthusiast, and does much to help mediums and other workers, subscribing for many papers and sending them to friends and thus spreading the gospel. His home at Edgewater, N. J., is a refuge for the weary where I often go to rest and renew my spiritual strength. Mrs. Leonard is as devoted a Spiritualist as he, but cares little for current phenomena. Intuitive and sensitive she feels the presence and enjoys the love and companionship of exalted souls, and selects her associates in the body and out. This is a happy faculty, but all cannot do it. When we learn to discriminate, and realize that "one man's meat is another's poison," that no one life can be a standard for all (nor for any other); that we all grow by different means and at different rates, and are nourished by different pabulum, and arrive at different results, which are expressed in the aggregate of character which must forever differ from every other, we shall cease to dogmatize and dictate, and become mutually helpful and rationally free and healthfully happy.

Our meetings at Adelphi Hall are very well attended and good interest manifest. Mr. Newton is ever devoted to his charge, and evidently has no other more than a desire to extend the truth which has blessed him so much. Mrs. Newton is equally faithful and devoted, and their united lives in all good works present an attractive example worthy to represent the Spiritual cause. Whatever may be thought or said of methods and disputed issues, the intelligent devotion and earnestness of purpose of these faithful workers cannot be fairly disputed. Helen J. T. Brigham is still the favorite speaker for the First Society, her yearly ministrations being only occasionally varied by a substitute for a week or a month at the longest. Tomorrow, 25th, Mark M. Pomeroy is announced to speak at the afternoon conference, on the "Divinity of Spiritualism." It is Divine or it could not grow and inspire the world with its great truths with all the conglomerate elements loaded upon it from without and within. LYMAN C. HOWE.

**LORD TENNYSON'S TRANCE.**  
An Unpublished Autograph Letter of the Famous Author.

*It Relates a Remarkable Power to transfer His Consciousness from the Body Into Spirit and Pass Into the Infinite and Eternal—A New Light Upon a Noted Poetic Passage from the Pen of the Poet Laureate.*

It is well known that among the higher scientific circles of England, Spiritualism made a few years ago rapid and remarkable progress. Wallace, the codiscoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection; Prof. Crookes, the eminent chemist on whom the French Academie des Sciences conferred a gold medal with an honorarium of 3,000 francs for his discoveries in molecular physics; Sergeant Cox, the noted psychologist; and Prof. Huxley himself, a skeptic of skeptics, were concerned in a series of experiments, chiefly with the medium Home, which attracted wide attention at the time. None of the scientists could explain the phenomena produced by the medium, and the report made by Prof. Crookes is held by the professors of the Spiritualist belief an overwhelming testimony to its genuineness.

The name of the poet Tennyson has never before been connected with Spiritualism. A letter written by him has come into the possession of THE TRIBUNE which shows that he holds the conviction that one of the children can pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially Spiritualism; but in Tennyson's case, at least so far as the letter indicates, he is his own medium. The statement he makes is curious.

The letter is in the poet's handwriting. It is dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had had when pass-

ing from under the effect of anesthetics. Tennyson writes:

"I have never had any revelations through anesthetics; but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till, all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where Death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

As if conscious of the incredible significance of the statement thus compacted, he adds:

"I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?"

This is not a vulgar table-tipping, Spiritualism. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence almost at-will; that that other existence is not only real, clear, simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration. For he continues that when he comes back to "sanity" he is "ready to fight for the truth" of his experience and that he holds it—the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests—"will last for eons and eons."

It is pointed out by Prof. Thomas Davidson, who has seen the letter, that the same conviction, if not the same experience, only with another, is described in "In Memoriam," XCV. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere poetic frenzy of grief. But reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines:

And in the house light after light  
Went out and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read  
Of that glad year which once had been  
In those fair days which kept their green  
The noble tears of the dead.

And, strangely on the silence broke  
The silent-speaking words, and strange  
Was Love's dumb cry of drifting change  
To test his worth, and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell  
On doubts that drive the coward back;  
And keen through words snared to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell:

So word by word and line by line  
The dead man touched me from the past  
And, all at once, it seemed, at last,  
His hand on mine was laid—no more!

And mine in his was bound and whirled  
And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world.

Zonian music measuring out  
The steps of time—the shocks of chance—  
The blows of death.

The idea of the actuality of the unseen is conveyed in the letter in terms which correspond to those in the rhythmic expression. That "which is" is certainly a confirmation of the state, "surest of the surest," and the lasting "for eons upon eons" finds its counterpart in "Zonian music." As Tennyson has never been connected in any way with psychic science or Spiritualism, the letter, not to mention the now clearer reading of the poem, will create not a little surprise.

—Chicago Tribune, Dec. 3, 1888.

## THE FOX CONFESSON

"This is the Time to Try Men's Souls."

Such was said to be the patriotic utterance of the noble Abraham Lincoln, in the darkest hour of trial that assailed the liberties of the nation for which he lived, labored, and died; and such is the crisis through which, at some period or other of desperate emergency, every reformer must pass who goes forth to do battle with ancient wrong, or in defiance to the serried ranks of public opinion.

To the English Spiritualist, whose faith has been, in a measure, accreted by a drift from other countries, and whose national characteristics protect him from that hasty enthusiasm that too often ends in collapse, the present aspect of Spiritualism may be more fraught with lessons of instruction than agitated by fears of the ultimate results of a trial to which they can be subjected. It is otherwise with the cause in America. For the first twenty years of the spiritual movement all the leading actors in that mighty drama turned to Hydesville, New York, with something of that spirit of devotion experienced by the Moslem Mecca. For twenty years no names were so dear to those who had found in Spiritualism the true light of immortality, as those of the two reformers, who, in the name of the invisible knocker at Hydesville, gave the clue to the telegraphic communication which now exists between spirits and mortals.

In 1870, twenty-two years after the first method of signalling with spirits by raps had been established, there was probably not one Spiritualist in America who would not have cheerfully made any sacrifice to benefit those children.

The choicest gifts, the most liberal fees, the most distinguished honors were conferred upon them, and that, notwithstanding the fact that many other phases of mediumship were constantly arising that threw those of the Fox sisters into the shade. Directly following upon the Hydesville manifestations, mediums for healing, physical force demonstrations, of astounding power; fire tests, levitations, trances, speaking with new tongues, writings, drawings, paintings, music and many other marvellous phases of spirit power were developed in hundreds of instances. And all these spreading as they did over the world, seemed by comparison with the Fox sisters' rapping tests of names, ages, and dates, like the pealing eloquence of a Demosthenes against the lisping utterances of an infant.

Despite of all this, a grateful people—wakening up from the long night of spiritual darkness into the noontide glory of a religion of facts—ever cherished the records of their religious infancy with a devotion which no glories of its intellectual manhood could dim.

"I would have sold the coat off my back, or the shoes from my feet, to help those Fox girls," writes a noble old veteran Spiritualist to the Editor, and this was the sense in which early telegraphists were esteemed, cherished, and almost worshipped.

The night of the first spirit circle at Hydesville has been held sacred as an anniversary, and the words by which one of the children playfully evoked the invisible rapper's power to see and hear, have become familiar in every household. Twenty years having lapsed, a change came over the spirit of the scene. The elder of the two once renowned children became a bad, dissipated woman. Under the influence of the Roman Catholic religion she had espoused, she enacted an episode in the house of a well-known New York Spiritualist as disgraceful to the woman as infamous to

the holy father to whom she entrusted the charge of her soul. Forgiven by her too compassionate supporters, her derelictions were placed to the account of her all too accommodating religion, and because she had been one of the "Rochester knockers," her crime was forgiven but not forgotten. When the good mother of these women passed from earth, the unhappy younger sister, under the influence of the more crafty Catholic elder, joined forces, and both commenced and continued lives of infamy and degradation, that it would soil these pages to describe. But pity, forbearance, and secret aid were not the weapons by which the sworn enemies of the mighty and powerful movement, known as "Spiritualism," could hope to destroy it. Rounding upon the too foolish and sentimental attachment which the American Spiritualists still manifested towards the degraded "Fox girls," a party of crafty enemies, whose denomination and purpose is an open secret to every one connected with the American movement, have planned a fresh blow, and on which the Jesuitical conspirators reckoned as being the most ruinous that women themselves, knowing that they never for revenge on the relations that were at last obliged to disown them, and glad to cast themselves into the arms of any power that would uphold them, now that name, fame, and womanhood have failed, at once caught at the bait held out to them, supported by a venal press and by any number of Holy Fathers and Holy Mothers in the background, and they actually appeared in public and read a confession which proclaimed them frauds and life-long impostors.

That this disgraceful and humiliating scene was got up expressly with the idea that it would crush and annihilate Spiritualism, the immense glee with which the American press recount, and the pulpit enlarges upon it, sufficiently proves.

How soon the unhappy dupes, and the conspirators who have goaded them on, will wake up to the consciousness that Spiritualism and its immense array of witnesses have long since drifted away from them; and all through its vast and serried ranks retained only the phantom presentment of two little children long since dead, and holding no relationship to the degraded wrecks that bear their names, it is needless to inquire. It is enough to know that the awakening must come to all concerned in the hour of its visitation to all concerned in the hour of its visitation. The hour of its visitation is proceeding in press and pulpit over the supposed collapse of a much dreaded foe, the spiritual meetings are going on, the genuine mediums are multiplying their tests of spirit presence; the lycums are singing and reciting with redoubled spirit, and all true-wishers to the cause of Spiritualism are rejoicing that a midnight and a fresh and powerful impulse has been given to renew the investigation.

On the editor's own account she has a brief statement to make concerning this event. For nearly thirty years she has personally and unceasingly investigated Spiritualism, and held intercourse with the most prominent Spiritualists in America and many other countries. On the editor's table, at this moment, three of the first pamphlets that were ever published, claiming to give graphic accounts of the Hydesville disturbances. They were printed in 1851, nearly three years after the first knockings, and contain the sworn testimony of the mother and father of the Fox girls, besides that of scores of witnesses. Partly from these and other early works published, but more especially from a personal knowledge of all the parties concerned, the editor hereby affirms that nearly every statement made in the so called confession of Margaret Fox, as reported in the *Chicago Herald* of October 24th, and other American papers, is false from beginning to end. One or two specimens of these barefaced untruths is all we care to give.

This wretched woman states herself to have been eight years old, and her sister six, at the time of the Rochester knockings. Both the mother and father of these girls, in their published statements, again and again repeat that Margaret was fifteen and Kate twelve years of age, at the time of the knockings. The confession of the woman Margaret is to the effect that the sounds were from the first originated and wholly produced by her and her sister snapping their toe and finger joints. The history of the house, as detailed by Capron, Lewis, Campbell, and several others writing in 1849-50, shows that knockings and other disturbances of a supernatural character took place in that house when inhabited by Mr. Weekman some months prior to the residence of the Foxes there. The sworn testimony of at least a dozen of the persons who first talked with and questioned the knocker at Hydesville is, that these conversations and questionings took place in many instances when the whole of the Fox family were sent out of the house.

Again: the declaration of this woman would at least render it necessary, if sounds were produced by the persons of the Fox Sisters, that they should give the messages. Mrs. Col. Kase, of Philadelphia, and numerous other ladies who have sheltered and taken these wretched women into their houses in states of helpless imbecility, can and do testify that on these occasions loud rapping have surrounded their unconscious forms, and when questioned, they have proved to be given by the father and mother of the degraded beings, and spelled out pathetic messages imploring pity and protection for their lost children; and these are but small items of the *per contra* to the shameful confession put into the mouths of these women, only some evidences of the folly and infatuation which has urged them on to their last act of self-abasement.

As for Spiritualism, we can only feel thankful for any and every act in the great drama that will help to bring its realities to the tribunal of proof—clear its pure garments from the soil of infamy and imposture, and challenge investigation into the corner-stone upon which the temple of the faith stands. Once more we may cry to every Spiritualist that these lines may reach, "This is the time to try men's souls!" Are you afraid that the soil of others' guilt may stain you? Is there aught in your life, faith, or dealings with the cause that cannot bear the light? Then and then only have your reason for faltering and shrinking back in the day of trial. Retreat if you will—the sooner the better!—the cause needs you not, and God and angels will take care of their own. If you know and feel that this thing is of God, that the good, the true, the mighty of all ages are at the helm, and that a spirit captain, pilot, and crew, are sailing the noble ship Spiritualism, and guiding her into her heaven-appointed port, then can you afford to say, "I will never give up the ship!" and though I may stand alone and forsaken of my fellow-men, I will trust in God and the

right, and proclaim the truth of Spiritualism with my last breath on earth, and my first in the land of the hereafter."—*The Two Worlds, England.*

## THE END OF EVOLUTION.

Is the Immortal Soul Creation's Aim?

*The Seventh in Rev. Myron Adams' Series—A Logical Argument for an Existence After Death.*

The seventh in Rev. Myron Adams' series of sermons on evolution was delivered at Plymouth church last evening. All of these sermons have received the complete attention of the congregation present and this was no exception to the rule. The subject was "Evolution and Immortality," and the text chosen was the 19th verse of the 8th chapter of Romans. It reads, "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." The principal thoughts in the discourse of Mr. Adams follow:

"The subject of immortality is one of the deepest that ever engaged the attention of the human mind. Christianity teaches immortality. All the Christian has to do is to point to the teachings of Christ. If the Bible teaches immortality we want to know why this is so. It appears to me that evolution shows us that there is immortality. When the body dies the organism ceases to exist. The life has gone. The average man who has only the common knowledge, apart from religion, sees that the life has departed from the body. Men of one class speak of a kind of survival that every worthy man may be sure of. This is his influence, which outlives his consciousness. Evolution does not teach this materialistic doctrine. Science is silent on the point of immortality. Science does not say that it cannot intrude after the death of the body. This is for religion. We may have to reject many teachings of religion, but we cannot reject religion altogether. All religions have had their uses in the world. The religious development of man is as important, or more important than any other development. All religions have either taught immortality or prepared the way for it."

"We find a tendency all through the stages of evolution to centralize power in the head. The nerves in the worm are distributed all over the body. In man the nerves are distributed from the head. The cerebrum of the lower orders are smooth. The human cerebrum is far from smooth. The only change now going on in man's body is a change in the convolution of the brain. Gray matter has been evolved and has been covered with a hard substance. So we judge man's highest development, to be reached here, the creative energy has always been at work toward a goal—an ultimate achievement. The perfection of man was this goal. The Creator has spared nothing. There have been wars and pestilences, pains and groanings. If we discern the convincing evidence of a growing purpose it explains this to us. Man has crawled worm-like in the very dust of degradation. But that is not his purpose. If the old Hebrew seer were now to ask, 'What is a man?' there would be two answers. One answer would be that man is a higher animal, bone for bone, muscle for muscle and almost nerve for nerve. Another answer shows the chasm between man and the animal. He has all the education and moral development to which creation has pointed."

"Why should this development go on? We believe that the development of the soul is not completed on this earth. This belief cannot be either demonstrated or refuted by scientific analysis. A French physician said once that the brain secreted thought as the liver secretes bile. He lived long enough to learn that this was not so. We may compare the brain to a piece of blotting paper. On the outside there are blot, on the inside are written words. We see the molecular motion of the brain. The thoughts are written in. We can never see the thought that the mind should clear itself of its institutional chaff is to be expected. That it should throw away religion because it has been developed is not necessary. We believe that we are not here as the playthings of giant forces. The material philosopher says we must not assume anything. But Newton and Darwin assumed something. We have faith, and through faith we apprehend God in our own way. Science tells us of forms that come and go. Matter in the form of molecules forms into coherent masses, expands by heat, contracts by cold, freezes into death, and then the process is repeated. The creation of man shows what all this is for. Otherwise it would be a going up hill and a coming down. The Supreme Being cares for the product of creation, which is man."

"Religion approves every effort of a man to live a pure life. Its great object is to fit man for immortality. The testimony of religion cannot be rejected in this matter. The highest religion affirms the fitness of man for immortality as it does the existence of God. The movements of creation since the beginning of organized time point to a purpose. The development of religion, with its postulate of immortality, is the answer. This beautiful cosmos would be an idle dream were it to pass away when completed. The creative power individualizes life and most in the human soul. Man is the supreme birth of nature. Is this to end as nothing? If it is, will there not be chaos? Would not the death of intelligence be preferable to this? I can not tell how the human soul can exist without a cerebrum or how the immortality of the soul will be brought about. But immortality will grow as evolution grows until men recognize in themselves the presence of an immortal, conscious spirit."

Mme. Josephine Suffernski Jarocka, the grandniece of Count Casimir Pulaski, the Polish patriot who lost his life fighting for the cause of American independence, is now living in Brooklyn with absolutely no means of support. For years she had a claim before Congress for the recovery of money advanced by Count Pulaski during the Revolutionary War and never repaid, but finally abandoned the effort in despair. Now she makes an appeal for money sufficient to enable her to return to her native land. The only response so far received is a check from Levi P. Morton. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell." She should shriek again over the shameful wrong practiced upon this poor descendant of the chivalrous Pulaski.

Lady Herbert of Lea is said to have encountered the other day in New York, in the garb of a Little Sister of the Poor, a young lady who was, a few years ago, one of the wealthiest and most sought-after belles of London, relinquishing that station to accept the humble one in which she now moves.

Gen. F. E. Spinner, ex-United States Treasurer, is nearly blind from the effects of a cancer in the face, and as he is 86 years old his days may be considered numbered.



ENDS. IT MAY NOT APPEAR



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 15, 1888.

## Spirit Influence, or What?

It is a matter of curious interest to note the theories of scientists and physiologists in their efforts to account for any remarkable psychological phenomena, or any exhibit of what seems like occult power over tangible and gross matter. Ingenuity, and what is known in popular science, are taxed for a variety of reasons, and causes, but the theory or suggestion of spirit-influence—the controlling power of an invisible yet personal intelligence from the life beyond—is ignored with a persistence that is amusing as well as pitiful. It is not well to attribute too much to the spiritual world above and too little to the spiritual world within, and so belittle ourselves that our ascended friends may be glorified, an error into which some Spiritualists are apt to fall. It is well to offer diverse theories from which the best may be chosen, or which may suggest one better still; but to wholly ignore the possibility of spirit presence and power in looking at this class of phenomena is a strange error, the absurdity of which grows more apparent each day.

Several late articles in the syndicate department of the daily newspapers have led to these suggestions. For instance, an article on "Our Two Brains," by the late Richard A. Proctor, is a clear statement of the physiological fact that the brain is dual, each half the counterpart of the other on the opposite side of the head; that the optic nerves and the visual organs are also double, yet brain and eyes usually do their duty in thought and sight as one. Some curious cases of irregular and confused mental action are then given, and the suggestion made that such confusion, and even some kinds of insanity, may result from lack of uniform and harmonious joint action of the dual brains. This is a good theory to solve some such cases, but can it solve all? Two of his narrations are as follows:

Dr. Brown-Sequard tells us of a boy living at Notting Hill, London, who had two mental lives. One of them, as it included the greater part of the time, may be described as his normal life. Yet there was nothing in the other or short-lasting condition to suggest that the boy was not then himself, either in the conventional or literal sense of the word. The boy had in fact two perfectly distinct lives, in each of which he remembered perfectly all that had happened while that life was awake (so to speak), while in neither life did he remember anything of what had occurred in the other. The normal life seldom lasted more than two or three hours at a time. "I have seen," said Dr. Sequard, "three other cases of that kind, and so many having fallen under the eyes of a single medical practitioner, they cannot be extremely rare."

The case of Felida X., recorded by M. Azam in some respects resembles the last, only that whereas the lad was unconscious in each state of all that happened in the other, Felida X. was only unconscious during her normal state of what happened during her abnormal life; during the latter she remembered perfectly all that had happened in both lives. There was also another difference between her case and that of the lad at Notting Hill; her character and disposition were entirely different during the normal and abnormal parts of her life. In her ordinary state, Felida X. was intelligent, industrious and resolute, but melancholy, morose and silent. She was also very anxious about her health. Nearly every day, as she sat at her work, a violent pain shot through her temples, her head dropped on her breast, her arms fell by her side, and she passed into a state of sleep or stupor from which nothing would rouse her. She only remained in this state for two or three minutes. She woke up another woman altogether, smiling gaily, speaking briskly, and singing at her work, which she resumed where she had left it. She complained no more of her health, but busied herself about the house, made calls, and behaved altogether like a healthy

and cheerful young girl. After a few hours, however, her gaiety passed away, another attack of torpor came on, and in two or three minutes she opened her eyes on her ordinary life, remembering nothing of what had happened during the abnormal condition, and not less gloomy and silent than had been before.

These are similar to the still more remarkable cases of Lurancy Vennum and Mary Reynolds, which are carefully detailed and thoroughly verified in a pamphlet published at this office of which many thousands have been circulated. Miss Vennum for some months did not know her own parents or family, but lived in another home as a daughter, and when she came to her normal condition she at once knew her own parents, went home with them, and resumed her own former life and ways.

Is it not a quite reasonable supposition that in the cases given from Mr. Proctor's essay, the psychological influence and control of a spirit personage wrought these remarkable results? Had those cases been as thoroughly followed up and as patiently and carefully investigated and watched as was that of Lurancy Vennum, strong proofs of such spirit-control might have been found as in her case, but the scientific and medical worlds show a strange lack of care and patience in regard to such experiences, failing to keep thoroughly read as well as to weigh them with clear and impartial judgment. Their theories are too materialistic to give them insight or persistence. Mr. Proctor was a man of merit in his department, and sometimes seemed to discern spiritual things "as through a glass darkly," but did not reach the point from which he would admit, to the public, the possibility of spirit-influence. Anything but that for the popular scientists.

A few weeks since the *Inter Ocean* published an article on psychic phenomena by Laura C. Holloway—a detail in most attractive style of a visit to an old German castle on the Rhine, where a choice company of Theosophists met Madame Blavatsky, and Mrs. Holloway and others had letters from the Mahatmas, or Great Souls, among the far off Himalaya mountains in Northern Hindostan; said letters dropping on the piano from behind a picture, or found in their pockets in most strange ways, and being intelligent responses to their questions. Putting aside all misgivings that may come up, and granting all this to be genuine, then comes the question, what spirit influence and insight was behind all this? What Great Souls, not only in the Himalayas but among The Evergreen Mountains of Life in the Summer Land, had guiding power and far reaching mind-reading faculty? Grant even that the Mahatmas wrought all these marvels by their spiritual power, long trained and developed; when said Mahatmas "shuffle off this mortal coil," do these powers die with the body's death, and can they never revisit mortals here below and give proofs of their guardian presence?

Mrs. Holloway tells of psychic phenomena; of spiritual influence no word is said, for it was not her theme. She touches the border line, reaches indeed where they intermingle, but only tells of psychic powers here below. Between the lines, it can be read that she knows more than she tells; possibly the telling would injure the commercial value of the article.

## How Differently Things Appear to Different Individuals.

A friend writes as follows, and he expresses the thoughts, undoubtedly, of a great many. "I am utterly discouraged.... The idols we honored are disgraced. Dr. Slade, Bangs Sisters, and last, but not least, the Fox Sisters—the very prophets of the creed—are all disgraced."

The writer of the above takes an entirely too serious view of the matter. Dr. Slade has been detected in frauds, and confessed to them, but there remains a large mass of manifestations through him that have not and cannot be explained by fraud. Home exhibited his powers before all the courts of Europe, and no competent witness for a moment cast a doubt on the genuineness of the phenomena in his presence; he had the complete confidence and esteem of Prof. Crookes and other scientific investigators. The Fox Sisters under the pressure of Romish priests and greed have denounced themselves. If they fortunately recover from the effects of alcohol and escape the influences which now surround them, they will again affirm their mediumship. Their denunciation of themselves has little weight either way.

A student of pure psychic science, outside of the Spiritualist Movement, takes a more consistent view. In a recent letter says: "I must say that there is an amusing aspect in the projected tour of Mrs. Fox-Kane if she really imagines that any confession by her of persistent fraud from the outset of her career would have any appreciable effect upon the vast number of persons who have experienced supernatural phenomena of one kind or another long before as well as after the notorious Rochester knockings. Perhaps indeed, the Fox girls may have much to answer for in the direction of stimulating manifestations of a physical character, the majority of which, at least, at the present time as exhibited by mediums, I believe to be spurious, and the treatment of which by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL cannot be too highly praised. Psychic phenomena must and shall be purified from the uncleanness which has been crowded into their appearance by the vulgar trickeries of spurious mediums."

The philosophy of Spiritualism is opposed to hero worship. It will have no prophets or saints. The disgrace of many of those who would lead affects only the individuals so disgraced, and not the cause.

We learn from Dr. Edson Smith that the Spiritualists of Santa Ana, Cal., have organized, and are now holding meetings. J. S. Loveland is officiating as speaker at present, very acceptably to the members of the society.

With some of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith's opinions as expressed in another column we must differ. Mrs. Smith's noble record of long services for humanity is proof of her natural goodness, and that she would not knowingly do injustice to any creature or cause. When she says she thinks "It would be better to ostracize all mediums who make money out of what they claim," she is impelled to this conclusion because she "is afraid all these money-making mediums are frauds." Where there is such a marked predominance of deception and error, and especially with the example of the Fox Sisters in mind, it is not strange that Mrs. Smith should be driven to exclaim against the whole fraternity; and most unfortunately for honest mediums as well as for common justice she but voices public sentiment. Instead of inveighing against the sentiment which Mrs. Smith voices, Spiritualists should examine the grounds for it, and if possible remedy the evil which causes this erroneous and unjust conclusion. That there is a goodly number of noble, truthful and self-sacrificing people among mediums the JOURNAL is glad and proud to affirm; men and women than whom none better live; men and women whose lives are a constant benediction to all whom they reach directly or indirectly. We can name such mediums by the score and would do so here only that we cannot begin to name all, and unless we could do this it might seem invidious.

Because tricksters deceive with premeditated intent and for gain; because ignorant psychics, dealing with that of which they know nothing, unwittingly mislead; and because through the violation of the laws of physical and moral health certain mediums fall, because of these features which often attend the acquisition of spiritual knowledge it is neither just nor prudent to sweepingly condemn all whom one meets in threading the difficult path. Every other pursuit in life is attended with its own peculiar dangers and deceptions; if they are less than those which meet the student of Spiritualism, it is for the reason that the stake is less, the interest and importance of comparatively less value.

Until there is adequate provision made for the maintenance of mediums from a general fund it will be both unreasonable and inhuman to demand that they refrain from taking money for their services. They have got to live; their time and strength are drained by an insatiable public, leaving no opportunity to secure a livelihood by other means. What are they to do? Beg or starve? They are drawn into the vocation, forced in to it against their will and personal interest in many cases, by the demand of the public, so soon as it becomes bruited about that they have medial power. Often through ignorance and the injudicious persistence of friends they begin public work before requisite development is attained, and then are often pushed to the last degree of endurance by the cravings of those seeking their services, when already the medial power and psychic forces are depleted. Ah! the blame for deception, delusion, trickery and debauchery is not all on the side of the medium, not by a great deal! not even in the lamentable cases of the Fox Sisters.

That some essay the field of mediumship who are without medial power, goes without saying; that many possessing mediumship often supplement it, is true; but a higher grade of public mediumship cannot be reasonably expected until greater knowledge and a keener moral sense more generally pervades the public, not until those who seek mediums realize their joint responsibility with the mediums for the product of the séance room. In the final solution of this product, in the last analysis, it will be found that the public is no less responsible than the medium through whom it seeks to solve the mysteries of life.

We can say all this with more force because of our uncompromising and well known attitude toward all deception and against all incorrigible tricksters dealing in adulterated commercial Spiritualism. We can say it without creating suspicion of special pleading or desire to condone the offenses or lessen the responsibility of the conscious wrongdoer.

The peculiar light seen by Mrs. Smith and friends in the cemetery may be scientifically accounted for without going beyond the realm of the physical, and is a phenomenon not uncommon; we should be slow to admit there was anything spiritual about it in this instance. Unfortunately, possibly, few comparatively are so fully organized as Mrs. Smith; few can have such satisfying personal experiences. "Most people must witness the objective, something concrete, and to be cognized by the physical senses, in order to have it count as evidence of a spirit realm and communication therewith."

Mr. J. E. Hyde, of Lily Dale, N. Y., writes us of the pleasant impromptu entertainment on Thanksgiving evening given at Cassadaga Camp grounds to Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore. The grounds presented an unusually lively appearance for this season of the year. There are twenty resident families on the grounds, and societies have been formed for the winter, and a Children's Lyceum has been opened. Circles are held frequently and the occupants are neither idle nor lonely.

Mrs. Lydia Blood, formerly Mrs. Crocker, passed suddenly to spirit life from this city several weeks ago. The JOURNAL has only just been informed of the fact. As Mrs. Crocker was for years one of the leading trance mediums of this city and had a wide circle of acquaintances. Of late years she had declined public mediumship.

## The Holiday Journal.

Next week's JOURNAL will be a holiday issue, and will go into not fewer than 40,000 homes where it is not a regular visitant. It will not be sent at random, but will visit only those interested. Every regular subscriber should make a special effort to supply his or her friends with a copy. The paper will be mailed direct from this office to any address at the rate of five cents per copy. Send in your orders by return mail.

## SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

In addition to many of our old and popular writers, this number will contain special contributions from widely known thinkers, most of whom have never contributed to any other Spiritualist paper, and who would not write for the JOURNAL if it were a denominational or sectarian publication. In this brilliant galaxy will be found R. Heber Newton, D. D., Prof. David Swing, H. W. Thomas, D. D., Rev. Reed Stuart, Prof. Elliott Coues, Rev. E. M. Wheelock, Gen. Bullard, W. O. Pierce, D. D., Mrs. C. W. Scofield, Rev. W. F. Dickerman, M. C. C. Church, Julia G. Burnett, Mrs. Amarella Martin, Warren Sumner Barlow, J. E. Purdon, M. D., Col. J. Lee Englebert, Callie L. Bonney, Hon. R. A. Dague, and others. Among those familiar to our readers for their able contributions in the past, or for their splendid work in the field of advanced thought and reform, will be Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. Emma Tuttle, Mrs. Janet Runtz Rees, Mrs. L. R. Chase, J. J. Morse, G. M. Stebbins, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, Mrs. E. M. Dole, Mrs. J. M. Bishop, Mrs. E. B. Duffey, Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Mrs. U. N. Gestefeld, Alice Maltby, M. D., J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Cornelia Gardner, L. C. Howe, W. W. Currier, Hon. J. G. Jackson, Mrs. B. R. Anderson, Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, Mrs. J. R. Robinson, Mrs. McCall Black, Mrs. Helen Comstock, Mrs. A. M. Munger, Mrs. O. A. Stevens, Mrs. Dwight, W. Dinning, Hon. J. D. Featherstonhaugh, Dr. G. W. King, O. W. Barnard, W. C. Waters, G. H. Jones, Hon. E. Holbrook, and others.

Our good natured but not very fully informed Unitarian neighbor, *Unity* says:

"If an exchange is to be credited, Mrs. Margaret Kane-Fox, one of the famous Fox Sisters of the Rochester rappings, has been making public confession at the Academy of Music, New York, that those rappings were a fraud, the raps being produced by the joints of the big toe. We know of nothing more lamentable in modern life than the wicked speculation of unscrupulous people in the divinest yearnings of the human heart. The gullibility of human nature, also, in the direction of their hopes, is most pathetic and instructive. The truth of Spiritualism is not affected by any number of frauds, though it does show the importance of, so far as possible, grounding our religious faith and sense of deathlessness not upon the exceptional and the marvelous, but upon the universal, ever pressing, indubitable experiences of every-day life."

Sad to say this leaves us all in the dark as to whether *Unity* believes in this wondrous power of the big toe of this poor woman or not. When our neighbor takes more pains to know what is going on outside its pleasant little fold, it may learn that spirit-presence and intercourse, and manifestations of spirit-power, are not exceptional in the sense of being rare, but are abundant, from the days of Jacob and Paul to our own time, and that "the grounding of religious faith" in the soul's intuition of immortality is verified and emphasized by these universal and "indubitable" spiritual "experiences of every-day life." As a Spiritualist once wrote: "I know, and I know that I know," of the immortal life. Soul and senses had verified each other in his case. Was his faith weakened by adding knowledge to it?

## GENERAL ITEMS.

James G. Clark, the poet, was in the city during the past week. He intends to make California his future home.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright will speak the last two Sundays of this month in Maquoketa, Iowa, and during the month of January in Troy, N. Y.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged to speak at the Cassadaga Camp Meeting Tuesday, July 30, 1889, and at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Tuesday August 6, Thursday August 8th, Sunday August 11th, and Sunday August 18th, 1889.

George H. Brooks is at present lecturing at Saratoga Springs, New York. He can be addressed there during this month in care of Dr. W. B. Mills, box 54. During January he has an engagement at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experiments made in Mr. Edison's laboratory upon animals larger than man show that death can be produced by electricity almost instantly. A horse was made suddenly a dead body with an alternating current of moderate force.

The late George M. Beard once said: "No religion on the globe is strong enough to bear the shock of its own demonstration. A religion proved, dies as a religion and becomes a scientific fact, and would take its place side by side with astronomy and chemistry, with physics and geology, in the organized knowledge of men."

The University of Southern California proposes to erect a monster telescope on Wilson's Park or some other place adjacent to Los Angeles. It is proposed to have an instrument with a 42 inch glass, which will make the surface of the moon as visible as it would be to the naked eye if it were only sixty miles away. Lick's glass is 34 inches. It cost about \$50,000, and mounting brought the total cost up to about \$110,000. The University is negotiating with Mr. Clark, who proposes to make such a glass as it wants and mount it for \$100,000. If Mr. Clark's offer is found to be the best, it will be accepted; but nothing is as yet decided upon but that the University is to have the largest and most perfect instrument in the world.

## Publisher's Column.

To make the JOURNAL the ablest paper in the religio-philosophical field, the highest authority in psychical science, the clearest exponent of spiritual ethics, the most stalwart guide up the Mountain of Difficulty on whose summit rises the magnificent Temple of Spiritual Knowledge is the aim of the publisher. How he has succeeded he leaves others to say; that he has fallen far short of what he would have liked to accomplish he freely admits. That he can do vastly better work in the future he is well assured, provided his efforts are properly seconded by those whose interests in this field are, or should be, no less than his; provided those who now praise his endeavors shall but make a tithe of the effort and sacrifice that he does to forward the purposes to which the JOURNAL is devoted. Talk is good, action is better! with no less of the former, let us have vastly more of the latter. There is not a regular reader of the JOURNAL who cannot secure one new subscriber before Christmas day, and many can easily send in long lists. Try it!

Remember that any regular subscriber desirous of making a present of the JOURNAL for a year to a friend, can have it sent for two dollars.

Don't forget that the JOURNAL will be sent for twelve weeks on trial for 50 cents. You must have a number of friends whom you would like to have read it long enough to learn that they need it—twelve weeks will satisfy them of this, if they are as rational and truth-loving as yourself.

If, perchance, you are in arrears to the JOURNAL, don't have it weigh on your conscience when the year closes. You can square up and renew if you really try. The publisher would prefer to do away with the credit system, and has striven for years to this end, but finds it impossible to withstand the appeals for time from hundreds who feel they cannot be deprived of the paper and yet are not always able to pay in advance.

Bear in mind that the more you strengthen the publisher, the more you will get for your money! Make the JOURNAL strong enough financially to maintain a department for original experiments and research, a missionary bureau, a department for printed matter to be sold at cost, and given away; also, and especially, able to more effectively aid honest mediums and worthy speakers in their uneven struggle with the dishonest and unworthy.

Under the heading, "A Spiritual Star," we copy from the Chicago *Herald* a remarkable story which we first conferred to a representative of that paper, on condition that he would not publish without consent of Dr. Boynton. We speak of it here to vouch for its truthfulness in so far as it can be verified by Doctor Boynton, whom we know to be not only a most able surgeon and physician, but a gentleman of the strictest veracity. The story could have been extended with greatly added dramatic effect, but its substance is given. That the lady was guided to Dr. B., as related, there can be no reasonable doubt; and by some controlling intelligence capable of selecting a surgeon able to cope with the case. There is no finer surgeon in America, so far as we know, than Dr. Boynton.

On another page, a valued correspondent from St. Paul speaks of a medium who is giving materialization séances in that city. The medium's name is not given and is unknown to us, but we recognize in the description the earmarks of C. E. Winans' exhibition. If he is the medium, the sitters should be careful not to retain their hold on an apparition, for if they do they will probably find Winans in their grasp. He has been repeatedly detected personating spirits under exactly the same conditions, so far as we can judge, which Mr. Flower thinks preclude the possibility of deception. Winans is a psychic and probably a medium, but has been detected in gross deception too many times to be entitled to any consideration at the hands of the public.

Miss Abby W. May, an ardent believer in woman suffrage, as our readers know, and one of the original female members of the School Board, passed to spirit life from Boston on the 30th ult., in her fifty ninth year. During the war she was president of the Woman's Branch of the Sanitary Commission here. In 1873, Miss May, Anna Adeline Badger, Lucretia Crocker and Lucia M. Peabody were re-elected. The failure of Miss Hale in the next election aroused so strong a feeling that the friends of education secured the passage of the law allowing women to vote for School Committee. On Miss May's retirement from the board, Governor Talbot appointed her on the State Board of Education.

A dispatch from Huntington, Ind., Dec. 1st, says: "Jacob Dill, of this county, and his brother David, of Paulding County, Ohio, who have been the principal workers in a series of holiness meetings in Rock Creek Township, have become violently insane Friday night, when they returned from one of these meetings they fancied that the 'evil one' had entered the house and they tried to cast him out by breaking all the furniture. The family remonstrated, but the frenzied men with threats of violence drove them off. The neighbors were called and came in sufficient numbers to subdue the men and tie them. They were undergoing their usual ten days' fast, as they fancied the Lord required. They were brought here to-day and placed in jail, but still refuse to taste food or drink. During this fast they have taken long walks, from forty to fifty miles in a day. Heretofore when they fasted they remained in their rooms. The case is a very peculiar one and is creating much comment. Both are farmers, Jacob 50 and David 40 years old."















## Leah Fox Underhill and her Traducers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just had a long and interesting interview with Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill, and will state very briefly but fully, her feelings in regard to her erring sisters. She regards it of very little consequence, what they say concerning her to any who know the history of Spiritualism and the connection of their family with it. She fully recognizes the fact that there are others besides herself in the family, who are as much interested as she is, who do not wish to be brought before the public by a controversy. She feels, too, and that very deeply, that she cannot be brought into any public controversy with her own mother's children, that mother who guarded them all so carefully and who was, as all who know her recognized, a guardian to them all. She has, as I very well know, tried in vain to redeem them, and they have made the most solemn promises to reform, but all her efforts were as vain as their promises. She has, to my own knowledge, paid largely for their support; has furnished their rooms, under their promise to reform, at great expense. I have, many and many a night, carried Margaret supplies of the best her sister's house afforded, which she could not, or did not, provide for herself. She has spent a small fortune in trying to keep them up, but all in vain. Since they have chosen to go to Europe, or to have as they have, she has concluded to take no further notice of them; nor will she interest herself further in their behalf. She and all her friends here feel that it is worth all that it has cost her and all good spiritualists, to be rid of them, so long as they continue on their downward and irredeemable course. Their reputation is such that Spiritualists cannot afford to harbor them at all, and she believes that it would be no benefit to Spiritualism to get up a controversy with them in their present state of living.

Old Spiritualists are in no way disturbed by the present position of the two sisters. They, of course, regret their downfall, but every one of them who has read the history of the transactions, from the first pamphlet published by Capron & Barron, at Auburn, N. Y., immediately after the first investigation, at Rochester, or the old history by E. W. Capron, published in 1853, or the still more complete work by Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, in 1855, have abundance of proof of the honesty of all the then girls, and there is no question on that point whatever with them. It is, you are aware, stated in those early histories, that the rappings were frequently heard while all the family were out of the house, staying with neighbors through the night to avoid the crowd and excitement. It was the same at the early manifestations in the home of Dr. Phelps, at Stratford, Conn. There was no person in the house when they came home from church and found the outside doors all open, although the Doctor had locked them and had the key in his pocket. The manifestations were also frequent in the rooms of the house, distant from any person.

When the Buffalo Doctors held the feet of Margaret and Leah, they declared that the sound, water not made by the feet, but met by the displacement of bones of the legs. In Rochester, when we had the great investigation, the ladies stood the girls on pillows, on a table, with their dresses tied tight about their feet, and they certified to hearing the rappings on the table, the floor and of shipwrecks, so real as to remind Charles Partridge, then a skeptic, of his wreck on Fire Island, and the loss of the home who made the manifestation. An abundance of such demonstrations were certified to by the best people of the country.

Who told J. Fennimore Cooper the exact facts about the death of his sister fifty years before, from a fall from a horse? At this interview, Mrs. Fox and her three daughters were present. The remarkable things recorded on that evening were certified to by such names as the following: Mr. Cooper, Mr. George Bancroft (the historian), Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Dr. J. W. Francis, Dr. Marcy, N. P. Willis, Wm. Cullen Bryant, and several others. Hon. H. P. Haskell, member of Congress, certified to being present after the investigating committee, of which he was a member at Rochester, with a number of legal gentlemen from LeRoy, all strangers, when a band of music was called for, and of hearing the most exquisite music, together with the firing of cannon, as real as hardly to be doubted as a reality. Did Margaret and Kate make all these demonstrations, and hundreds of others, with their toes?

One thing more: the two unfortunates have tried to deceive the public in regard to their ages. Their mother certifies in the original history of the rappings, published in 1848: "The youngest girl is about twelve years old; the other girl is in her fifteenth year. It is probable that no one better remembered the events of these girls' appearance in the world than the mother."

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The following tribute to this house is from "Trubner's American, European, and Oriental Literary Record," London, England: "It seems almost incredible that within a generation the site of Chicago should have been the haunt of wild beasts, and that to-day such books should be published there as the 'German Philosophical Classics for English Readers,' containing Kant, Hegel, Leibniz, Fichte, and others. These are among the late literary ventures of that enterprising firm of publishers, Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co., who have already contributed to the literature of the West by issuing quite a library of high class works, among others those of Norse literature by Professor Anderson, those on Archaeology by Foster, on ethnology and geology by Winchell, *Belles-Lettres* by Dr. Mathews and English literature by Welsh.

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years." It should have been "married," but the professor observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried, annoyed, to speak by the ill-health that afflicts their wives, and often rob life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

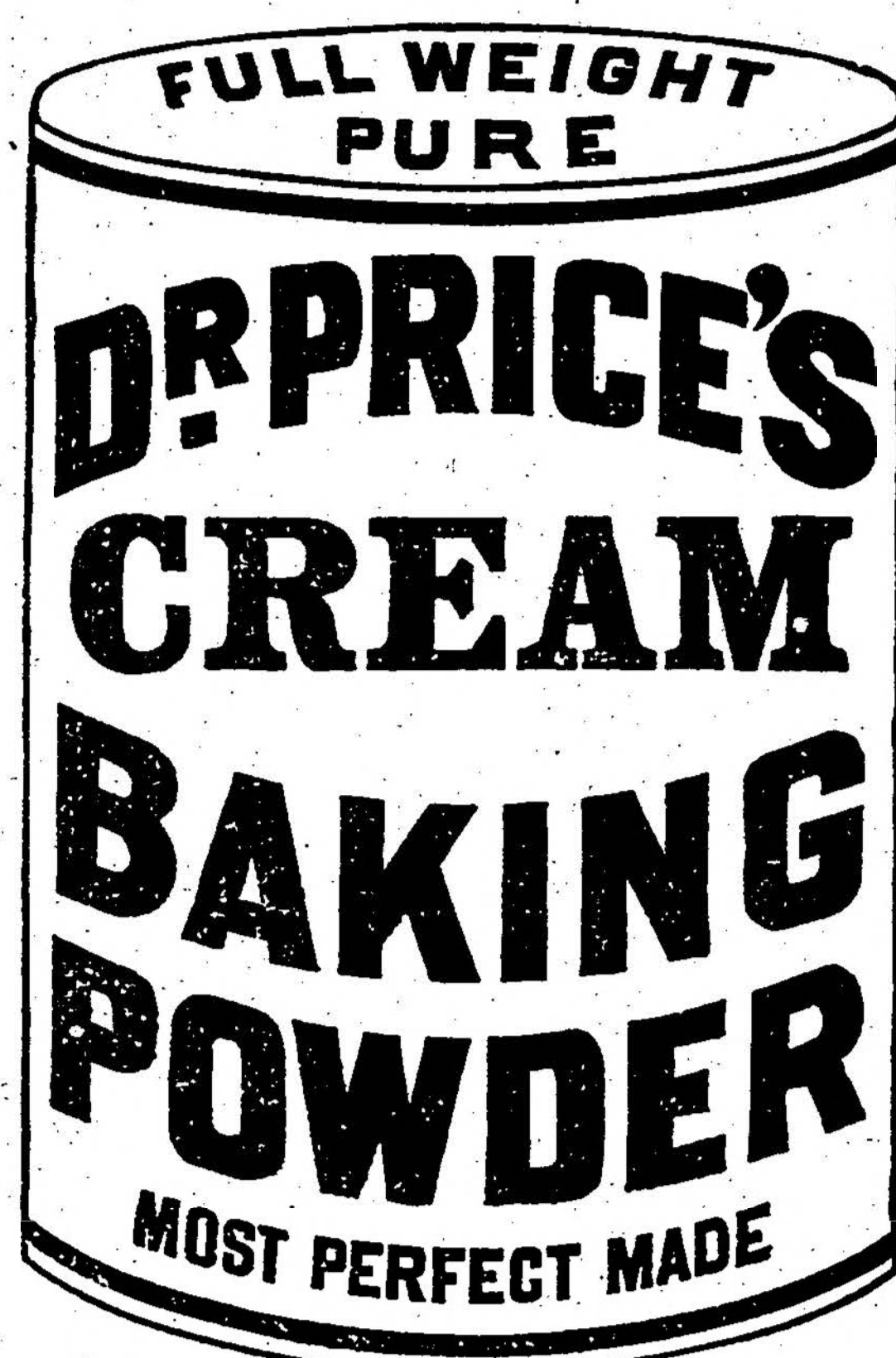
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## The Good Man Came in Second.

The Bangor Commercial says: "There is a story now circulating to the effect that a good man living not a hundred miles from Belfast attempted some missionary work Sunday on a few wicked horsemen who were spreading their trotters on the track. He drove out to the race-course and found these Sabbath breakers engaged in trotting one of the liveliest heats he had ever seen. He was interested in the race, but his zeal in saving these lost sheep was unshaken, and he drove out to the track to expostulate and plead with them. As they didn't evince any desire to stop and talk when they came round he started in pursuit, and, having a good nag, came into the finish a close second. We have been unable to get a summary of the subsequent races, but according to a Belfast horseman, the good man proved himself a cool driver and an opponent to be dreaded in a horse race."

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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis!

Never to our earth was born  
Since she held the stellar orb  
Such a royal Christmas morn.

With each measure of her circle  
Round the splendours of the sun,  
Some new glory ever crowns her,  
From the Central Three in One.

Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis!

O'er the harp of Nature swells—  
Up the heights of all the heavens,  
Down the depths of all the hells.

High and clear the pure soprano,  
Deep and rich the rolling base  
Sweeps through every scale of matter—  
State or kingdom, tribe or race.

Since from off the glowing altars  
Of the sun our planet came,  
Till within the manger cradle  
Love redeeming rose to flame.

Every measure of the anthem  
Can my reverent heart repeat  
Till by Cedron's silent waters  
I can hear its numbers beat.

In the fearful soul appealing  
Of the love-inspired one,  
"Father, let the cup pass from me,  
Yet Thy will not mine be done."

Not one chord is jarred or broken  
By the cross, the nail or rod,  
Though the flesh, divinely human,  
Trembles 'neath the will of God.

Through the agony and triumph,  
Rise still the sacred strain  
Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis,  
Till the veil is rent in twain.

And the spirit fire eternal  
From the tomb its seals hath riven,  
And the truth of resurrection  
Unto human sense is given.

"Touch me not—I've not ascended,"  
Sealed God's covenant with earth,  
That from her maternal bosom,  
Love, the Savior, should have birth.

When our gone-before embrace us  
In their yearning love again,  
Wearing forms of earthly substance,  
Every link within the chain.

Of the first and second coming  
Of our Christ is found complete,  
And the clasps of love redemptive  
Round our mother-planet meet.

Gloria, Gloria in Excelsis!

Angel hosts surround and sing,  
Earth again hath seen her Savior,  
Mother's Sovereign, Lord and King.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The Influence of Jesus on Art.

R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.

While the merry Christmas bells are ringing, we may well ponder once more the vast indebtedness of our modern world to the Nazarene carpenter who was born over 1,800 years ago. Wherever we look, we may readily find tokens of an influence going forth from him, which is still vitalizing our best life. This is clearly discernible even in spheres where we scarcely look for it. European art is clearly traceable, in some of its finest developments, directly to the story of Jesus. The good naturally clothes itself in the beautiful, and the holiness of Jesus, has, for centuries, risen over the western world, as a dream of perfect loveliness, fertilizing the sense of the beautiful in the soul. The awed recognition in him of a mysterious presence of the Eternal—shrouded in the Church's dogma of the Incarnation—marks an epoch in the history of the imagination. When the blessed Mary bore within her bosom the life of her wonderful son, her soul—so runs tradition—sweetened into song and holiness blossomed into art. Any one who knows the art treasures of the old world knows that western painting owes to the vision of Jesus. A Madonna with the child in every great painter's masterpiece.

Our art to-day concerns itself with the common things of every-day life. It no longer needs to go to the Alps and the Andes; it presents us with a bit of the brook that flows by the old farm and a clump of woods growing by the road-side. It finds beauty in a wrinkled old woman tending her apple stand and grace in a street-boy tossing pennies. It sings of the humble and the Rhodora, and fills our ears with the songs of labor. All life grows sacred and divine under the influence of the belief in an indwelling God which has come afresh into the world through the story of the Nazarene. Art no longer stays upstairs in the drawing-room, moving to the rustle of silks and satins. *Genre* yields the touch of nature which makes the world akin. Life thus softens and sweetens, classes reach out hands, and charity smiles in our eyes, as we turn from the water-color or lay down the novel. Art cannot escape the philanthropy which is in the soul of man. It weaves a story round some social sham and the novelist's pages are the sentence of the judge pronouncing its doom.

Art is fascinated now before the mystery of character. It preaches better sermons than the pulpit, filling our souls with awe before the Sinai that looms back of Rome, and melting our hearts in love before the Calvary that shines through Robert Falconer. It robes itself in priestly white to offer the lays of a Tennyson, an Arnold, and a Browning, before the august forms of Purity and Goodness. Art is spiritualizing life till all things grow luminous with soul. It studies every phase of light, every mood of ocean, every passing form of cloud with a reverent love strangely contrasting with the ancient pleasure in nature. There is a new spirit come from somewhere into man. Art is aspiring after the infinite. Once it was satisfied with rightly measured and perfectly proportioned beauty. It is now a sculptured sigh, the yearnings of the soul thrown upon stone. Before the temple we enjoy ourselves; beneath the cathedral, we aspire after what the old Hindoo would have called *The Self*. We are haunted by thoughts too big for us to grasp. Music, the characteristic art of the modern world, is the very voice of the soul, the inarticulate utterances of thought and feeling too subtle to be worded, too intense to bear in silence. It is a cry out into the all-encompassing mystery. It is an aspiration after the infinite, heaving the soul up toward the Eternal Perfection.

Does not Art betray in these characteristics the lineaments of the new soul born within Humanity in Bethlehem of Judea? There has lived a man who breathed into Humanity a sense of the sacredness in all life, and made men thrill with awe to feel God near in common things; who, out of every selfish isolation, drew the hearts of men into sympathy, and bound man to man as the children of one Heavenly Father; who lifted over men a revelation of achieved goodness which dwarfed the loftiest life, while drawing all resistlessly, as the seas yearn upward to the moon, after his beautiful holiness; who canopied every pettiest existence with the thought of God, and opened down the narrowest pathway a vista of Eternity; who touched the soul of man that it can no more go fast asleep, but, with wide-open eyes, now walks the earth beneath the encompassing presence of the Infinite, the Divine. In doing this, Jesus quickened the imagination and prepared the way for a new art. We do well reverently to celebrate the birthday of the man who has thus redeemed our love of the beautiful and turned it into a love of God. Garden City, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## An Argument for Sympathy between Spiritualists by Faith and Spiritualists by Knowledge.

DAVID SWING, D. D.

Spiritualism touches deeply all Christian hearts so far as it teaches that the souls of those dead to our senses are not far away but near. The thought, that those gone from sight have been carried over some vast aerial sea no longer occupies all the millions of religious hearts. Why should they go elsewhere provided this realm of life were adequate to the support of a spiritualized body? It is a law of logic not to assume more causes or changes than are demanded. It was the first postulate of a rationalized body? It was demanded by some great crisis in the history of man. Had some writer contended that the Creator of the human race made out of dust a group of a hundred men and women and with them started the human myriad, history would have been rejected on the ground of what is called "poverty of causation," which forbids logic from using more of miracle than the most rigid economy would require.

This law of economy may well make the mind inquire: Why are the dead carried away if this realm will answer for their home? The universe is indeed rich in planets. Those in our system are but as a few grains of sand from a shore, but if a one little planet was worthy of being man's home for a time, who shall say that it may not be his home forever? Must our logic make a removal without knowing of any such need? Once here always here unless we can show reason for absence. In all our churches Spiritualists abound,

but they are limited in this:—a want of belief in any language or reliable communication between the visible and the invisible spirits. The living and dead are near but no language plies between. This difference between Spiritualists is not vital. Both classes are found often in the same sanctuary. Their harmony is as natural and kindred as that between the minds who think heaven near and those who think it far. Language is not the only good in the universe. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words are as touching as many songs with words. If some Spiritualists can secure words from the absent they are fortunate and happy, but they must not feel that those who are wholly desolate who must listen to a wordless melody. To all of us alike immortality is full of eloquence, for speech is full, and full also is the midnight silence. Under the stars we are all one. Lord Lytton said:

"Born into that undying life  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same  
Except in sin and pain."

"And ever near us though unseen  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead."

While the mind is recalling such lines those of Mrs. Stowe come back into memory:

"It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

"Its gentle breezes fan our cheek  
Amid our worldly cares,  
Its gentle voices whisper love  
And mingle in our prayers."

"Sweet hearts around us thro' and beat  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitate the veil between us,  
With breathings almost heard."

If the many who shall read this number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL pass beyond Mrs. Stowe and hear indeed the breathings of those who have gone from our sight, they are not her enemies, but along with her and the thoughtful believer and a host of gifted mortals they help weave the cheering belief in the future life of the soul and in the measureless goodness of God.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Life—Its Possibilities.

REV. REED STUART.

So long as man is a mystery to himself, and knows that there is that within him which defies analysis, so long will there be room for spiritual experiences—experiences which are universal to the race, but singular and unique, in that they fit themselves to each private heart. Until the utmost depths of the soul are fathomed we shall expect newer and more precious pearls to be found.

Life is a series of surprises; it contains more than we can think or say. Who can set limits to its possibilities? After we think that it has become plain and mathematical, and we have a set of common standards to judge it by, suddenly there comes a high tide overflows the low shores of our being; we are swept away from our old moorings and find ourselves adrift on a strange sea where our old methods of reckoning will not suffice.

There are times when we seem to be on the verge of a new revelation, and our attitude is one of boundless expectation. Our whole existence is illuminated. We hear voices; we see visions. Then we know the meaning of things hitherto concealed. We know why the hush of silence was laid upon the lips of the ancient priest as he came from the temple. Then do we know the meaning of the shining moments—those great crises in the lives of saints and heroes; the opening heavens and the descent of a Holy Spirit upon Jesus; the light brighter than sunlight, which enveloped Paul as he journeyed to Damascus; and in what manner he was afterward rapt away into the third heaven; what Constantine saw in the sky, what struck Luther to the earth on his way to Erfurt and thrilled his soul on the stairs at Rome. We know the meaning of the demon of Socrates, the revealing angel of St. John, the illumination of Swedenborg, and the inner light of George Fox. We know the meaning of the trances and ecstasies—all the many tokens of the coming and going of blessed envoys between the two worlds, all the occult spiritual experiences of people in every land and age.

Steeped in sense as we all are we can never quite forget that we have a spiritual nature. We love money, we love power; but in the midst of our money seeking and power seeking we are all at times surprised by a message of splendor from another world—advising us of something higher and holier than that. The unfolding of a spiritual life is the sole end and aim of creation. Unutterable is the joy that comes to life when it has learned to make all things else to subserve the soul. It sees the miracle fade out of history only to reappear in the present hour. All private grief and bitterness fall away from it as the leaves fall from the trees when they have performed their office. For the days shine with that "light which can make the darkest night radiant and most of all can make radiant that strange darkness which comes after the last sunset of life. Detroit, Michigan.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The New Lesson.

REV. W. F. DICKERMAN.

Christmas again! Does it come to us only with the oft repeated story of the mystic babe in the manger, the guiding star, the magi from the East and rejoicing angels? Or, are we reminded by this festival that the possibilities of the Christ spirit are found in every cradle that rocks a human infant, that the star of hope beams over every babe; that the treasures of knowledge are laid at its feet, the products of the past to prepare the way for the future, and angels of joy proclaim the advent of diviner types of men, and project into the future new bows of promise. In this Christian feast shall we not be able to find something more celestial, spiritual than the mere husk of historic narrative? Why roll under our tongue, as a sweet morsel, the gross accretions of the ages of superstition that have gathered about the sweet spirit of the Nazarene? Why admire the parasitic vine that conceals the noble oak and wastes its life? Why worship the letter that killeth and forget the spirit that giveth life? Let us remove the Christ from the mid-air of mysticism; take him out of the fairy world of speculation; make him no longer a graven image in the pantheon of the imagination; but make him more divine in that he was more perfectly human than his fellows; and bind him in sweetest fellowship with the brotherhood of man. Let our hope for the race consist in our kinship with Jesus in struggle and in victory. It will avail us little to see in our Elder Brother what is possible with God, but what inspiring significance is found in that view of the Son of man which makes his life prophetic of the possible in human experience! He is our example and leading spirit only because what is in him is what we are. If we did not feel that we are joint heirs with him in spiritual inheritance, and that he with us is "made perfect through suffering," where would be the bond of sympathy between us? That Holy Ghost born in every man; that "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," is the Christ spirit in greater or smaller degree, and if it were not in man, by constitution, how could man recognize it in Jesus of Nazareth?

We see in Jesus the elaboration of the crude spiritual materials that exist in our selves. Hence, our hope is that "we shall be like Him" in the unfolding of the soul. The need of the times is not so much a poetic, sentimental Jesus, robed in the garb of the miraculous, the swaddling clothes of early thought; not so much a transfigured and crucified Christ; not so much a dead Jesus buried in a rocky sepulchre; not so much a Jesus merely of history, of printer's ink and paper, bound hand and foot with sheep and calf in an ornamental Bible and lying in state on a center-table; but a real, living Christ spirit in the thoughts, words and deeds of men. He, then, will be most Christian who represents that kind of a life the Nazarene illustrated, rather than he who beclothes the most history concerning the Christ. Let Christmas angels, with crystal trumpets announce the glad tidings of the unity of all the orders above, below, and that sons of God are being born into the form and out, and that the thinly intervening veil daily dissolves before the coming and going hosts. Hillsdale, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## ORTHODOXY.

H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

The word orthodox, from *orthos*, straight or right, and *doxa*, opinion, means right thinking; and hence it may be very properly used to designate the true teaching or doctrine in any field of thought as science, philosophy, medicine, theology; and as such it stands opposed to the heterodox, that is to the *heteros* or other teaching. It is in this literal sense that the word is used in theology; and as such it has been applied to a system of thought, or rather, it has been appropriated by a number of schools or sects in religion that are substantially agreed upon what they call the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, and whose teachers boldly assume that theirs is the straight teaching, and that those who differ from them are teachers of false doctrines. The special doctrines called orthodox are known as original sin, depravity, the Trinity, a penal atonement, plenary inspiration and endless punishment. They are so closely related that one rests upon or grows out of the other; and hence the tenacity with which the orthodox preachers cling to each one, and make common cause in trying to defend all—though upon a number of points these straight teachers do not agree among themselves—for they feel that as a system of belief, no one point can be given up without weakening the whole structure.

Of this school of theology it may be said that it is distinctly Latin in its origin; that it formed no essential part of the earlier Greek theology; and it should be understood also, that it is substantially the same in the Roman Catholic and the Orthodox Protestant churches. The reformation of the sixteenth century sought to reform certain abuses that had grown up in the practical application of these doctrines; but the reformers did not go deep enough to question the fundamental principles upon which these abuses rested. Our century has entered upon a new reformation, not of forms, but of thought; of theology; and hence all these old doctrines

are up for debate. The new theology is in substance a return to the earlier Greek fathers; to Clement and Origen, and to the Apostles and Christ; and hence it is an effort to cast off the cold external and material Latin accretions that have for fourteen centuries, or since the days of Augustine in the fifth century, burdened and hindered the progress of a rational religion, and are responsible for so much of the doubt and unbelief of the present time.

The orthodox preachers are largely apologists; that is, by re-statements and concessions they are trying to adapt their old system of thought to the demands of the new age of reason; and some of their efforts are ingenious enough, and now and then one is even laughable. The latest instance is that of the Rev. Frank Bristol, D. D., of the Methodist church in Chicago.

When asked by a reporter of the *Tribune* if "he believed in hell?" his answer was: "What do you mean by hell? If you mean a lake of material fire and brimstone such as Ingersoll is trying to make fools believe is the doctrine of the church, I answer no." But here is the strange thing, that this Methodist Doctor of Divinity should say that only "fools" can be made to believe that the Methodist church teaches that sinners will be punished in a hell of material fire. Dr. Bristol says, he "never heard it preached"; and would try to make us believe that it never had been preached, and was never the doctrine of the Methodist church.

And yet John Wesley teaches, and as plainly, and positively as it is possible for language to teach, that the bodies of the lost are to burn forever in a hell of material fire. He says: "But some will ask if this is material fire? There is no fire but material fire! And to say the fire of hell is not material fire, is to contradict the Bible and to give the lie to the plainest teachings of Christ." And it should be remembered that John Wesley is one of the acknowledged standard authorities in the Methodist Church.

But the Rev. Dr. Bristol says, that only "fools" can be made to believe in such a doctrine. "That is, one is a 'fool' for believing now, what a hundred years ago he would have been denounced as an infidel, and as 'giving the lie to the plainest teachings of Christ,' for not believing! Dr. Bristol still believes in the horrible doctrine of endless punishment, and I suppose he would say that not to believe this is to 'contradict the Bible, and to give the lie to the plainest teachings of Christ'; but a hundred years hence some other Methodist preacher will say that some other 'Ingersoll is trying to make fools believe' that the church teaches it. And thus in their boasted orthodoxy, the wise men of one century are the 'fools' of the next. How true is the saying, that the 'heresy of to-day, is the orthodoxy of tomorrow.' And thus are we nearing the 'darker days when the dark despair of the past will no longer obscure the eternal hope of the gospel of Christ. Then will Christmas day, and all days be a song to the children of earth."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## How I Became a Spiritualist.

ANNA BISHOP SCOTFIELD.

She had espoused the cause of "Anti-slavery" at a time when to be known as interested in it, was to suffer ostracism and even martyrdom. To this and kindred efforts, for the elevation of women she gave her fortune, and all her young enthusiasm. Through this consecration, her evolutionary processes were rapid to a degree. From the heights of her noble, grown womanhood, she stooped to me, a crude, unformed girl, and became my true, sympathizing friend. We often talked of the mysterious, unknown existence, which we fully believed lay beyond this earthly visible life. The "chickadees," of which we had heard, neither appealed to us, nor yet threw any light upon the road which she knew she must soon travel. It was a solemn "pass" between us, that if it were in any way possible for her to pass the boundaries, and lift the veil that she would come back and give to my sorrowing heart the comfort of her love, so dearly prized. The time of her translation drew near, and while I waited in an adjoining room, the summons to bid her farewell, came. Half dazed and paralyzed, and yet restless, I sought a moment's respite from the pressure of this new and mysterious experience, by reading from a book which I had mechanically taken, or—as I now believe—had been guided to take, from the library. How weird and wonderful it was—a full account of a clairvoyant's vision of the separation of a fair and perfect spirit from the worn physical body. I was very young, trying to be a Christian, and had never even heard the word, "clairvoyant," or of any such possibilities; but what I then read passed into my inner consciousness, and was accepted as a truth not to be questioned.

The adieu had all been spoken. Kind, wise words had fallen from her beautiful, inspired lips, and by her request there remained in the room only the doctor and one or two friends, besides myself. My place was at her head, and as the grey shadow of disintegration crept slowly over the prostrate form, leaving lifeless what just before had been instinct with divinity, most loving intelligence, my own spirit, refusing to relinquish its hold on my dearest one, seemed to mount, with hers the outflowing upward wave of eternal life and light, and with hers passed the bounds of the physical, into the

(Continued on Fifth Page.)



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
A Voice from the Grave.  
AMARALA MARTIN.

Several years after one of my sweet human-blossoms had perished, I spent some weeks at a beautiful resort in Massachusetts. I had never before and had no acquaintance in the place, so that it was impossible for my domestic affairs to be known there.

I found Maud Lord holding séances there, and I went one afternoon to engage a place for that evening, and, not wishing to give my name, I called myself simply number 24. That evening I found myself one of twenty-seven investigators, most of whom were strangers to each other and the medium, and all to me.

After Mrs. Lord was seated, inside the circle we all joined hands and the lights were extinguished. Some of us—any who wished it—kept our feet on Mrs. Lord's all the time so that we might know that she was not "assisting" the manifestations. When we began singing we were joined by a deep, musical voice, which we were told was that of the "control," Clarence. It was certainly beyond the scope of ordinary mortals and seemed to float over our heads and sing in our ears and faces; uttering the words as distinctly as any person present.

Independent spirit-voices were audible all over the room, many of them addressing their personal friends at the same moment of time. Musical instruments were humming and flying about pretty lively, among them a music box which was wound by some invisible force and sped through the air. It stopped several times and rested on my head and on my lap, seeming much attracted to my locality. After this was repeated several times I felt what seemed like little fingers about my face and little arms around my neck and heard a whisper saying distinctly:

"Mamma, mamma, I am here; your baby-boy Martin. Look, while I try to show myself."

In an instant there was a ball of light before me just a few inches away and out of it grew a face bearing the image of my child. Seeing it, Mrs. Lord, who was describing a spirit in another part of the circle, cried out, "Oh! see, see that beautiful boy! Number twenty-four, he says you are his mother!" The vision faded away before us all, but the voice resumed its story:

"Mamma, I passed away at sunrise one April morning, and when I was dressed in a pretty, white robe and the people sat in the parlor crying about me, some of them sang 'Sleep little baby, sleep,' and it was so pretty. 'Little brother is here and his eyes are just as beautiful as ever. He is a big boy now. Sister—helps me to manifest and is very proud of our success. We are all so sorry when you cry for us. Please don't do it any more for we are happy. Our sister in the earth-home is well. We want to see her to-day.'"

"I don't like this music box like I did my own that you hid in the folds of my dress and buried with me. You couldn't bear to hear it any more when I was gone, could you?"

Here the investigators inquired whether or not these statements were true, and I told them they were, in every particular; and that only myself and one other person ever knew that the music box was buried with the body.

It was also utterly impossible for Mrs. Lord or anyone in the circle to know of it. Here, then, was the little one whose body lay under the blossoms hundreds of miles away, telling me of incidents occurring years before, and proving the continuity of life and love beyond the grave.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Lap Planchette.  
W. O. PIERCE, D. D.

This is a favorite instrument with certain members of the Psychic Research Society of Eastern Indiana for studying the tracks of animal magnetism. We name it instrument, too mysterious for a toy, and too simple in construction to be called a machine. It consists of a single board 24 x 16 inches, with side pieces attached two inches in width sufficient to exclude light from underneath. Over this is stretched two layers of heavy manilla paper, on which is placed the alphabet in capitals; below it the numerals from one to ten and on either side the words "yes" and "no," under which is written "Good Night," the whole forming a miniature table suitable for the lap, at which four persons may be comfortably seated. The hands are joined, one holding a pencil or indicator to trace the letters.

The writer has had some strange experiences with this instrument, employed not so much for testing its virtue to produce spirits at call, as to investigate the phenomena of nerve dynamics in connection with what seems to be the involuntary action of the muscles. The time required for "manifestations" varies with the "conditions," of which more hereafter. The presence of the magnetic current is indicated by an aching in the muscles of the arms, often at the joints, with tingling sensations at the fingertips, attended not infrequently by twitching. As the "flow" increases the hand is "levitated," then swayed up and down, or to right and left, certainly involuntarily, yet under the control of the will, an effort of which will arrest the movements, inducing return to the board.

The motions are varied, at times getting down to penmanship; at others, hovering in circles over the alphabet; now darting bird-like to right or left, then returning to peck away at the alphabet like an English sparrow hungry for corn. At this stage at one time a lady friend, true to woman's instincts, put in a question:

"If this is spirit, spell out a message."  
To this came the answer:  
"Your mother is present and wishes you good evening."

Then came a series of questions and replies common to novices at séances, but of little interest to the initiated. However, two or three things may be noted as exceptional.

An uncle of one of the parties present, purported to be in control. In this life he was a stern man, plain-spoken, in politics an intense Republican, and an uncompromising foe to the saloon. He was questioned as follows:

"Will Harrison be elected?"  
"Yes."  
"This crowd is emphatically temperance. The Prohibs are bound to ruin our cause in Indiana. Are there any such cranks over there?"  
"No."  
"Will their vote at the November election defeat the Republican candidate in his own State?"  
"No! damn 'em."

This blunt profanity was for all the world like "Uncle Harry," and that temperance crowd are since doubly glad that the predictions have been verified.

The anarchist, A. Spies, late of Chicago, put in his presence next with the stilted and sepulchral sentence: "Let a man who is a man now speak."

"Well, say on," was the reply, "but first permit a question: Are you the Spies that was hung at Chicago?"

"Yes."  
"Do you now see you were right?"  
"No; not that I was wholly wrong, but mistaken."

"Do you cherish hatred towards the persons instrumental in your conviction and execution?"  
"No, I forgive them."

"Do you yet believe in anarchism?"  
"The world will see things in a better light that is ahead."

"But is anarchism good in a Republican form of government?"  
"It is not good in any form of government."

"You acknowledge, then, you were mistaken?"  
"I have so said. What more do you want?"

And with that, apparently displeased, Mr. S. took his departure.

The writer does not claim these as veritable spiritual communications, but as evidence of the "capabilities" of the simple contrivance, known as the lap planchette, with its phenomena within the reach of any who will conform to the conditions. These are, so far as I can determine, as follows:

1. A clear understanding of the science of psychology, to the degree, at least, that it reveals the law of nerve forces, usually designated "animal magnetism."

2. A magnetic balancing of temperaments; that is to say, the presence of the positive and negative in measurably equal degrees. This is amply illustrated in the north and south poles of electrical currents.

3. The magnetic force is developed in point of strength and manifestation by "practice"; another word for it is development.

4. Patient and continued sittings for development are essential. It is needless to add that the nerve force must be normally healthy to secure adequate results. The sitters should go to their task bright as sunbeams and cheery as roses.

I am proud of your efforts to lift up your "faith" to the clear sunlight. God bless you in the enterprise.

Winchester, Ind.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Demands of the Spiritual Philosophy Upon Its Followers.  
J. J. MORSE.

An intelligent understanding of the spiritual philosophy will disclose the fact that the follower of its teachings must give heed to certain general principles if he would justify his claim to be considered a Spiritualist in the best sense. Such principles are some five in number, and, briefly, are herein dealt with.

The first proposition of an enlightened spiritual philosophy is: that the proper health, direction and use of all our physical functions are the only true foundation of a natural life. The true Spiritualist must be a physically normal person, free from disease, vice, and evil habits. Intrinsically human functions are good. Education and direction, not suppression or degradation, are their need, and rightly applied, the result would be that our organisms would become fit temples for their indwelling gods.

The second proposition is that of mental culture, without which the purest health leaves us but splendid animals. Mental culture fits us to deal accurately with every question; it is the key with which we unlock the portals that guard the truths we need. The true Spiritualist fears no question, shirks no difficulty, and is, in the best sense, an eclectic in all things. But strictest mental culture he must obtain ere he can wisely deal with the vast problems of his philosophy.

The third issue is that of morals, a vexed and vexing matter to most. After all it resolves itself into that other question of right. The Spiritualist may be justly guided by the old injunction of:—"Do thou unto others, what thou wouldst have others do unto thee," but it must be a positive fulfillment, not a passive assent. The best you can do, always and at all times, is the demand of the spiritual philosophy, never less than that.

The fourth proposition is the oft quoted demand for spirituality, by the cultivation of which the finer and nobler elements of our characters are elevated to governing positions over our conduct. Obedience to truth rather than tradition; actions founded upon principle instead of expediency, and conduct regulated by wisdom as well as knowledge, are among the results arising from meeting this demand of the spiritual philosophy.

The fifth, and for the purpose of this article, the final demand made upon the life of the believer in the spiritual philosophy, is that of psychical culture. Herein is included the training of those inner faculties that are ranged under the various terms: Mesmeric, hypnotic; telepathic, occultic and mediumistic powers. The cultivation of these inner faculties will demonstrate the existence in our natures, here and now, of a set of supernatural faculties, transcending those exhibited in the material body, and which are the attributes of a something beyond that body. Thus preparing the road to the admission of the existence of a something higher than our bodily being, but contained within that environment now, and continuing to exist when liberated therefrom, at its death; a range of faculties and a corresponding realm of being that, alike, prophecy and realize, the phenomenal facts of spirit intercourse and its objective manifestations and evidences.

In conclusion, then, the true Spiritualist who accepts the highest teachings of the philosophy of Spiritualism, must exhibit:

1. A strict regard for bodily health.

2. A careful cultivation of mental ability.

3. A life in harmony with the purest ethics.

4. A diligent study of spiritual laws.

5. A judicious training of his psychical powers.

These are the five first steps in the ladder of personal culture that must be ascended ere he can claim that he stands erect before the sacred altar. These are some of the claims of the spiritual philosophy upon the lives of its followers and teachers. The reward of obedience is that growth of soul which can alone insure nearness to the All True and ever Good. As men live such a life they will as surely unite from mutual attractiveness, as do atoms unto atoms.

Space not permitting elaboration, suggestion alone is possible. The reader's after thoughts may, therefore, be the writer's best reward.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
THE MOTHER'S VISION.  
ALICE C. MALTBY, M. D.

My mother has often related to me the following incident in the life of my great aunt. It occurred nearly seventy years ago, and is a curious demonstration of spiritual phenomena. My great aunt, Mrs. Susan Parker, at the time of the occurrence that I propose to relate, was living with her husband and family in the northern part of Ohio. The family consisted of herself, husband, son and daughter, and two beautiful little boys aged about three and five years, and an infant babe a day or two old. It was in the spring of the year that this babe was born, and one night while she was still weak from her confinement, my great aunt was awakened by a strange sound that seemed to be in, or very near, the room. It was the splashing of water. Aunt Susan raised herself upon her elbow and listened attentively. The sound was familiar, and at last she recognized it as the sound of the mill-race, but that was situated a long way from the house, and it was impossible for her to hear that; still the sound kept on.

Suddenly she became conscious of a mild radiance at one end of the room. The sound of the water ceased but the radiant spot grew larger and brighter, until it floated forward in the form of a column. It then gradually assumed the form of a woman. The face was visible and was filled with an expression of deep concern and pity. The eyes, large and beautiful, gazed mournfully at Aunt Susan, yet the face was that of a stranger.

My aunt made an effort to speak but fear kept her silent.

The figure slowly crossed the room and stopped where a small table was standing, placed its hands upon it, and slowly tipped the table backward and forward several times; then it stopped and stood looking pleadingly at Aunt Susan; then it again tipped the table. Once more she struggled to speak but could not. After a persistent and ineffectual effort to communicate by this means, the spirit form stood silently and fixed its gaze upon her. She said afterward that although no word was spoken she seemed to receive an impression of coming danger to some member of the family. The impression became stronger and she realized that death was meant.

The spirit seemed satisfied for it turned its eyes away. Again came the splashing sound of the waters of the mill-race. Then the figure raised both hands and stretched its arms above its head. For a moment they fluttered as though battling with some element; then they sank to its side and the spirit gazed again intently toward her. Then once again were the arms raised in the same strange struggle and again they were lowered.

The sound of the water was heard again and she still gazed upon the phantom it slowly faded from her sight and the sound of the water, growing fainter and fainter, ceased entirely, and all was still. As soon as the sounds ceased my aunt was filled with terror and her shrieks soon brought the household about her bed. Amid her sobs she told of her vision and insisted that it was meant as a warning of the death of some one, or as she thought, a member of the family.

The next day after this occurred, while the nurse was about her duties, she was called to the bedside, as the mother had missed one of her little sons. One she believed to be at the home of a neighbor, but where was the other? She remembered that she had not seen him for some time, and full of apprehension, after the strange vision of the night, she insisted that he be immediately searched for. After some time the nurse returned unaccompanied, and to be found. Obeying the commands of the now almost frantic mother, the nurse ran to the mill-race. Meeting some farm hands on the way she told them of her fears that the little boy was drowned. They hurriedly followed her, and efforts were at once made to recover the body, if drowned. It was not long before the terrible truth was known, for the frail form of a little child was borne to the home of its mother. Weeping she received the little dripping form, but a wild shriek rang out upon the air when she gazed into its little dead face, for this child was not the one for whom they searched, but the other boy that she thought was safe at the home of a neighbor. Again friendly hands were at work searching for the other child and soon its little dimpled form was taken from the water and borne tenderly to the house of mourning.

The strange phantom came once more, years after, with its weird warning. The same sound of water and the extended arms as before told more clearly this time its meaning. The same beautifully sad face gazed at my aunt as before, and vanished. This time it was followed by the death by drowning of Aunt Susan's brother, who also met his death in a mill-race.

Was this a guardian spirit, and would these calamities have been averted had it been able to communicate, as it so evidently wished to by table tipping? What would have been the result had my poor aunt possessed the knowledge of spiritual phenomena we do to-day? Who can answer?

Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
An Incident in Spirit Control.  
WILLIAM C. WATERS.

My wife's mother departed this life some twenty years ago, but was blind for several years before she died. Her mind being very active, it required a great deal of reading or conversation on the part of others to interest her. To help along in this matter, her spirit friends kindly volunteered to assist. They caused her to become clairvoyant, so that she could see into the Spirit-world about her. Among the modes adopted to amuse her, was to show her all kinds of animal forms, also a great variety of mechanical instruments. She could see spirits pass before her; they would answer her mental questions by nods and smiles.

There was a hired girl living with the family, who was quite tall, and stooping in the shoulders. My wife had warned her mother against allowing this girl to sit at the small stand with her when she sat for spirit manifestations, lest something might happen that would alarm her and the girl too. But one evening the girl persuaded the old lady to let her sit with her at the stand. Myself and wife, being in an upper room, heard a heavy fall on the floor below, accompanied by loud screams. We quickly ran down, and found our tall Methodist girl lying at full length on the parlor floor. Her taking-on, was much the same as any Methodist having the "power," as they term it. She seemed very happy, but after lying awhile, she tried to get up, but could not. This frightened her, so my wife and self raised her up into a chair. Then in the most civil manner possible, requested the controlling spirits to withdraw,

and allow the girl to go to bed, telling them that they could return in the morning if they desired. My wish was instantly complied with. In the morning the girl got breakfast for the family, and sat down to the table, but no sooner had she lifted her knife and fork than they were thrown to the ceiling of the room and her eyes tightly closed. We led her to the parlor and told her to let the spirits take their course. She did no more house work for about one week, being nearly all the time under spirit control. Some of the time she wrote verses or played the organ, but most of the time during the day she was kept walking backward around the parlor and with her head bent as far back as possible. It was soon evident that the purpose was to take the stoop from the girls shoulders and neck. In the course of a week this was thoroughly accomplished. The spirit control then left her, and did not return except in some instances when she had teeth drawn; then the influence would come to her assistance in a way to save her from feeling any pain.

To say that this was not a spirit manifestation, and made for a benevolent purpose, would be to insult the best judgment of all the parties who witnessed it. A deeper significance was given to this matter, from the fact that the girl was so bashful that she could never be induced to sing or read a word in the presence of any member of the family. Bordentown, New Jersey.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
What Do the Stars Tell Us?  
HON. J. G. JACKSON.

We go out these Christmas evenings under the broad, blue canopy of heaven and mark the twinkling hosts of stars, as they march in varied constellations above our heads. Due to the diurnal revolution of our earthly home on its axis, the stars, along with all other objects in the heavens, seem to revolve daily in reverse motion from the eastward towards the west, in circles concentric with our polar point, which is elevated above the northern horizon, at an angle always equivalent to the latitude of the place of observation. Thus do a certain portion of the stars, more or less, according to the latitude, never set, but revolve in these apparent diurnal circles around the elevated pole (near the north star) and become what are called "circumpolar stars."

Aside from this seeming daily revolution, common to all, relatively to each other, the stars, regarded by an uncritical eye, occupy fixed positions and have hence been named "fixed stars," in contradistinction to the few planetary bodies that are much nearer to us, and seemingly erratic wanderers amongst them.

The constellations, excepting slight changes, detected mainly by modern skilled observers, have thus remained permanent in form from the remotest times, and the arbitrary names of many have descended to us from the mythologic night of the ages, or as spoken by the shepherds who nightly watched their flocks upon the plains of Chaldea, long before the poet of the book of Job sang, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" (Job, 38, 31.)

They have long been known to be immensely distant from us; while now, with the utmost skill of the modern astronomer, the distances of a few of the nearest only have been approximated, and to measure the farthest is like attempting to give bounds to infinitude. Yet has it been revealed by the magic lines of the spectroscopic that the gases, seething and burning in their all but eternal fires, are similar to those that are feeding the cyclonic oceans of flame in our own home star or sun.

Do you, dear readers of the JOURNAL, ever open your souls to the whisperings of these eternal night watchers, the stars, as they beam upon you from their infinite depths?

Ah! what wisdom might flood our souls could we listen and construe aright their ever open testimony. The seals are now broken, if this age of bursting truth, open to all who dare to search and ponder the book of their revelations.

Once the highest recorded thought of undeveloped men was that: "He made the stars also,"—"to rule the night" of earth (Genesis). Now the stars themselves tell us that each one of their many millions is, of itself, an independent sun and controlling center of life for a family of surrounding worlds—that as sure as each fruit-tree bears its appropriate fruit, so sure does every sun evolve attendant planets.

They tell us further, that instead of "stars falling to the earth," as prophesied in the misnamed "Word of God," our old "Mother Earth," if placed unprotected within the influence of either one of these mighty stars, would fall to and sink into its ocean of flame as falls the rain-cloud on the oceans of earth, to mix with and disappear amid the seething restless currents, hardly to be missed from the infinity of life.

This is no dream of fancy but the assured revelations of deductive science. The stars say to us: "We know not how many myriads upon myriads of ages have come and passed while our forms have been gestating in the great womb of nature—condensing and evolving from nebulous masses, vast beyond the powers of thought; but we know that the laws that govern us have been to evolve and throw off attendant planetary worlds, to each of us as a family. We know that the great Infinite Spirit is the Lord of Life, and that life—abounding life accords with the Infinite Will, as fast as each world develops under law, a fitness for life's support."

"Ah! we can tell you further, and confirm to you the deductions of science: That all parts of this infinite cosmos, of which your sun and our suns—your 'earth' and our 'earth'—all and each—forms its respective part,—are composed of the same or like material, both in their visible outward existence and in their visible inward and essential spiritual constitution;—that we are all linked together in one grand welded chain of infinite Being, whose length we can not measure, whose depths we can not fathom, whose height reaches beyond the fabled empyrean."

Feel we the stars tell you: That, as far as we can read, the heart and arteries of this infinite life throbs with a determined purpose,—the inspiring soul of this mighty Cosmos ordains the all comprehensive law, that from out of the crude and seemingly chaotic shall ever grow more and more organized and orderly forms; out of these the high—higher—highest! in endless succession,—from the material to the spiritual, through and along that united chain of life.

"This, children of earth, is the brief but mighty lesson which we, the stars, now read you; thus does the infinite Cosmos point toward the correspondingly infinite fruitage that creation is designed to bear; thus do we hint to you, and every other spiritual being on the myriad worlds of space, the glorious harvest which you as heirs of the Infinite Father, yourselves must aid to gather. You

are not pauper almoners on the Divi bounty, neither are you hired slaves bought with a price; but children of the house, and it is the Father's will that ye come to the full fruition. Look not back to the musty records of the past, made by men whose small knowledge of Nature gave them little idea of Nature's God, but rise to conceptions commensurate with the knowledge now revealed.

"You can not receive the bloody, fickle God of Moses. He reigns not over the infants of which we tell you. No fabulous serpent or devil ever mars the divine work of Him who is 'without' variableness or shadow of turning." No presumed restoration or salvation is needed from a fall which never took place, save in the absurd fancy of fools; and no Savior will ever come except him who teaches, "Work for your own salvation, by cultivating knowledge and obedience to Divine law in all the avenues of life, and being, not by living the life of a parasite on the merits of any other." The theologies of the past are utterly disproportionate and absurd when viewed in the light now breaking upon the world.

"What! after arising to the conception of what we have told you, can you descend to the pitifully puny idea of the infinite? Parents of millions of spiritual families of worlds becoming the Father of an 'only begotten Son' in the person of a Jewish maiden, as a Savior of all? If records speak the truth that reputed Son's ministry lasted but three short years on earth, and now, after nearly two thousand years more, his name has not been heard by one half of the sons of men."

What signifies the contentions between warring sects in relation to the theologies built upon such crude conceptions, other than to shame the enlightenment of the race on earth that has so long bent its neck in slavery to priestly rule? Such bickerings are but tempests in the tea-pot of folly, and it is time for men to arise and cast from them the chains of such churchly bondage.

"Let all seek to understand their own soul-nature from the revelations of the present, as well as from the imperfect records of the older and less critical ages. Seek with the expanded intellects and intuitions that the reading of lessons from the stars will give, and ye shall not seek in vain."

"Along with such lessons will come the assurance of our oneness with nature in its infinite possibilities, added to the well grounded knowledge of continued and progressive existence."

"Having these, there is naught to hinder our joyous union in the declaration: 'All the boundless universe is life! There is no death!'"

Hockessin, Del.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
"Now" or "Then?"  
URSULA N. GESTEFELD, C. S. E.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is the question asked by mankind the world over, asked by all of all. For how many is the question answered? For how many is "death swallowed up in victory?"

Thousands in the world to-day have gained that which is, to them, abundant proof of the continuity of life; but about that experience answer the question? Has it solved the problem, "What is life?" "If a man die," etc. In the question is stated the possibility of no death and the consequent possibility that life is eternal.

If eternally be a fact; if eternal life be a synonymous fact, where is there place for death, if death be an end to life? If there is an instant's cessation to living, there can be no eternal life; for there is an end, therefore a beginning to life. May there not be a beginning and an end to a state of consciousness, yet none to consciousness itself, to life itself?

Let us look for an example at the now! An infant is born, grows on and up through childhood, youth, manhood and mature age. We date its life from the moment it is born, or from the moment that a form is visible to us. When childhood is reached, the babe is dead; when youth, the child; when manhood, the youth; all have died or passed from view.

But has there been sorrow in consequence? grief or mourning for the babe, the child or the youth? And still they have disappeared! Because the transition has been gradual, we have felt no loss, consequently no grief. The child has insensibly displaced the babe; the youth the child and the man the youth; so in the "now" we do not see them disappear; and it is only by memory of the "then" that we know it, for that which is represented by the babe, the child, the youth and the man, is always the same to us and the same to itself.

What is death but the disappearance of a representative? The disappearance of a succession of representatives; while that which truly lives and is not fully represented by any one of them, is that consciousness—the "I"—which is without name; but which necessitates names or representatives through which it shall be recognized?

"From the foundation of the world," the world of representation, has the "I" existed. Before the babe is visible or is born into the world of representation as a part of it, it lived unseen and that which is represented by the different form-lives as unseen. To it, it is always "now," the "then" belongs only to the forms or representatives.

The "I" is in eternity; the form in time. When this is understood, there will be no "if's." There will be no more grief for death, for it is but the disappearance of form which is going on constantly in the world of form.

When the star of our own eternal being rises for us in the night of sense of form only; rises in the east or source of light, reflecting that light "which never was on sea or land," we are led by it "to the place where the young child lay," to that inner consciousness where the divine self is newly born for us; and the wise men—those who have grown old in the world of form and conquered its meaning, bring their accumulated treasures to lay them at its feet for it is ruler over them all; and this divine babe is not born after the manner of men; it is conceived from on high and lives in eternity; they, in time, "death is swallowed up in victory," the transient, "Then" is lost in the eternal "Now."

hady Granville Gordon having successfully established a millinery shop in London. Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. Stuart Menzies, Mrs. Peckington, and Mrs. Cooper Oakley have followed her example. Mrs. Wheeler, one of the fashionable beauties of the Langtry type, has opened a brie-a-brac shop, while Mrs. "Charley" Gurney has gone into dressmaking. Mrs. Kerr, Lord Draven's sister-in-law, makes and sells bonnets and hats. Mrs. White has an art repository, and Lady Loftus, wife of the ex-Ambassador to Russia, has gone into dressmaking.



CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

In an article in Macmillan's *English Magazine*, for November, 1888, "Glimpses of Old English Homes," the writer says of the statesman, Charles James Fox: "His notion of true gallantry was to treat women as beings who stood on the same intellectual table-land as himself; to give them the very best of his thought and his knowledge, as well as of his humor and his eloquence; to invite and weigh their advice in seasons of difficulty; and to ever they urged him to steps which, in judgment or his conscience disapproved, he to elude them with half-conviction, and to convince them by plain spoken and serious remonstrance."

Many years ago my father had a fall in a mill. The physicians who were called pronounced it a fatal accident. He ceased breathing, his pulse stopped, and for about an hour he appeared to be dead. He revived and recovered. He often related his experience, or what he said and heard during the time he manifested no life. After a season of unconsciousness he seemed to awaken from a deep sleep. He found himself out of, and by the side of his body lying there upon the bed. He saw everything in the room and heard all that was said. Now he per-

The ultimate outcome of God's purpose is to unite humanity extant—on earth and in the spiritual state—in one common life. This life reaches down through an infinite series of souls to the lowest atom and molecule of the universe, so that he becomes God in all, through all, and yet above all. Humanity on the earth plane is, therefore,

Oh, if I only had her complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

way's Pills, you will sleep well and be better in the morning.  
See directions.

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FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 22, 1888.

## Greetings.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all and especially to those earnest and helpful ones throughout the world who have made others happy during the past year, who have fed the hungry and clothed the naked, who have encouraged the despondent and lightened the burdens of the weary; and to those of our own faith whose endeavors have made our work easier and more effective. Into every home may there come some what of added joy; and may the sensuous pleasures of the holidays give new spiritual strength for the duties and responsibilities of the coming year. Out of the wide and deep unrest that now pervades the world may there finally come that rest and peace and happiness for which all are struggling. May the explorers of the psychical field develop the rich leads they have uncovered, to the end that the product may be utilized in science and religion for the betterment of the race. May the evil-disposed learn that only sorrow can attend their course, and may they be inspired to look upward and to press onward toward the good and the true. May the good grow better, the wise more wise. May ministers and moral teachers learn to discard ignoble and false doctrines which now, in many instances, handicap their efforts and dwarf their souls; may they rise to the level of modern thought and become true leaders of the people in the ways of righteousness for the sake of pure righteousness unadulterated by hope of reward or fear of an arbitrary and angry God. May all into whose hands this paper comes receive it in the same spirit of kindness which actuates the sender and saturates its columns; may they be receptive to its teachings, and may it stimulate to higher endeavor and nobler purposes.

If this number of the JOURNAL shall warm the hearts of the rich and well-to-do, and stimulate to more beneficent use of their wealth; if it shall carry comfort into homes of mourning; if it shall brace up the weak and faltering; if it shall in any way tend to make this world brighter and the next more certain, then, indeed, will it have done its mission; and we shall give thanks and rejoice as one who having done his level best under the conditions in which he is placed, sees some good results flowing from his efforts. Whatever the results may be we thank the kind friends who have helped to make this paper interesting, and those who steadily, year after year, stand by us in the difficult work of helping the world toward higher levels, and grander attitudes.

## What We Want.

We want Thirty Four Thousand Dollars subscribed at once to complete the stock subscription to the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. We want this because it will enable us to increase the effectiveness of our work an hundred fold. We want it because it is the duty of Spiritualists to aid in giving to the world in its best and most attractive forms that knowledge which has brought to them such unspeakable satisfaction; robbing Death of terror and making life beyond the grave a demonstrable certainty, a life of continuous development and increasing felicity. We want it because Spiritualism is the philosophy of life both here and hereafter, and its mastery will teach how to adjust all the conflicting interests which now disturb the peace and happiness of the world. We want it for reasons apparent and cogent to all our old patrons and readers. Shall we get it? Read the prospectus in our advertising columns, and then soberly consider what you ought to do.

## Another Presbyterian Attack.

Rev. Dr. Gibson, Pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, lately preached a sermon against Spiritualism, attacking it with the venom and vehemence characteristic of his cult. His charges roused some of the Spiritualists of that city to take notice of his sweeping libel. The San Francisco Chronicle which published Dr. Gibson's intemperate and untruthful discourse, also reported an able reply made by Mrs. Schlesinger, editor of *The Carrier Dove*, at a public meeting held on the first Sunday of the current month. During her speech Mrs. Schlesinger read the following extract from Dr. Gibson's sermon:

I charge it (Spiritualism) with being a curse to moral and social relations and conditions. They are sundering the ties which bind families together. The very foundations of society are being shattered, the sanctity of our homes destroyed by the degrading influence of the system. It destroys the mind, the body and the soul. It acts upon the nerves that harmony of the body is destroyed. As to the mind, go to our asylums and you will see evidences of the work, while it ruins and kills the soul. I tell you that when a person puts his foot inside a séance room he is half an infidel, and when under spiritualistic influences is wholly one, and he goes to these creatures, who, if not themselves deluded, are ready to delude, and he is destroyed.

The reverend gentleman merely voices what many of his clerical brethren say when they touch the topic. We do not care to discuss Spiritualism with such fanatics. We reluctantly soil the JOURNAL's fair pages with this man's unchristian utterances to make a sufficiently dark back ground whereon to bring out the glorious beauties of Spiritualism, so lavishly yet correctly portrayed in this number of the paper.

We challenge Dr. Gibson to name one individual now in an insane asylum who was crazed by Spiritualism! He cannot do it! On the other hand we will undertake to name scores of insane who lost their senses through religious emotion caused by the zealous work of orthodox preachers, and who are now hopeless and, in many cases, violent maniacs. All of Dr. Gibson's charges are but echoes of the Brooklyn pulpitist whose bosom friend and leading church officer is a medium grown rich in the vocation of clairvoyant physician.

No one is swifter than the JOURNAL in detecting immorality and deception among professed Spiritualists, as all its readers know. It is unwavering in the advocacy of pure morality, and of scientific methods; and in its mission it has met its greatest difficulties and uncovered the biggest villains among those once devout members of some evangelical sect. In the city of San Francisco to-day is an alleged medium who was once a Baptist preacher, and others following the same calling who were once Presbyterians. The basis of Presbyterian morals is unscientific and unsound, consequently Presbyterians and all orthodox people who base their ethics on theology are never truly moral, except when better than their creed. Fear and expediency are not safe pillars on which to rear a moral code. It is no wonder, therefore, when orthodox communicants lose the fear engendered by their theology that they often lapse into irregularities of conduct. It were a miracle if otherwise. When Talmage and Gibson denounce Spiritualists for lapses from rectitude they are but tramping upon the ripened product of their own husbandry, the fruit of their own vineyard. Of the immoral persons claiming to be Spiritualists we cannot recall one who was not once a member of some orthodox church and noted for display of ecclesiasticism. We challenge Gibson and Talmage to name one criminal, or one grossly immoral person who has grown up from early youth as a Spiritualist!

In her comments on the foregoing extract from Dr. Gibson's sermon, Mrs. Schlesinger very truly and pertinently says:

"This statement would be considered too contemptible for notice were it not that there are some persons claiming to be Spiritualists who are so afraid of antagonizing the churches that they cannot see that it is the churches who are doing the antagonizing."

While we as Spiritualists have no war to make on churches as organized social and charitable bodies, nor upon any work they may do or strive to do that makes for a better life, we do not want their moribund theology, nor do we propose to pose before them as apologists for Spiritualism. Apologists never strengthen their cause where it needs re-enforcing, nor draw to it desirable recruits. So long as from orthodox pulpits is heard unjust arraignments of Spiritualism, that long must Spiritualists be ready not only to maintain their ground but to assume the aggressive wherever it seems proper and in the interest of Spiritualism.

After abusing Spiritualism, Spiritualists and mediums, Dr. Gibson asks how the evil is to be cured, and then prescribes the same old remedy. Hear him:

What are we to do to meet it? Why, hold up the blessed work of God and people will not want to go elsewhere for consolation, for that lies in the divine word of God. The guiding, the comfort you need, is found in the illumination of the word of God and not in the sayings and teachings of these degrading creatures [referring to mediums] who seek to dupe and lead you to your destruction.

In this country alone there are some seventy thousand preachers "holding up the blessed work of God" and striving to distill consolation from the "divine word" such as shall supply the market. Everybody knows what a dismal failure they generally make of it, despite the prestige of age and the power that lies in disciplined forces and well equipped organizations. Disclaiming all irreverence and with no desire to be other than profoundly sincere, we candidly think that this very number of the JOURNAL contains more genuine consolation, more sound incentives drawn from latter-day experiences, and carries more solid cheer, and is better calculated to meet the spiritual wants of the world to-day than are the Con-

fession of Faith and formularies which Dr. Gibson dogmatically affirms to be warranted by "the divine word of God."

R. Heber Newton, D. D., Rector of All Souls (Protestant Episcopal) Church, New York, is not only a devoutly religious man, but courageous and progressive. He stands for the most complete intellectual freedom, and will not be trammelled by precedent or authority where either conflicts with modern discoveries or his own highest judgment. On the second Sunday of this month he preached a sermon upon the subject, "Is a New Religion Needed?" We bring Dr. Newton forward from the orthodox fold as our witness and ask Gibson and Talmage to listen to his testimony. Here it is:

Physical science has brought man not only face to face with nature, as never before, but face to face with himself. The law of evolution stands over all life, the process of human growth as well as the process of nature's growth. Before this revolution in knowledge and thought the old intellectual systems are breaking up on every hand. A new universe, with a new man confronting it, forces upon us a new thought of God, of human destiny.

"An invisible hand is shaking the intellectual kaleidoscope and the figures are changing before our eyes. It is from no wanton revolt against the traditional forms of belief but from the earnest pressure of our new mental outlook, that our age is calling for a new theology. The traditional systems of divinity embodied in the confessions of Protestantism which have guided the course of the Western World are as much help to us as the charts of New York harbor drawn up by the primitive Knickerbockers are to our monster steamers to-day.

"Christianity seems on the surface to be losing its moral grip. This is natural, if true. Becloud the intellectual vision and the spiritual enthusiasm must flag....

"The fact is that which every student of our civilization knows, that organized Christianity to-day—the Church—is not recognized as the leader in social progress which it was, and that the aspiring souls of men are too often turned away from it in sadness and despair to seek a new religious enthusiasm from some other master than the carpenter's son of Nazareth....

"The traditional popular theology of Protestantism, as embodied in the confessions and creeds which date from the Reformation, constitute an outer body of dead or semi-dead matter—a skin, a shell. It is the effort to get rid of this which causes the commotion in the organism to-day. If the effort is successful the Church will find herself free to grow a new outer body of popular theology, within which to conserve her more essential and vital faiths. A few years and this whole body of popular theology, will probably have been dropped and left behind."

We will call another expert, one at whom Dr. Gibson will curl his lip with that characteristic Presbyterian scorn so familiar to the public, but one whose magic genius in poetry and prose has started vibrations that have thrilled suffering hearts with joy and hope in all parts of the world; we put Gerald Massey on the stand. Here is his testimony:

"The coming religion must be founded on knowledge. We need a first-hand acquaintance with the facts of nature. Among these facts we naturally assign a foremost place to those of spiritualistic phenomena. We claim that the inner vision, or second sight, is a fact in nature. Pre-vision is a fact in nature. The spiritual apparition is and always has been a fact in nature. Conscious communication with spiritual intelligences is a fact in nature. But physical resurrection from the dead is not a fact in nature. Buckle has said: 'The doctrine of immortality is the doctrine of doctrines; a truth compared with which it is indifferent whether anything else be true.' Anyway, Spiritualism alone offers the means of establishing it as a fact.

"The religion of the future has got to include not only Spiritualism but the salvation of humanity for this life. It has to be a sincerity of life, in place of pretended belief; a religion of science, in place of superstition; of joy, instead of sorrow; of man's ascent instead of his fall; a religion of fact in the present and not of mere faith in the future; a religion in which the temple reared to God will be in human form, instead of being built of brick or stone; a religion of work, rather than worship."

This is Mr. Massey's evidence, given in Boston, before the First Independent Club the same Sunday on which Dr. Newton testified to his convictions on this identical matter in New York.

A considerable number of clergymen have confessed to us at one time and another that they could only take their creeds in a poetic sense, as symbolic of great truths but misleading if taken literally. Of course we are not at liberty to name any of these people, but a case in point comes to us through *The Christian Register* and is public property. Rev. James S. Bush, now of Concord, Mass., was a devoted clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His preaching was, as the *Register* says, "marked by breadth of thought and by spiritual power." In 1884 he resigned his rectorship, and now he writes to Bishop Potter of New York formally withdrawing from the ministry. His letter is an earnest and manly statement which we wish space permitted publishing in full.

"I cannot continue," says Mr. Bush, "to make my own, and can no longer use for others, some of the expressions in the Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church." After explicitly pointing out objections to

the Nicene creed, and to the orthodox dogma as to Jesus, Mr. Bush continues: "I have never held doubtfully, however, the substance of spiritual truth in Christianity.... nor in my teachings, both positive and negative, have I been untrue to my convictions, always seeking the light, and ever speaking as the Spirit gave me utterance." He declares there is no evidence of any desire among those who rule the Church to re-adjust its doctrines to accord with modern criticism and progress, and says: "Under the reactionary teaching of most of the clergy, the people, if not confirmed in error, are content with traditions and formularies which no longer command their sincere belief." Convinced that these traditions and formularies are fast losing their value, and that through inability to differentiate the truth from the error in them, they are destructive to a Christian faith, he withdraws from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Other ministers equally honest and holding views of their creed identical with those of Mr. Bush, remain in the church, claiming intellectual freedom and exercising it. Whether their attitude is wholly consistent, is not for us to say; and, indeed, there are many ways to look at the matter. However, Bishop Potter, Talmage and Gibson cannot fail to read the signs of the times. Let them and their brothers in the ministry make haste to adapt themselves and their doctrines to the new order of things.

## To the Press.

The editor respectfully calls attention to this number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, feeling that whatever may be the views of his contemporaries or their attitude toward the subject to which it is devoted, they can hardly avoid an exhibition of interest the moment their attention is seriously given to the paper.

Among the contributors to this number will be found writers and teachers of national reputation, of whose articles the editor need do no more than speak; and there will be found many intensely interesting testimonies as to the presence and beneficent work of spirit friends. Concerning these last mentioned contributors, the editor desires to assure his contemporaries that they may place implicit reliance upon their veracity and good sense. Most of them are personally known to the editor, and known to be persons of exceptionally rational minds, and representative people in their respective localities. Every psychical incident, every instance of spirit presence related in this number is capable of complete verification, and may be relied upon as evidence to sustain the claims of psychism and Spiritualism. The editor challenges criticism of the ethics and general sentiment contained in this exhibit of the JOURNAL's contributors, both of prose and verse; there is nothing weak, effeminate, or unmanly; without exception all is strong, healthy, moral, encouraging; calculated to make this world better, and to replace with knowledge faith in the continuity of life. Sober, candid and judiciously fair consideration of the paper and its mission is all that is asked for; this it is entitled to.

The editor and publisher regrets that in the overcrowded state of the pressroom consequent upon this season of the year that the inside pages exhibit in several places evidences of carelessness on the part of the pressmen; this was not discovered by him until the whole immense edition had been worked off; to throw away the stock and work off a new edition involved large loss, but it would have been done, only that the paper could not have been published on time.

## To Orthodox Ministers.

Gentlemen, the JOURNAL respects you as a class of able and well meaning leaders in morals and religion. As men you are, generally, vastly better, more humane and moral, than the creeds on which you stand and whose doctrines you seldom portray in their bald hideousness. We invite your sober attention to the advances making in psychical research, and to the claims of Spiritualism. It will not do for you to affirm on *a priori* grounds that these things cannot be, that they are contrary to Revelation and the will of God. That mistake has been made too often by your predecessors when attempting to combat facts which to their narrow vision seemed to militate against their theology. It will not do for you to cry fraud, or the devil, or delusion; such cries will not scare your flocks nor restrain them from deserting your folds. Meet the emergency like nineteenth century men! Possess yourselves of all there is to be learned, adjust your theology accordingly, and help us in the great work of bringing man to know himself.

## Don't Forget

That the JOURNAL is \$2.50 a year, and that we want every friendly reader to actively aid in extending its circulation. If you like the paper, your congenial friends will like it too. Solicit their subscriptions before the year closes, and see what a glow it will give you to send in a new subscriber, one or more.

We regret exceedingly that we cannot expand this number of the JOURNAL sufficiently to cover the whole splendid list of contributions especially written for it. Sometime, when our ability to meet the demands of the times is sufficiently augmented by the co-operation of those whose interests in the cause are identical and equally imperative with our own, we shall make a paper big enough to embody all that should go into it.

## Progress of Psychical Research.

The American Society for Psychical Research has just held its annual public meeting in Boston. Reports of committees, a review of the work and the needs of the society were laid before the audience. No headway seems to have been made during the year in the investigation of physical phenomena. The doubtful and wholly worthless exhibitions so long rampant in Boston under the protection and fostering care of *The Banner of Light* seem to have produced a state of near chronic disgust among the scientific researchers as is compatible with dignity and the spirit of science. Apparently the committee on physical phenomena think they will be obliged to look beyond the Hub to find anything worthy of their attention. Thus, owing to the domination of tricksters, is the genuine medium in Boston put to a disadvantage. In the way of phantasms, presentiments, experiments in telepathy and investigations of trance phenomena, the society reports considerable and on the whole most satisfactory headway. To those unfamiliar with the complex difficulties attending any really trustworthy investigation such as will bear scrutiny, the work accomplished by the society may seem meager, but to such as have learned even a little about the stupendous subject, the progress made will be deemed most encouraging. Prof. William James struck the core when he said that the laziness of the members of the society was the reason why so few satisfactory results had been obtained; and his demand that they brace up in their contributions of time and money was pertinent. "We have important work to do, if we can only keep alive," said Prof. James. The opinion of this Harvard professor is voiced by all other candid men who have gained even the slightest view of the rich psychical field that lies all about us.

The Western Society for Psychical Research should arouse from its lethargy and take hold of its work with fresh vigor. This society has a personnel free from the incubi of *a priori* methods and bias, and is in this particular much more favorably organized for work than either the British or American societies. All it has done for more than a year to show it still existed was to secure a lecture from that brilliant genius, Elliott Copes. That was a good bit of work so far as it went, but it should have been followed up by practical experiments, the need of which was so cogently set forth by Prof. Copes. There is no want of money among the members and friends of the W. S. P. R. It has some funds in the treasury and the nucleus of a fine library; now let it show its right to an existence.

## The Signs of The Times.

Such was the title of an eloquent lecture delivered in this city last spring by Prof. Elliott Copes, under the auspices of the Western Society for Psychical Research. It was published in full at the time by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and republished in other newspapers in various parts of the world and in some half dozen languages. The demand for this able presentation of subjects than which none can be more important, has steadily kept up. In compliance with this call Prof. Copes has carefully revised the address and made some additions and it is now in press by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. It will be ready for the market this week, and orders may at once be sent us. It makes a pamphlet of fifty-six pages and is printed on extra heavy and fine paper. Price fifteen cents. One hundred copies, \$10.00. Fifty copies, \$6.00. Twenty-five copies, \$3.25. No variation from these prices except on single orders for five hundred copies or more.

For individual study and as an effective missionary document it has no superior. We ought to be able to chronicle a distribution of one hundred thousand copies within the next six months.

## A Mosaic.

Spiritualism touches deeply all Christian hearts so far as it teaches that the souls of those dead to our senses are not far away but near. Out of present chaos in thought and feeling and belief, we may hope to see evolved in due course—and perhaps at no distant day—a spiritual and intellectual cosmos, or orderly and harmonious disposition of human thought on fundamental questions of life. Unutterable is the joy that comes to life when it has learned to make all things else to subserve soul; it sees the miracle fade out of history only to reappear in the present hour. And thus are we nearing the blessed years when the despair of the past will no longer obscure the eternal hope of the Gospel of Christ—an aspiration after the Infinite, heaving the soul up toward the Eternal Perfection.

We think the above paragraph makes a good bit of editorial. We don't hesitate to say so, because there is not an original word in it. It is made up of sentences from the contributions on another page of *Swing, Copes, Stuart, Thomas and Newton*, in the order named.

Our esteemed friend and contributor Prof. Swing quotes the beautiful lines of Mrs. Stowe which have comforted so many hearts. It is well known that Mrs. Stowe's husband, the learned theological professor, was a clairvoyant and clairaudient; that the Spirit-world was as real to him as this. A number of Mrs. Stowe's relatives are avowed Spiritualists.















For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
STEP UP, AND AHEAD!

EMMA TUTTLE.

Each life has a key-note which governs its march  
From its dawn to the house in the dust,  
And 'tis mine that we hail with our heartiest  
praise,  
The ones who are born to be just.

All hail to the just man! we honor his worth,  
And we pray that his days may be long,  
But I cheer for the just man whose motto is this:  
"Step up, and ahead, and grow strong!"

The world is made better and brighter by these,  
And less like a wilderness lone,  
Which men travel through, with their feet in the mire,  
Regretting the day they were born.

It gladdens us all when a brother calls out,  
Directing the laggardly throng,  
And bids them, by showing them how it is done,  
Step up, and ahead, and grow strong!

Step up, and ahead! not to glory and fame,  
But excel in whatever you do;  
In learning, in building, in cooking, in all  
The labors you daily pursue.

It is not worth while to be calmly content  
With only just moping along,  
The Vanguard of Progress would cheerily say  
"Step up, and ahead, and grow strong!"

The motto so goldenly wrought in their lives,  
Which no one to follow should dread,  
Is that by which God teaches souls to advance;  
It is this one: Step up, and ahead!

When the angel of Death comes to usher them in  
To the Heaven, whence their excellence leads,  
He will only repeat the good words they have  
lived,  
And bid them step up, and ahead.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
A Soldier Assisting at His Own Funeral.

JOHN E. PURDON, M. D.

In the year 1872, while in the charge of the convalescent hospital, Sandown, Isle of Wight, I returned from a short visit to London, bringing with me for change and rest Miss Florence Cook, who afterwards became so celebrated a medium. On the evening of my return home, I took a walk with Miss Cook along the cliffs towards Shanklin. During the walk she drew my attention to a soldier who was standing in a curious way, turning round and staring at me, and omitting the usual military salute which she had noticed the other men give as they passed by. As I could see no one at the time my curiosity was excited, and when she said the man had passed a still just in front of us, I crossed over and looked carefully about. No soldier was in sight; on one side was an open field, on the other the perpendicular cliffs. I asked a country man at work in the field if he had seen a soldier pass just before I appeared, but he had not.

On my return from town I found that a certain chronic patient who had been a long time in the hospital, and on whom I had performed a minor surgical operation some time before, had died of pulmonary consumption. I made the usual military post mortem examination the same day, the next day being fixed for his funeral.

Miss Cook and another young lady on a visit to my wife, never having seen a military funeral, persuaded her to take them to a cross roads where they would see the troops pass without being seen themselves. As we marched past, the coffin being carried on a gun carriage, Miss Cook said to my wife, "Why is the little man in front dressed differently from the other soldiers?" My wife answered that she could not see any one in front, nor could the other girl either. Miss Cook then said, "Why does he not wear a big hat like the others? He has on a small cap and is holding his head down." They then returned home and the funeral party passed on to the graveyard which was two miles from the hospital. Just after the firing party had fallen in to march home, Hospital Sergeant Malandine came up to me in the graveyard and said: "Private Edwards reports sick, sir, and asks permission to return by train." I asked what was the matter, and the sergeant answered that Edwards had had a great fright from seeing the man we were burying looking down into his own grave at the coffin before it was covered by the clay!

On my return to my quarters I found the family at dinner, and had hardly sat down when the room was filled with loud and continuous knocks, under my chair, under my plate, etc. We tried to find out in the usual way what was the cause of the disturbance and the astonishing answer I got was, "Damn you, you cut me!" The name given was "Jerry," which was the nick-name in the hospital of the patient we had just buried. I may add that this man hung about me at intervals for some time and showed his dislike by disturbing sittings at my house and at Mrs. Cook's house in London.

I need not say that I considered my wife's report of what Miss Cook had said about the man walking in front of the hearse, a most remarkable confirmation of the truth of the report previously made to me in the churchyard. I made a close enquiry into all the circumstances of this strange case and from which it appeared evident to me that the four different manifestations, viz., the appearance on the cliff on the evening of the autopsy, the appearance on the road as the funeral passed, the appearance at the grave to another party, and the dining room scene were related phenomena of common psychological origin. I can guarantee that the manifestations were not due to that extraordinary vital activity which we have reason to believe is often exhibited just before the true death of the body. What, then, was the cause?

Valley Head, Ala.

I distinctly remember the circumstances of the above case; the facts are as represented.  
HANNAH S. PURDON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
An Apparition.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the forest of Roseendale was dismanted of the sturdy oak, and farms grew up where the Tudor prince hunted deer. In one of the secluded hamlets of this now industrial region, near the headwaters of the Irwell, lived a stalwart farmer with his wife. They were pious people of the Baptist faith, and James Maden, as sincere and pure a man as ever bowed the knee to Jesus, occupied the humble pulpit at Gambleside.

This hamlet stood outside of the current and bustle of the world. Religion and the simple routine of a farmer's life formed the staple topic of the homely farmer's thought. Crime was little known, and newspapers hardly ever wandered into those quiet solitudes at that time. Mrs. Greenwood was a true Christian woman and diligent in all good works. She had a tall but slender frame, blue eyes and a mental temperament.

She could read and write well, and knew nearly all Watts' hymns by heart. This good woman often took me to Gambleside chapel, a distance of three miles over the bare peak of a dreary hill. The fields were divided from one another by high stone fences, built generations ago. To accomplish the journey we had to go through many gates and get over many stiles. At one gate she always paused and gazed in deep meditation, for some object which I could not see, riveted her attention. She would say: "Can't you see him?"

"I would say, 'I can not see anything.'"  
"I see," said she, "a stalwart man, here on a fine bay horse. His bearing and carriage is that of a gentleman of the time of Queen Anne."

Being a boy of tender years my hair stood on end, my skin rose up in pimples, and every hillock my imagination made into a ghostly appearance. This strange apparition she always saw at this spot, and she traveled that road twice a week for thirty years. The apparition was always the same; its position never changed. The silent specter gave forth no sign, told no tales. It was a mounted, silent ghost.

Mr. Greenwood took a notion into his head to dig a hole in the ground and see what he could find. He found a mutilated skeleton of a horse, and the pelvic bone of a man. What explanation can science give of this fact? What wonderful and profound mysteries are wrapped up in the crust of this old world. Does the soil we tread upon photograph the word and action of men? Is there some undiscovered mode of substance in nature which takes the photographs of all situations and all the actors who have crossed the boards of time. What a great unrealized thought that we are surrounded at every moment of our lives with invisible spirits leading us forward over untrodden paths of civilization; something unseen makes history and controls destiny.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
An Index of the Times.

ELLIOTT COUES.

Permit me to join your many friends in congratulating you upon the increased health and strength of the JOURNAL and in wishing for it the life of increased usefulness. It cannot but be a large factor in the promotion of sound psychic science, and seems likely to occupy in the future a still more prominent and influential place than it has in the past. The views which, in the main the JOURNAL has always advocated are steadily gaining ground. It voices views which thousands of thinking men and women hold in privacy, because the public conscience is not yet acute enough, and public morals are not yet high enough, to make it expedient for them to come out openly with their truest and best sentiments. Few are so fortunately circumstanced that they can afford to openly resist the pressure of public ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, superstition and social sham which instantly hush down upon one whose voice is heard upon other than the vulgar side of the problems of life. The mushy messes which are continually cooked up in the private parlors of antichurches sap vitality of thought, and the venomous virus which infects the Catholic portion of the community induces paralysis of will-power; yet we may hope in time to see such evils cured if the course the JOURNAL has consistently taken be any real index of our rate of progress.

Out of present chaos in thought and feeling and belief we may hope to see evolved in due course—and perhaps at no distant day—a spiritual and intellectual cosmos, or orderly harmonious disposition of human thought on fundamental questions of life. As you know, I firmly believe we are at one of the turning-points or rounding-up periods in the evolution of our race. Such epochs have always been marked with the apparent disorder and confusion which is inseparable from all times of transition. Europe and America are to day in a turmoil like that which marked the messianic age in countries whose centres were Jerusalem, Alexandria, Athens, and Rome, when the Jewish Jehovah, the Egyptian Osiris, the Greek Zeus and the Latin Jove were fighting for supremacy against one another and against the new light of theosophists like St. Paul, and the older light of gnostics like Valentinus and Basilides. Only the conflict is to-day on a vastly larger scale, and the opposing forces are millions instead of thousands. The psychic wave of a triumphant Christianity has at length exhausted itself, having spent its force upon the rocks of materialism. But the Spirit is never without its witness. Another wave is gathering power. Its very name is not yet fully known; nor is its power realized as yet. That it is upon us, however, is witnessed by the public disquietude and uneasiness along every line of mental and moral evolution.

Happy they who fall in with the Divine Will, setting not their individual opinions up against high heaven. For the hour is come. And what of the man?

The Gnostic Theosophical Society joins me in hearty congratulations and all good will.  
Washington, D. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
A Spirit Appears on Board An Ocean Steamer.

If I should send you accounts of all the strong and sure evidences of the communication between this and the Spirit-world, that have come to me personally without the presence of medium, they would more than fill the columns of your brave and splendid paper.

One of the shortest of these experiences happened on board an ocean steamer crossing the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York during the month of September, 1881.

The state-room assigned to me, having been engaged at the last moment, was so uncomfortable that I finally succeeded in securing the room belonging to the chief engineer, similar to that of the captain's—large, airy, delightfully situated at one end of the upper deck and commanding a magnificent view of the ocean, superbly illuminated every night by the light of a full moon. I enjoyed this impressive scene so much that after I was snugly tucked in my berth, the servant in attendance upon that particular room, drew the curtain's apart from the open door, thus letting in a flood of moonlight making every object in the room distinctly visible.

On one of these brilliant nights, just as I was falling asleep, I became vaguely conscious of hearing my name called close to my ear in a loud, eager, earnest whisper. At the third repetition of the name I awoke fully, and saw a graceful, white-robed woman's figure bending over and trying to arouse me. Appearing as it did suddenly and unexpectedly, I was so startled and terrified that I violently and involuntarily jumped

from the berth to the middle of the floor. My heart bounded in great leaps, but my eyes were transfixed to the beautiful figure which then floated rapidly but smoothly across the entire length of the state room and apparently vanished into the ceiling wall. As it receded I noticed the long and beautiful hair of a rare and peculiar shade of reddish brown, exactly like that belonging to a cousin who passed away some years ago. Tremblingly I crept back into the berth and spent the rest of the night lamenting my own foolishness.

If I had only known enough to have kept perfectly calm and tranquil, the chances are that I could have conversed with this charming lady. As it was, through my silly fears, weak lack of self-control and violent leap to the floor, I greatly disturbed the delicate conditions which, previously, had been so harmonious as to enable her to approach and speak to me. The shock in my mind reacted upon hers, or perhaps the electrical currents were displaced, and she was forced to go. What a disappointment it must have been to her after her partial success. "But why did she come, what has happened, what had she to tell me," were the questions that flashed through my brain during the rest of the passage. I soon knew her reason for coming. The first news I heard, after landing, related to the sudden death of an intimate and mutual friend of both my cousin and myself. Counting back to the night of her appearance, it was the very one on which this friend departed. Making allowance for the difference of time her visit was timed near the hour of golden entrance into the Spirit-world, which presupposes the fact that she used to be of the change and was desirous in her impulsive way, of preparing me for news. E. Hartford, Conn.

[For reasons thought cogent by the writer the name is omitted, but we can vouch for her sincerity and truthfulness.—ED. JOURNAL.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
A Glimp of Sunshine.

RETTA S. ANDERSON.

The southern door of our cottage swung slightly open upon a still afternoon, not long ago, admitting a flood of mellow, autumn sunlight, and I looked up, half-expecting to see the familiar face of Mrs. B., a warm friend of mine, although I knew that the golden rays were leaving her home, and were to have that quiet way of coming in, and the incident gave my mind, which had been flitting from the blue haze to nothingness, something to reflect upon.

I turned to a window overlooking the little house, across the street, from which she went to the new life, leaving two little girls motherless. Her only regret was at thus leaving them. I thought bitterly of her fate, and said to myself, "There cannot be a wise design in such injustice. Why was she taken in the bloom of womanhood, when old people, all around her, were anxious to go? Her work was at its fullness—there is no wisdom in anything."

"Click!" said the gate, and turning, I saw two spirits—little girls—and they rattled their shoes upon the walk, most musically, and they ran to the house with more rapidity than dignity. They were the spirits of Mrs. B.'s children, and when my arms opened, they accepted the invitation, and pressed their cheeks against mine and talked like a pair of magpies. Understand, these spirits are yet struggling with earthly lessons, which are only beginning. They had always been favorites of mine, but upon that day, I felt more than love for them.

A moment passed of that wordless interchange, which children and those who love children understand, and then the younger one took my face between her wee hands, and said, "I believe you look more like a grandma used to," and the other grasped my hand, nervously, and looked into my face, too. I did not try to deceive them regarding the fancied resemblance, for their hungry souls may have seen what is indiscernible to others.

As I talked with them about dolls and story books, and about the good that brave little folks can do in the world, I wondered if their spirit-mother, yearning for her darlings, had not taken advantage of my mental vacancy, to possess herself of my arms and eyes, for the purpose of expressing them. If so I would be glad to know that she remained to enjoy the very satisfactory visit; for the little flesh clad spirits revived my sinking hopes of a future life, and left the house full of sunshine.

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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
DEVOTED TO  
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Must not Immortality Reach Into the Past as well as into the Future.

Hudson Tuttle.

Whatever has a beginning must have an end; therefore when it is asserted that the spirit of man is immortal, it follows that it must have always pre-existed: an endless future necessitating, logically, an endless past. This is the startling objection met by those who maintain immortal life after the death of the body, and he d to be unanswerable. It is sealed by the hypothesis of pre-existence and re-incarnation, which maintain that the spirit is an indestructible entity, constantly rehabilitating itself in forms of flesh; but this hypothesis is only a supposition made in the childhood of the race to meet a doubt, and in the fullness of age of accurate thought it seems an anachronism. If we accept the doctrine of evolution—and, as the immediate explanation of the phenomena of living beings, it is the only, and a complete explanation—then we must also receive as true the corollary that intellect and intelligence are evolved out of the transformations of living beings, and that individualized spirit, if there be such an entity, must be the last link in the vast organic series from which it has sprung into being. In other words, with an indeterminate future it has had a determinable past.

With the physical form given to offspring, is also given spiritual entity which shall live past the decay of that body, and be an independent being, and center of force.

Is this visionary? Lately an eminent physician claimed that under proper conditions physical life might be greatly prolonged, and man be able to live in his body forever. All that is essential is the preservation of the equilibrium between the forces of renovation and decay. If they could be maintained in perfect balance, life would be prolonged to the limit of the maintenance of that equilibrium, and an immortal oak or lion would be as possible as an immortal man; but with the gross forms of matter this cannot be preserved. The forces of growth and renovation until the full tide of maturity is reached, and then decay claims mastery. There is not enough material furnished to replace the waste of the body, and it wears out and falls off at death. It is then that a new entity becomes recognizable. The material has become spiritual. Only within the refined spiritual realm can we expect to find the perfection we seek. It is a new province, subject to new conditions and new laws. There is seemingly an impassable gulf between matter and spirit, yet we shall find it possible to throw an arch across. Nature loves such blank spaces; she loves the black bars in the spectrum as well as the light. Between the tadpole and the frog there is a chasm which, unless the change had been observed, would be deemed impassable. Between the caterpillar and the butterfly, the worm eating rough herbage, and the gaudy winged creature floating like a wind-blown leaf from flower to flower, the contrast is even greater.

How shall we pass the abyss between matter and spirit? More correctly, how shall we look beyond the dead physical body to the individualized spirit, and account to the satisfaction of science for the maintenance of immortal individuality from the wreck of organization brought to its most perfected term? While the animal has a similar organization, in its way, and compared to its environment as perfect, why is it that the claim is made that the individuality of the animal is lost at death while that of

man is preserved? These are all vital questions and rest on the logical affirmation that whatever has a beginning must have an end. If man has a spirit, the objector affirms that animals must have also. There is no sharp break in the series and hence no stopping point from the highest to the lowest, and consequently the primitive amoeba, and protoplasmic cell must have immortal spirit. This by *reductio ad absurdum* destroys the affirmation of the immortality of the highest as well as the lowest.

We may regard the physical body as the scaffolding, and when it fails, the incomplete arch of intelligence built thereon falls with it; but this arch becomes more and more perfect until in man it is perfected, and when the physical platform by which it has been constructed falls at death, the arch remains. This is an illustration of the idea, and not produced as evidence. For this evidence we must consider the more obscure doctrines of force and its relations to matter. If we go back to the beginning to the primal chaos we find visible matter and invisible force. We may take one step further and find force only, regarding matter as the form of its manifestation. This, however, is not an essential admission in this discussion.

This force is the first revelation of an intelligent, ever active, persistent energy, which pulsates through the universe. What lies back of it, from whence it springs, we may not know. It is unknown, though perhaps, not unknowable.

When force emerges into view in its connection with the primal elements, unconditioned, its tendency is to move in direct lines. This is illustrated in crystallization which may be called the first manifestation of life—the dynamic force of life. This force which is seen in the formation and revolution of worlds, is vortex-like in the vegetable kingdom, it becomes spiral, and more and more circular as it ascends through the animal kingdom to its higher forms and in man becomes completely so. This statement will be better understood by the accompanying diagram.

Diagram of Force.

The straight line a, represents primary force as manifested in the world cloud, or nebulous vapor of the "beginning." It was the force that directed every atom to the common center of the cosmic mass. If its history be traced, it will be found that the motion of the atom starting on a straight line for the center is deflected by the resistance of the crowding atoms, and approaches the center by a parabolic curve. In other words the cosmic cloud would form a vortex like a whirlpool, and the rotatory motion developed would, before the accumulation of any great mass at the center, prevent any further aggregation; and the rotating belts would after condensation into worlds continue to revolve in spiral circles, which because of the masses not being homogeneous would correct their variations by spiral orbits which often reaching a minimum distance from the center, retrace themselves by the worlds traversing a spiral orbit that becomes constantly larger, until a maximum of distance had been gained. This explanation of planetary motions has really no connection with the present discussion, except as it illustrates the parallel between the circle gained by individualized masses, and the circle gained by individualized spirit.

The line of force directly acting, is the dynamic energy of matter. It passes into the world of life in an ascending spiral, that at each ascension, instead of completing itself, rises to a higher degree. The spirals at b represent the life of plants; and those at c animal life, now termed vital energy or vital force. There is incompleteness, and the force ever ascends to a higher form. At d the spiral becomes a circle. The evolving or individualizing energy returns within its orbit, and instead of extending to higher forms, seeks the perfection of the human being. If, now, the inflowing forces represented by the dotted line e, be cut off the individualization of the product of that force is complete. It stands alone. The orbit of the forces of its rotation is fixed and indestructible. As in the planetary orbit, caused by an oscillation between extremes, there will be variations, but a constant return to the point of departure. The cosmic energy or force having ascended through this pathway becomes individualized as at d, and death severing the bond at e, the spirit as the center of force becomes as at a, entirely

detached from the stream of living beings. The force that apparently had a beginning, at least such to our consciousness, has by the cumulative processes of life embodied all that is valuable and is enabled to exist alone; returning forever within itself, maintaining a perfect equilibrium between the sentient intellectual and moral natures it has acquired. It is the focus of these. There is no end to the individualized force in this direction, in other words, spirit is immortal; it follows that vegetable and animal types along the spiral represent incompleteness to such an extent as to forbid existence after detachment from the impelling current. This can only be attained by development carried to a certain degree, below which the force must disappear with the organization which manifests it.

## MEXICO'S GREAT SHRINE.

Mr. T. B. Connery Describes the Strange Painting of Gaudalupe.

A Picture of the Virgin which Catholics Believe to Be Miraculous and Which Painters Have Pronounced Impossible of Execution by Known Human Methods—Four Distinct Kinds of Art Harmonized.

A. the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In sending you enclosed clipping from the New York World of yesterday upon the subject of a claimed supernatural painting, said to have been produced in Mexico for the benefit of a Roman Catholic church building, I am induced, by my own experience in the line of such mysterious productions, to express the opinion that no church goer of any denomination and no Spiritualist should dismiss with a bare sneer the record furnished by the World in support of this alleged "miracle," as being unworthy of credit. That such a painting should have been produced in the manner and upon the material stated is not to be lightly rejected in these latter days, when evidence of ultrahuman powers producing works of art is no longer of rare occurrence.

In this connection I recall to memory that in 1866-7 a planchette, under my hand, produced a drawing of a very savage monster in human form, supplied with wings and armed with a club. He was tearing up a tree by the roots—the top having been twisted off previously; and his club, his attitude and savage glare showed it was to be used in some malicious manner. Now, though this drawing was artistically done under my own hand, I furnished neither the mind to design nor the skill to execute it. Some outside intelligence supplied both. I had not skill enough to copy it. I looked with curiosity and wonder as it was being drawn, to learn what it was that should be produced on the great piece of coarse wrapping paper which was used.

The record of such so called mysterious productions is to be found in the history of every age. The Romish church has had its share in the past and no doubt has in the present also. BRONSON MURRAY.

New York, Dec. 17th, 1888.

THE WORLD'S ACCOUNT.

One of the greatest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico was celebrated last Wednesday. It was the anniversary of the apparition of the Virgin at Gaudalupe on Dec. 12, 1551, to the poor Indian named Juan Diego. She commanded him to erect a chapel in her honor, and as a sign, directed the Indian to gather flowers on the barren hill where she appeared. On the *tilma*, or blanket, in which he carried the flowers was found a picture of the Virgin, and it has since been an object of adoration. More than \$2,000,000 had been collected for the coronation of this miraculous painting; but the ceremony was postponed, it is said, owing to instructions from the Vatican.

Below is an account of the strange painting, written by Mr. Thomas B. Connery. In explanation of the statement contained in Mr. Connery's communication, to the effect that special permission was granted by the Archbishop of Mexico to make an examination, a few words are necessary.

At a dinner party given at the French Embassy in the City of Mexico the conversation turned upon the subject of the sacred picture. Mr. Connery, who had seen it often before, expressed a desire to be afforded a special opportunity to inspect and examine it under more favorable conditions than are ordinarily granted. Count de Viel-Castel, the French Minister, and his extremely amiable lady volunteered to obtain the desired permission. Many difficulties had to be overcome, and some irritating delays occurred before this permission was obtained. But finally Archbishop Labastida gave his official authorization, and the little party that had been formed at the French Minister's residence, including the Countess Viel-Castel and her maid, proceeded to Gaudalupe. The painting at that time was temporarily resting over the altar of the little Capuchin chapel next door to the Cathedral, in consequence of the repairs and redecoration then progressing

at the latter. Mr. Connery, with one companion, had to climb the altar, leaving the rest of the party on the church floor. The examination was made with much care, and subsequently repeated by Mr. Connery on two more occasions.

## THE MIRACLE OF TEPEYAC.

About a league northward of the City of Mexico the hill of Tepeyac rises from the elevated plain like a huge pyramid. Around this barren rocky hill has grown up in the course of centuries the little *pueblo* called Gaudalupe, which the Spaniards claim means "the River of Light" in the Arabic language, while Mexican writers assert it is derivable from two Aztec words, signifying "the Conqueror of Demons." It appears to be admitted that the word Tepeyac is pure Aztec, meaning the "Mother of God." Before the conquest Tepeyac was the site of a temple to the goddess "Tonantzin," the protectress of agriculture, worthy of special remembrance only as the one deity in the Indian mythology to whom no human sacrifices were offered. Today Tepeyac is the site of a magnificent Catholic temple dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and containing a famous painting, which all good Mexicans, in common with many of their good people, believe to be miraculous.

It has endured for over three centuries and a half, always commanding the reverence and admiration of the devout, and now it is proposed, with the sanction of the Holy See, to enrich it with a crown of gold as a token of approval of the general Mexican faith that the painting is a supernatural work sent by the Virgin Mother of God, to show her special interest in and protection of the native race of Anahuac. Towards this coronation ceremony an incredibly large sum of money has been contributed by the faithful, and whenever it is permitted to take place by the powers that be nothing will be spared to lend grandeur and picturesqueness to the event.

It is to this painting that I wish to direct the attention of the American people in a special manner through your columns, recounting, as briefly as is consistent with the subject, a recent inspection and examination I was permitted to make through the courtesy of Archbishop Labastida, of the Archdiocese of Mexico.

To enable your readers to understand the subject, let me briefly explain the origin of the picture as described by all the authorities. On the 13th of December, 1531, the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego while passing the hill of Tepeyac on his way to mass. She told him she had selected him on account of his piety to be her messenger to Zumarraga, the then Archbishop of Mexico. She wished him to tell the Archbishop to build on Tepeyac a temple in her honor as the special patroness of the Mexican race. The Archbishop, fearing the Indian was under a delusion, made him seek the Virgin for some sign by which he would know the message was really from herself. The Indian obeyed, and the Virgin commanded Diego to gather flowers on the barren hills and bring them to her. Flowers had never grown there before, but now the Indian found them in abundance, and, filling his *tilma*, or blanket, he carried them to the Virgin.

"Go," said the Virgin, returning the *tilma* and the flowers to the Indian, "go to the Archbishop and tell him these are my signs."

When at length Diego opened his *tilma* in the presence of the Archbishop the flowers tumbled on the floor, diffusing a delicious perfume, while on the *tilma* itself was stamped, as to day, the figure of the Virgin. No longer doubting, the Archbishop immediately caused to be erected on the spot designated a little chapel, or *ermita*, as it is called in Mexico, as the temporary depository of the Sacred painting, and there or thereabouts it remained until a grander edifice could be built.

## THINGS HARD TO EXPLAIN.

Over the high altar of the magnificently decorated Cathedral of Gaudalupe may be seen this extraordinary picture enclosed in a crystal case framed with solid gold. On account of its conspicuous position it attracts the attention at once on entering the church. Millions of people have viewed it and in late years many Americans have hastily glanced up at the painting while wandering through the church. But very few have given more than a passing look, leaving the church with a quiet sneer at the blind credulity of the natives. "Yes, it is a good picture, but there is nothing extraordinary about it," I have heard many foreign visitors exclaim. With all due deference to them I propose, to prove that there is much that is very extraordinary indeed about it, and though personally I am not prepared to accept the theory of a supernatural origin, I feel compelled to acknowledge that there are some things about it that cannot be explained humanly—some things that have puzzled many a great painter and transformed many a sceptic into an ardent believer. Let me specify a few of these things:

First—The painting has been executed on a cloth the most unsuitable for such work—coarse native fabric called "ayate," manufactured from the maguey plant. According to artists as to worse species of cloth could have been selected as a canvas.

Second—The closest and most expert examination shows no evidence of any preparation whatever such as artists know to be necessary to dispose of a cloth or canvas to receive colors.

Third—This painting combines four different kinds of painting, each kind requiring a distinct preparation or disposition of the canvas, and yet all four harmoniously blended, though inconsistent with each other according to the rules of art.

Fourth—Its preservation, clearness of outline and freshness of color are simply marvelous, after three centuries and a half of exposure in an atmosphere which has been fatal to all other paintings in less than one century.

Let it be noted here that I do not touch the theological reasons that have been advanced to prove the divine origin of the picture. I confine myself to a rational examination such as may appeal to unbeliever and offer as well as to the most devout, and I propose to offer facts that may be received and put to the test by the most scientific. Having done this I will leave the inferences to be drawn by the public.

From the body of the church the painting does not strike the beholder as possessing any unusual qualities. It looks pretty in the midst of its costly surroundings, with the magnificent altar as a sort of setting. The nearer one approaches the better it seems, and when one is close up to it the exquisite delicacy of the work is startling. So that whatever we may think of its origin the quality is such that any artist might be proud of its authorship. And here let me ask is it not strange that no artist has ever yet claimed it?

## AN AZTEC TYPE.

A modern writer says: "This picture belongs to no known school, nor does it recall any other image of the Virgin." This I can affirm from my own observation, for there is no face better known through the great masters than that of the "Blessed Virgin." Cuevas remarks that the Gaudalupe image is outside of all the traditions and yet the first glance leaves no doubt that it is intended to depict the Blessed Virgin. "It is the Virgin Mexicanized," says Cuevas, "transformed into Aztec, sublimating the beauty of the Aztec race to the highest degree of which it is capable."

"The Virgin" is represented as a girl of about sixteen years—the face of inexpressible sweetness and piety. The back of the head is covered by a cloak, which falls gracefully over the shoulders, covering partially the breast at either side. Under the cloak is her tunic, extending from the neck to the feet. The head and body are inclined to the right, the face directed towards the ground. The hands are joined as in prayer or supplication. The feet rest on a cherub's head, and the entire body is encircled by a resplendent of rays of gold. To describe the colors is impossible. Somehow they are indescribable. The cloak is a sort of green and blue at the same time, the tunic or dress is pinkish and velvet with rare flowers of gold here and there. The mantle or cloak is decorated with stars. The exquisite finish of the tunic is such that a great painter of the past century declared no human artist could have performed it. The touches are finer than hair. Seen close, the hands and face are a delicate shade of brown, like that of Indians, while in the distance they assume a pearly tint. The hair as left uncovered by the cloak, is black and arranged somewhat in the simple style of noble Indian ladies. Strange to say, the face is at the same time Jewish and Aztec, as has often been remarked, and the whole painting suggests something of the ancient Greek and Oriental figures, something of the figures of the middle ages and of the last centuries, as well as of the Egyptian and the Aztec. "What human painter," exclaims Cuevas, "could have united in his work all the art schools of the world in all ages, with a supreme originality of conception and execution?"

First, as to the cloth or canvas. It is both coarse and thinly woven, and some idea of its curious unfitness to receive colors or serve as a background for anything like a painting may be formed when it is stated that one may go behind it and look through the fibres. As a matter of fact, standing on the reverse side of the picture the church may be seen in much the same way as looking through the shutters of a window. This brings me naturally to my

Second assertion, namely, that the cloth or canvas shows no evidence of having been prepared to receive colors in any way, certainly in no way known to artists. If the surface had been prepared or primed the view through the fibres of the cloth would be obstructed, whereas I have shown that the fact is otherwise. A painter cannot work without colors or brush. Neither can I paint without a superfluous properly prepared to receive the colors. A different preparation or disposition of the surface of the canvas is necessary in each class or kind of painting. Many an expert examination has been made without detecting a trace of preparation or priming, a fact which has filled the artistic world with wonder. Standing alone perhaps it would not be sufficient basis for declaring that the painting is of supernatural origin, but taken with the other extraordinary features, to which I shall next allude, it certainly staggers the mind and disposes one to view with less tendency to ridicule the startling claim that there exists really a work of art which owes its conception and execution to no human mind or hands.

## FOUR KINDS OF PAINTING.

Third—The four species of painting which it is asserted are combined and successfully blended in the painting are oil, distemper, water color and another form of distemper.

Fourth—This painting combines four different

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



ed into the past, we will crown thee our welcome guest through youth; yea, even unto old age, when the bells of '89 shall chant thy requiem and send forth peals of welcome to the new-comer, whom we shall christen, "1890."



We offer greeting and congratulation to the JOURNAL, because of its steady, onward march towards the goal of its ambition. May its aim be lofty and its standard above criticism. May its editor and his associates be inspired by the wise and progressed of both worlds. May malice, envy or deceit be unknown to its columns, through expression or by silent influence. May personal vilification or animosity never crop out to the pain or discomfort of its readers. May truth and a solid resting place within its purposes. May naught that shall retard the advancement of the glorious cause of Spiritualism find favor in its eyes or lodgment on its pages. May it continue healthy, vigorous and prosperous. As time rolls on, may each year bring to all interested in the JOURNAL the joyous satisfaction of having passed yet another mile-post on the road to that grand unfoldment of the spirit, which is within the reach of all who will "strive without ceasing" to attain it. May "all good" and "all for good" be our attendants through the coming year; then, with our left hand in that of the coming New Year, grown old, and our right hand in that of the New Year, always so welcome, we will shout and sing our thanksgiving, causing hillside and valley to echo and re-echo our grateful song of victory.

## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Matter relating to this department should be sent to Mrs. Underwood, 86 South Page St., Chicago.

THE CHICAGO WOMAN'S CLUB AND COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

How necessary it is that women should be granted the right of suffrage has been very clearly exemplified by the results of the action of the Chicago Woman's Club in petitioning the Board of Education to enforce the compulsory school law, which has been hitherto practically null. The petition was received with respect and attention, and the members of the School Board have been struggling with the matter ever since. Of themselves it did not seem to have entered their heads to take any action on a state of affairs in the education department which is a shame and disgrace to the city. With one million dollars in the city treasury to the credit of the Board of Education, and fourteen, if not more, unused building sites at the disposal of the Board,—between forty and fifty thousand Chicago children are left without means of education for lack of school houses! Since the agitation of the enforcement of the compulsory education act, seven new school-houses have been ordered to be built. Then it was discovered that the compulsory education law now on the statute books is so loosely worded as to be incapable of enforcement. The law itself does not designate any officer to enforce it. It only requires attendance at some school twelve weeks in a year, but does not say that they must be twelve consecutive weeks, nor in any one school, so it would be nearly impossible to discover any evasion of the law in respect to time. It does not even say those twelve weeks of attendance are to be at a public school. The latest reported action of the Board of Education was to adopt a report from its judiciary committee pronouncing the law incapable of enforcement, and appointing a committee to prepare a revision of the law for submission to the legislature. When such submitted revision would be acted upon by the legislature, it is impossible to guess. One thing is sure, it would result in no immediate good. In the meantime how are the uneducated school children to be cared for? The *Tribune* advises the establishment of transient schools and proposes that "volunteers from the well disposed and leisured women of Chicago" act as transient officers. If the *Tribune* were as clear-sighted as it ought to be, it would propose instead, political suffrage for all women, giving the mothers of children an opportunity to help make laws in regard to education which can be enforced, and to be able to demand that such a board of education be put in office as will attend to its duties without being reminded of them. But the *Tribune* does not see clearly enough for that yet. Aside from its many other good works the Chicago Woman's Club has reason to be proud of its movement in this matter from which more good yet shall come. The stone it has thrown in the Chicago educational pool is sending little ripples in different parts of the country, reminding other cities of their own shortcomings. From as far away as Springfield, Mass., comes an editorial in the *Republican* headed "A Move by the Chicago Woman's Club" which mentions approvingly the action of the club and declares that "in the United States the ambition for education has been so general that the laws relating to compulsory attendance at school have been allowed to lie in partial if not total neglect, but child vagrancy in American cities is increasing, and some course to lessen its magnitude must be adopted."

The *Republican's* editorial was copied in full in the Boston *Transcript* of Dec. 12th.

Among the interesting women of the day is Miss Marie A. Brown who is as enthusiastic in prosecuting the claims of Leif Erikson as the discoverer of North America was those of Christopher Columbus. As Delia Bacon was in presenting the claims of Francis Bacon as the writer of Shakespeare's plays, Miss Brown has given years of study to this subject, has travelled over a good part of Europe in search of documentary proof, has lectured extensively in support of the claim, has published articles in the leading journals of various countries in regard to it, and has written a book about it, which is just published, entitled "The Icelandic Discoverer of America, or History held with her the other day she informed me that she was also about to start a paper in this city to be called *The Leif Erikson*, to be devoted to the downfall of Catholicism in this country and the upholding of the claims of the Norse discoverers of it. She declares that Catholics were always back of the scheme to foist Christopher Columbus upon the world as the discoverer of America, because Columbus was a Catholic.

Miss Brown's home is in Boston, which she declares is "a Catholic city under Catholic rule" but thinks of making Chicago her headquarters, as she finds it more in sympathy with her views. She is very earnest in conversation and apparently sincere in her convictions, and her large black eyes snap with peculiar brilliancy when she talks of the papal power in America.

## GYNECICIAN NOTES.

At the twentieth annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, lately held in Cincinnati, the question of union with the National Woman Suffrage Association was fully discussed at a morning business session, and a resolution passed unani-

mously, that a committee of eleven members should be chosen by the American Woman Suffrage Association to confer with the National Woman Suffrage Association through such committee or other body as the National Woman Suffrage Association may appoint, and to prepare jointly with them a provisional Constitution and By-Laws for a united association to be composed of both National and American Associations; said constitution to be approved by a majority of each committee, and afterwards submitted to vote in each association separately, in such manner as each may direct. If the constitution is adopted by both, and the two associations are united in one, the officers shall be elected afterwards in such manner as the constitution may provide.

It is hoped that the National W. S. A. will take action on the matter at its next annual convention in Washington and the union be consummated.

The Municipal election held on the 11th of December, 1888, in Boston is an event long to be remembered in that city, for on that occasion between 17,000 and 18,000 women in the face of a pelting northeast rainstorm turned out with the male voters to vote on the school question. Clad in water-proof and rubber overboots, and protected by umbrellas, ladies of Boston's "bluest" blood stood in line with their domestic servants, and with the wives and daughters of tradesmen and mechanics, from the opening of the polls at 7 A. M. until it came their turn to deposit their crumpled ballots. And the world still stands or rather it still "moves." Although it is a pity that the moving impulse to this action on the part of the Boston women was a difference of religious views, yet the fact of its occurrence, with the orderly way in which it was done, will tell on the future of women.

Mrs. Annie Besant and Mrs. Ashton Dilke have just been elected to the London School Board. Mrs. Besant is so popular among the English laboring classes for her earnest work in their behalf, that in passing a shop window where her photograph is displayed, London working-men lift their hats before it in token of their deep respect. She has an interesting though sad face, with large eyes, sweet mouth and dark wavy hair. Mrs. Dilke is also active in the labor reform but her work is mainly among the women workers. She is Secretary of one Women's Labor Union, Treasurer of another, and it was through her efforts that a society of scientific dress-cutters was established. Such women as these who are in daily contact with the people and know their needs cannot fail to be of more worth to a school board than any man, whatever his qualifications.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Interesting Incidents.

R. A. REYD.

I can fill the request for incidents of spirit presence by drawing upon friends to whom I am related by marriage, who severally have had experiences which, if not in this age of the world regarded as remarkable, are at least worthy of being chronicled as testimony in favor of spirit return. The individuals whom I shall introduce in order are Mrs. C., Mrs. P. and Mr. E., who hold the relationship of sisters and brother of one and the same family. The first named is my wife's mother; the second and third are, as a matter of course, her uncle and aunt. I may as well remark at the outset, that no one is more antagonistic to any thing that smacks of Spiritualism than Mrs. C. Mrs. P. does not seem to know anything about it, but thinks from what she has heard that if she were disposed to yield herself to it she might become a medium, but she doesn't want to. Both ladies are perfectly satisfied with the good old Methodist road, and don't care for any other way. Mr. E. was never all d to any church, is open to any conviction that is well founded, and has a favorable leaning toward spiritual matters. Without further introduction I will now present the testimony of my witnesses, which goes to show that natural clairvoyance is inherent in that family.

Many years ago Mrs. C. was residing in a New Jersey city. "I had put my two children to bed," she says, "my little girl and baby-boy. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and I took a seat by the window of our parlor that looked out upon the street, and set admiring the beauty and loveliness of the scene, for the springtime was well advanced and nature was bedecking herself in her finest attire. I had not been sitting there long when I saw a little child run out at front door down the walk to the street gate and there disappear—fade away. I saw it as distinctly as I ever saw any child, and turning to Mr. C., who was in the room, I told him what I had seen, and he replied, 'O! it was your imagination.' So I let it go that it was my imagination, but there was no imagination about it. From the fact of the 'vanishing out of sight,' I was very strongly impressed, and the remembrance is still vivid though much more than forty years have elapsed since that time." Not a great while after that, Mr. and Mrs. C. lost their little boy, the only male child they ever had.

Mrs. P. is a widow and since the death of her husband, something over a year ago, she had been living alone. Not long after her husband's departure she was conscious of his presence on two different occasions. She says: "I was alone, depressed, and weighed down with sorrow. I had been working hard that day, and as I sat down for a moment, I stood before me. I saw him as plainly as if he were now, and did not feel at all alarmed. He had a natural, life-like appearance with a look of pity in his countenance and said, 'A, you are working too hard,—you must not work so hard,' in the same anxious way that he was accustomed to speak when he thought I was over-exerting myself. The next time he came he was with me all day and followed me everywhere, up-stairs and down. I talked with him and he with me; I did not see him but his presence was tangible and real. I felt him to be as much present with me as though I saw him. I have also seen my sister E. on two different occasions since she passed away. She came both times when I was not thinking about her and in the daytime while engaged at my work. Each time she came and leaned over my left shoulder, calling me by name and talking with me. I turned and spoke to her face to face, and at the time it did not seem at all strange to me that I was doing so. She expressed herself as anxious about my health,—feared I was overdoing and warned me against working too hard, much as she used to do when in earth-life. 'Don't work too hard,'—she said, 'remember what I used to tell you—it don't pay.' There was no imagination, no dreaming about it, for it was in the daytime and while I was engaged in my household affairs. There was a feeling of naturalness about it and I had no thought of fear, as one would naturally believe."

Mr. E. has much to do with machinery and is an inventor. Some years since in large factory he was in some way caught by the

belting and carried up in a flash over the pulleys and whirled around and around being crushed and mangled at every revolution. A brother-in-law, Mr. N., employed in the factory as an engineer, entered the room just as Mr. E. was carried up. He could not return to the engine room and stop the engine, for it would take too long, but he stood with desperation at the horrible situation he by main force seized the belt and threw it off the wheel more quickly than I am telling it, and Mr. Emery fell to the floor broken, crushed and insensible. Sometime afterwards two men tried to throw off the same belt while the machinery was in motion and could not do it. Mr. N.'s strength on that occasion was superhuman. Mr. E. says: "When I realized my awful position and that I was being crushed to death my first thought was 'O dear, this is the end of me! I am surely to be killed,' and then I saw my mother before me in mid-air with her arms outstretched as if to receive me, as though she expected that I was now to come to her. This was the last I knew, until some hours afterwards when consciousness gradually dawned upon me. I had been wonderfully rescued from the very jaws of death."

Such instances of spontaneous vision are comforting to a few of "the great hungry world outside the ranks of Spiritualism," but to very many they carry no weight as giving evidence of another life. All atheists and most professed Christians have one point, at least, on which they can agree; one piece of ground on which they can stand and clasp hands in brotherly fellowship, and that is to make common cause of opposition to the fundamental claim of Spiritualism; that the border lands of the visible and invisible worlds lie close together, and that our departed friends may commune with us and become visible to the favored few whose spiritual sight is unfolded.

Were the above cases isolated ones I confess that I should give them but a passing thought, but as thousands upon thousands have had similar experiences they are for me little links that go to make up the great chain of certain evidence that if a man die he shall live again.

Boston, Mass.

## A Hypnotic Exhibition.

Professor Milo de Meyer, a Belgian, gave a private séance of hypnotism at St. James's hall on Nov. 19. Speaking of the *modus operandi* the London *Globe* says:

"His method varied at different stages; but at first, when he was trying his men, he made the subjects lean forward to him at an angle of forty-five degrees; he held their hands by the wrist and asked them to look steadily in his face, thinking of nothing; then, with a sudden jerk, his eyes seemed to dilate, and he stared into their eyes with all the intensity of which he was capable, the eyes of the subject and operator being within a few inches of each other. The effect soon showed itself in an unconquerable desire, on the patient's part, to peer closely and still more closely, into his eyes. Subsequently, he showed that grasping the hands was not necessary. Placing his hand between the shoulders of the subject the same effect was produced,—being first manifested, said one mesmerized individual, by a burning sensation. Later, when he desired a subject to work upon him, he would fix his eyes upon his head at the seat, and the man would gaze like a fascinated bird, remain undecided for a time, then bound across the stage to him. Close proximity was unnecessary after the first time. Half-a-dozen men were sent among the audience, and in various parts of the room sent to sleep by a magnetic glance, in spite of the most energetic efforts to keep them awake. The subject's eyes seemed in each case to dilate as they met those of the professor. On recovery the person operated on would gaze about with bewildered air of one who awakens from a deep sleep, and we fancy from the gestures some of them made that they recovered with severe headaches. An arm stiffened by the mesmerist was insensible to pain, as we proved by pricking the fingers with the point of a knife or a pin. On awakening all memory of the experiences seemed to vanish as in a dream."

A number of the sights were exceedingly unpleasant to look at. For instance, half a dozen men were successively sent among the audience with their mouths distended to the farthest possible limit, and as the trance always causes a vacancy of expression, each face was disagreeably suggestive of that of an idiot with a distorted jaw.

The best part of the entertainment was undoubtedly the series of *tableaux vivants* produced by suggestion and otherwise. For instance, one man got a magnetic toothache which made him writhe and hold his jaw; while another was transformed into a dentist with the teeth out. A very singular picture was made by giving one the appearance of death, while several of his companions were inspired with horror, pity, a desire to pray, or whatever the professor wished. Whenever they struck a good attitude he fixed them in it as though they had been frozen to the spot—one might have taken them for the wax figures in Madame Tussaud's. That their sorrow was real was proved by the tears they dropped, though it passed into a scene of great interest when the faces and awoke them. A dramatic scene was produced by making a man think he was rowing a boat, then that he had been upset and was struggling in the water; a companion, who saw him drowning, flung off his coat and swam out to the rescue, looking most doleful when he thought his friend was dead, but brightening up as he recovered. But the most striking picture of all and one that is likely to attract great attention just now, was that in which a subject was prompted in a trance to commit a shocking murder. At the exact time which had been stated he arose and crept stealthily to his father's bedside and stabbed him twice. Later on he was harrowed by remorse. And that raises a very important question, for could not an unprincipled hypnotist do in reality what M. de Meyer only made a show of doing? The vista of new crimes opened up by the perfection and advancement of this strange science is one of its most repugnant features. Would not a woman who had once submitted to the experiment be ever after at the mercy of the operator?—*London Globe*.

It is of unmistakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at some laudable end.—*Addison*.

Like dogs in the wheel, birds in the cage, or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb, and climb, with great labor, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top. Genius apprehends at once the ties which bind the soul of man to the destinies of society; religion inspires pure minds with the principles to happiness.—*Balzac*.

The more one studies and tries to understand these wonderful laws which rule this world, the more one wonders, worships and admires that which to us is so incomprehensible.—*Princess Alice*.

## Magazines for December, Received Late.

The Home-Maker. (New York.) The different departments are well represented for December by such writers as Marion Harland, Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herrick, Hester M. Poole, and many others. Several of the articles are illustrated and the general style of the magazine is equal to those of an older growth.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The Christmas number of this popular monthly is a most interesting one. Several full page illustrations add to its beauty, and the reading matter occupies almost double the amount of space that it usually does. La Belle Americaine opens its pages and is followed by Sunny House. A variety of reading is added to the above.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) J. H. Allen contributes for December Early Christian Doctrine, and John W. Chadwick, Francis W. Newman's Miscellaneous. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Herbert Spencer; Our Human Conception of Deity, Editor's Note Book; Literary Criticism, etc., complete a good number.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The December Kindergarten contains an article by Frances E. Lipton on religious teaching, which contains applicable thoughts for every day life.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The illustrations and short stories make this an attractive number for the young.

Also:

La Revue Spirite, Paris.  
Le Lotus, Paris.  
El Bien Social, Mexico.  
Sphinx, Germany.  
La Illustration, Espirita.  
Annali Dello Spiritismo, Italy.  
Le Messenger, Liege.  
The Phenomenological Magazine, London.  
Mental Science Magazine, Chicago.  
The Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Buchanan's Journal of Man, Boston.  
The Phenomenological Journal, New York.  
St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

## New Books Received.

Light through the Crannies, Parables and Teachings from the other side. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 35 cents.

The Curse of Marriage. By Walter Hubbard. New York: The American News Co. Price, 50 cents.

The Virtues and their Reasons. A System of Ethics for Society and Schools. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co.

First Step in Reading. By Martha A. Pease. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

Christmas at the Kerkchiefs. A Musical Dialogue for use at Christmas Tree Festivals. By Mrs. A. G. and Leo B. Kerkchiefs. Brattleboro, Vt.: E. P. Carpenter Co. Price, 25 cents.

Hermiteic Teachings. Arranged by W. P. Phelon. M. D. Chicago: Hermiteic Pub. Co.

## Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we pursue with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophe, are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. No earthly power, no medical science, no religious faith, can save them, but Dr. Pierce's Great Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

The sumptuous new volume of "Mendelssohn's Letters," lately published by Ticknor & Co., has received many most favorable notices. Mr. Gladstone secured "To Mendelssohn, I feel grateful for his works, and I have also had the pleasure of hearing him play, some thirty or thirty-five years ago, in London. A few glances have shown me that the book will afford me a most agreeable perusal." Mendelssohn's eldest daughter says, "How charming the sketches are, and how very well done! I like everything in and about the book and personally enjoy it immensely. The letters read quite as if they had been written in English." And Robert Browning writes, "While I sat preparing the paper whereon to write, came the very book itself—the dearest of books, just now."

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## Two Debaters.

The thoughtful world has for a long time been judging systems of belief by their advocates. Character and conduct are as necessary as logic and facts to enlist the sympathy of intelligent and respectable men and women in any new issue, and even old issues are more and more being held responsible for their representatives. In the days of Luther, Catholicism had to bear the odium of the sale of indulgences. The Church of England has never outgrown the bad name of its founder, Henry VIII. Methodism has been justly condemned for many a year on account of the loose conduct of many of its preachers and more of its followers, especially in camp meeting conduct. The latterisms must, not less, but more, than the old expect to be subjected to the same criticism. Universalists, Unitarians and Campbellites have stood the test of character and conduct very well, although the Unitarians have had to keep painfully quiet sometimes, as for instance in the case of a minister who left Kansas City not long ago very suddenly on account of the discovery that he had been guilty of gross immorality.

The Campbellites have been more damaged by brainless blatherers than by any other class. They seem to have developed a chronic itch in their ministers for debating. Many of their preachers load up with Bible quotations and face the world with a self-consciousness that they are commissioned by God and Alexander Campbell to convert humanity to their creed in a few weeks, and all that is necessary is for them to keep firing their biblical cartridges at society. But as the cartridges are generally blank there is very little execution done. Once in a while appears among them a fellow who gets mad because, with all his shooting, no game comes down. Such a preacher is Rev. Clark Braden. Years ago he seems to have taken Jesus into partnership and to have started out bent upon upsetting all established religious systems and making a new era in Christian history with Braden at its head and Jesus still in second place. He, too, had the debating itch. It induced the usual chronic flux of words and poverty of ideas. He could talk a two-hundred-galby by the hour; but there was no soul, no emotion in him and the machine oratory made no converts. Unable to see that the failure was in himself, he soured on the world and felt that he was not appreciated. He became reckless; did things that created prejudice against him; got a bad name in many places; and finally, starved out of the pulpit, as is alleged, gave himself up to the controversial itch, body and soul. For years he lived by following B. F. Underwood over the Western States and coaxing Christians into backing him to debate the Freethinker.

Mr. Underwood has had compassion on him to such an extent as to loan him money to get out of town after crushing him in debate. But his natural tendency to meanness developed rapidly and because Mr. Underwood refused to make debating a financial speculation with him as partner, he set to work to defame the man who had helped him. After exhorting the fellow Mr. Underwood dropped him and for ten years had not seen him until last month. Braden slid down into Texas and used up the fodder there, but found himself at last in demand in Oregon. A community of Freethinkers in and about Silverton, Oregon, formed a society, built a hall and were showing such strength that the Campbellites began to oppose them. The heretics carried too many guns, and the church sent off for a man who could fight.

Braden came to them and at once opened fire. He got down to business and promptly advertised that he had come to bury infidelity not only there, but on the whole coast. He tried to push ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam into debate with him, but failed. Then he issued a characteristic rooster circular in which he crowed that he had driven the infidel lecturers from the field, including B. F. Underwood. The freethinkers sent for Mr. Underwood; a debate was arranged and came off in Silverton in November. Braden was conspicuous only for his intellectual and moral nastiness of thought and speech. Mr. Underwood, as is shown in reports of the debate, maintained a dignified composure through it all, but in the end opened his guns on the fellow and blew him out of the water. Braden threatened violence, but was only laughed at and the debate closed in a complete victory for the Freethinkers, which was celebrated by a ball.

The query is, what can Christianity expect to gain by allowing such a "holy bully" as this man Braden to strut as its champion? In every instance where he meets such a debater as B. F. Underwood he will suffer defeat and in his defeat Christianity must share. Neither intellectually nor morally can he stand on the same level with Mr. Underwood. We are not in sympathy with the latter's agnosticism, but it is as far above the religion of Clark Braden as "Robert Elsmere" is above the adventures of Claude Duval. If Christians want to defend their system against the encroachments of modern skepticism, in debate, let them select a man who is known to be a scholar, which Braden is not, and whose character is above reproach, which Braden's is not, and against such a representation we would be pleased to see B. F. Underwood pitted, and from such a contest much might be learned. But the oftener Christianity permits Braden to act as its "champion" the sooner it will fall to pieces. Mr. Underwood must have a stomach like an ostrich to endure association with such an opponent, even though he does not recognize him and refuses to have any intercourse with him save through an agent. In fact we know that it is only from a sense of duty to put an end to the bragart's cry that no freethinker dares to meet him that Mr. Underwood has gone to the Pacific to meet him in debate. Braden is a person that no gentleman can have anything to do with without feeling that it is a degradation. An unscrupulous liar, and a malignant villifier, he is to an honorable man what a sneaking coyote would be in comparison with a Minerva.

## Government Persecution of an Army Officer.

Those of our readers who remember the short report given in the JOURNAL some months ago, of the case of Capt. R. W. Shufeldt, of the Medical Staff, U. S. A., will be surprised to hear that the Captain continues to be illegally held "in arrest" at Ft. Wingate. Tried last May by a court martial for protesting against being kept out on a frontier post, when his transfer to some place where he could continue his scientific researches, had been asked for by leading scientists of this country and Europe, he has been under arrest ever since,—the War Department at Washington having pigeonholed the case, refuses to notify him of the findings of the court martial.

The sympathies of the people of the country have been greatly aroused at the report of the treatment of military prisoners in Siberia, as given by George Kennan in *The Century*. That the Czar of a military despotism should so treat conspirators ought not to surprise one so very much after all, since the preservation of his system of government depends upon it. But in the name of all that is right and just, by what authority can a military despotism at Washington exile a brave and loyal officer, the son of a Commodore in our Navy, of whose record the country has no need to be ashamed, and who has been in the service since he was fourteen years of age?

Sending him to Ft. Wingate was, under the circumstances, an exile; and was intended as such. The Captain remained there some two or three years quietly and patiently, but when the indications seemed to show that it was to be a life sentence, he requested a transfer, and repeated the request several times, all of which were ignored, and not even replied to. Then when an outraged manhood impelled him to send a protest to *The Nation*, the War Department cried out "insurrection and insubordination," and cited him to defend himself before a court martial "for criticizing his superiors in the public press," which citation and trial may have been technically right and proper. But the Department has no right to hold Dr. Shufeldt in arrest and suspense for more than seven months after the trial without letting him know the verdict.

The history of the case indicates an evident intention to humiliate and disgrace one whose record shows him to be superior everywhere to these official martinetes, whose actions prove them very jealous of military etiquette, but wholly indifferent to common justice and decency.

We do not suppose any word of ours will be of the slightest weight with these military autocrats, who are so superior to the principles of justice that are supposed to govern this country, but we shall continue to say a word in season and out of season until some attempt is made to deal honorably with Dr. Shufeldt, and we give the Department fair warning that it cannot with impunity thus disregard rights accorded to the lowest and vilest criminal by the laws of the country.

## The Fay and Her Aged Accessories.

It were easier for the leopard to change its spots, or for a camel to explore the recesses of a needle's eye, than for *The Banner of Light* to desist from defending tricksters and assisting them (for pay) in their audacious and persistent efforts to impose upon the fool minority of community. A Dutch adventuress of salacious record, who goes by the name of Mrs. H. B. Fay, has been repeatedly exposed in her tricks as a materializing medium; yet the "oldest Spiritualist paper on earth," rushes to her defense in its editorial columns whenever opportunity offers, and readily accepts her money for space in its advertising columns. Knowing of the disreputable notoriety of this woman, aside from her dishonesty in playing her trade in commercial Spiritualism, the editor of *The Banner* does not hesitate to mislead the public by garbling facts, to the end that his readers may think her an honest, virtuous and persecuted medium. In the issue of his misnamed *Banner of Light* for October 20th the editor published a statement concerning the outcome of the Fay's suit for libel against *The Evening Record*, headed "Mrs. H. B. Fay Vindicated," which was purposely intended to begot the public. In the JOURNAL of Nov. 10th we published a statement from the *Record* and a letter from Mr. John Curtis giving the real facts in the case. As the *Banner* continues to publish whenever asked the displayed advertisement of this woman, the JOURNAL feels called upon in the interest of public morals, of Spiritualism, and honest mediums to publish this week a letter from a thoroughly trustworthy and responsible citizen of Boston which lets the public into some further knowledge of the career of this disreputable protégé and feeder of our Boston contemporary. We are prepared to back up the statements of our correspondent as well as these editorial comments.

*The New Ideal* is the name of a paper which its friends hope will fit into the place made vacant by the death of *The Index*. Rev. James H. West, quite well known in Chicago and vicinity as a Unitarian with radical tendencies, is editor. It is published in Boston, 620 Atlantic avenue; and very wisely starts off as a monthly of sixteen pages. Price \$1 per year. *The Open Court* having absorbed as a medium of thought possessing interest for Americans, there should be a good field for *The New Ideal*, and the JOURNAL welcomes it cordially as a helper in the great work. Let Mr. West declare the mission of his paper in his own language:

The object of *The New Ideal* is the discovery and propagation of constructive liberal thought, and the application of modern ethical ideals to the increasing problems of human need. This work it will deem religion. It will feel, moreover, that there is no religion higher or more necessary; for this, on its thought side, will be the establishing of ethics and religion on a scientific basis,—a consummation which a rapidly increasing number of the world's earnest workers are more and more, every year now, demanding and endeavoring; and on its practical side it will be the augmenting of the sum of human good.

All the best writers for *The Index* are promised as contributors to the new venture.

"A story in a recent number of *Blackwood*," says the London *Athenaeum*, "called 'Aut Diabolus aut Nihil,'—the story of a Hallucination," is exciting a considerable amount of speculation and curiosity, especially in Paris, where doubts are apparently expressed whether the tale is altogether founded on fiction. It is some years ago since Parisian society was excited over a report that a popular preacher of decidedly freethinking proclivities, who had preached an eloquent sermon on the personality of Satan, in which he did not believe, had the ideal which he had held to his congregation corrected in an interview with the Prince of Darkness himself. The *Blackwood* story professes to tell how this meeting was brought about, and the Parisian gossip is now busy seeking to identify the actors in this remarkable drama. The name of the Abbé Hurd, the eloquent preacher of the Madeleine, and of the famous Abbé Bauer are both put forward as likely to have suggested the original of Abbé Girod; opinions seem to be divided as to whether the Duc de Frontignan is to be identified with the Duc de Cadarousse or the Duc de Massa, while the names of Prince Paul Demidoff and Ivan Puskievitch are suggested as having supplied the character of Pomerantseff, who acts as usher to his Infernal Highness. Meanwhile, Parisian society is extremely anxious to know who X. L. is—a curiosity, which, under the circumstances is hardly likely to be gratified."

Carter Harrison states that he saw during his trip around the world, the mummies of mighty monarchs who ruled nearly 4,000 years ago, and monuments of others who have been dead 5,000 years. One queen who died over 3,000 years ago was covered with the garlands of flowers, some of which were enough preserved to show their petals and to enable one to know what they are. In one box was a queen and her little babe. They have not been unrolled from the linen in which they were wrapped over 3,000 years ago. The distinguished traveler says: "I almost hoped that it was a sense of propriety which had saved the mother and child from the desecration of such exposure to the gaze of the curious. I wondered if she had lived to look upon her little one. If her maternal heart had heard that sweetest of all sounds to a woman's ear—her babe's first little cry. Had it been laid upon her breast? Had she felt its little hands upon her cheek or dimpling her soft bosom? Had she uttered that

softest and gentlest of all expressions—those two little words which convey a world of yearning and of love when a mother first says it to her newly born—"My baby!" The linen enfolding her was clean and almost white. Her baby lay upon her feet. For 3,000 years mother and child have thus rested. Are the woman and child yet mother and babe in the far off spirit land?"

B. H. B. C. Such are the cabalistic characters designating a social club at Berlin Heights, Ohio. Only that our temperate and dignified friends Hudson Tuttle, and Deacon Mack of the *Sandusky Reporter*, are members, we should conclude the letters must mean "Berlin Heights Bacchanalian Club," judging from the contents of the elegant menu card of their last banquet. Judge G. W. Close was toast master; and when he called upon Rev. W. D. Johnson to respond to the toast to "The Press," it is said the banqueters put on their regulation Sunday morning-in-an-orthodox-church expression, anticipating from the reverend gentleman a discourse on the wickedness of Sunday newspapers, and the folly of advocating free trade. Instead of which he declared the press the purest and greatest moral agent extant, and complimented journalists as the most obliging and altruistic class, with whom in his wide experience on two continents he had ever come in contact. He had, he said, received more assistance in accomplishing the hopes of his life from the Press than from all other agencies. This happy surprise greatly relieved the banqueters.

One of the newspaper men present called at the JOURNAL office last week and gave a glowing account of the brilliant affair, the first one he had ever attended. He says that, when Hudson Tuttle, who responded to the toast, "Our Guests," had concluded his eloquent speech there was not a dry eye in the room, and that the numerous guests declared individually and collectively that they would, when their work in this wicked world was over, return to B. H. to await the final transition, and didn't much care how long the waiting might be. Sir Knight O. C. Hillinghast's response to the sentiment, "The Ladies—conscious by their absence," as reported in full in the Berlin Heights Hustler, was a perfect gem of eloquence and wit. That so much could be said in so few words is a marvel, and if the State of Ohio does not at once adopt a constitutional amendment granting to women their right to the ballot—and to attend all banquets—it will be surpassing strange.

The blushes of shame called to the cheeks of the guests by the gallant knight's expressions of tender regret at the absence of the ladies were changed to flushes of delight when Prof. Hiram Abiff Myers got well under way with his response to the sentiment, "Our Social Relations." With all the eloquence and pathos supplied by a florid imagination and a half century of training and experience, Prof. M. depicted the value of our social relations, and convincingly demonstrated that but for such relations this beautiful continent populated by the bravest and brightest men and women, standing before all the world as the exemplar of virtuous prosperity and democratic principles, would to-day be a howling wilderness, and the spot where now stands the lovely village of B. H. would still be the favorite resort of the rattlesnake and the raccoon. Evidently the B. H. B. C. is an institution of merit; and another year the JOURNAL will beg the privilege of sending a well tried prohibitionist as its representative at the annual banquet.

On Wednesday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Bundy gave an informal reception to Mr. J. C. Wright. Owing to the close approach of the holiday season and the pressure of engagements in consequence, the company was limited to about eighty friends. Among the mediums present were Mrs. Slosson, Mrs. Dole, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Julia Bishop and Mrs. Harriet Davis. At the special request of many present Mr. Wright gave a short address and answered many questions. His ability and urbanity impressed all most favorably; should he again have an engagement in Chicago, under different auspices, his audiences would require a large hall and be composed of a class quite capable of appreciating the highly intellectual character of his lectures. Mr. Wright had closed his Chicago contract on the Sunday previous to the reception, and left on Friday for Maquoketa, Iowa, to speak the remaining Sundays of the month. The JOURNAL takes pleasure in commending him as a studious, painstaking and growing man; one who has an ambition which it were well if possessed by more of those who essay the Spiritualist rostrum. The day of voluble nothingness, spread-eagle laudations of "the cause," slipshod rhyming, and hypodroming generally, as the capital stock of a lecture, has largely passed away, never to return. The lecturer of the future will be him who is well equipped with all the accessories afforded by the best current thought, the discoveries and advances in science, literature and philosophy, and who lends dignity and honor to the rostrum. Thus prepared he will be the better able to receive inspiration from those higher realms of wisdom whence we seek light and guidance, and to impart it in its purity and strength to his hearers.

"Signs of the Times." This admirable Chicago lecture on psychical matters by Prof. Elliott Cones is already rapidly disappearing from our shelves and wareroom. The continued and wide-spread demand for it in pamphlet form, during the past six months seemed to warrant a first edition of 5,000 copies, and at the present rate of distribu-

tion this edition will not last thirty day. Price, single copy, 15 cents; \$10.00 per hundred, \$6.00 for fifty, \$3.25 for twenty-five copies. Address the office of this JOURNAL.

The Young People's Progressive Society—A. L. Cöverdale, President,—held its monthly literary exercises and public reception on Monday evening of last week in the spacious parlors of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) on Michigan Boulevard. About one hundred members and guests were in attendance, and a most delightful evening was spent. Organized for pleasure as well as for intellectual and spiritual culture, this society is evidently a great success, if one may judge from the spirit pervading this public exhibition and reception. After the regular programme of the evening, the modest representative of the JOURNAL was called upon for a short speech, which he made, feeling all the time that after the brilliant renditions of the various numbers assigned to the members, his extemporaneous remarks were hardly up to the mark. He was followed by Mr. J. C. Wright, the lecturer, who wound up the intellectual part of the entertainment with one of his brief and instructive speeches at which he is such an adept. Refreshments and dancing closed an evening's entertainment which should give fresh zest to the endeavors of this promising society of young people.

A most remarkable series of coincidences was revealed at [the celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Holdsworth, of Detroit, Michigan. It was also the seventy-second anniversary of Mr. Holdsworth's birth, the fiftieth anniversary of his taking the pledge not to use alcohol and tobacco, and the fifty-first anniversary of his marriage with his first wife. Mr. Holdsworth gave this account of the romantic circumstances which brought about his first marriage. Disappointed in not meeting a certain young lady, he began drinking. Toward evening he saw two attractive young ladies at a distance, and threw up a penny to decide which one he should ask, then and there, to be his wife. The face of the cent, face up, decided him on "the little one." He boldly went forward to claim his prize. The young ladies naturally resented his sudden attentions. He persisted, however, and succeeded in seeing them home. The "little one," in time became his wife and the mother of all his children. To complete this unusual chapter, the girl won through the loss of a penny bore exactly the same name as the one whom he had failed to meet, although they were in no way related or even acquainted.

*Life in Florida* speaks as follows of the orange grove of G. P. Colby, the medium and speaker: "A wonderful cluster of oranges is to be seen on one of the trees in Mr. G. P. Colby's grove, on Colby lake. Hanging to three small boughs, each no bigger than a leadpencil, which branch from a single limb, are over 200 oranges, all closely hugging each other like eggs in a basket. There were over 300 on the limb before any were picked or had dropped off. It seems almost incredible that so many oranges could grow in a bunch and it is still more remarkable that the small limbs will hold the great weight put upon them. The cluster resembles a peck of oranges, as they would appear in a measure. The seed of the tree on which this wonderful growth is to be seen, was planted by Mr. Colby himself, in 1876. And by the way, Mr. Colby's grove is one of the finest and best cared for in this section of the State."

The Centennial of Washington's Inauguration will be held in New York April 30th, 1889. President Harrison will be present. During the month of April there will be an exhibition of historical portraits in the Metropolitan Opera House, and also a Memorial Exhibition of Washington relics. The portraits will be limited to portraits of Washington and his Cabinet, and to members of the first Congress under the Constitution; and it is expected that the chair that stood in Federal Hall, which Washington occupied as first President, the Bible used at the Inauguration, and other authenticated relics will be exhibited. Among the portraits promised, is one of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, at Mount Vernon, in 1797, and given by Washington to Alexander Hamilton. This portrait has never been photographed or engraved, and is a beautiful picture. It is now owned by Hamilton's grandson, Alexander Hamilton of New York.

The Erie, Pa., *Dispatch* speaks as follows of Walter Howell, who is lecturing there: Mr. Howell spoke on Job's interrogation, "If a man die, shall he live again?" or, in the equivalent question of common doubt, "Does Death End All?" Mr. Howell made a learned analysis of the developments of scientific research by the chemist, the anatomist, the microscopist and the physiologist—pointing out the fact that there is little comfort for the materialists in the very domain whence they claim to evolve the evidences on which their belief is based. The retort of the chemist, the magical revelations of the microscope and the scalpel of the anatomist deal not with man as he is distinguished from the matter that enters into the structure of all animate and inanimate creation—but has to do entirely with his coarse physical manifestation. The domain of matter only reveals matter, and the realm of the spiritual in man—in which alone spiritual revelations are possible—is sealed to the invasion of the searchers in the material domain. So upon the spiritually minded men in all time it has devolved to furnish what reasons may be for the belief in man's continuity."







# Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

## THE SUNLESS DAY.

CHAS. D. LARLEY.

The half-gloved golden moon  
Sage up from the silent sea,  
And muffled with a noon  
Tender and sweet to me.

The wavelets come to my feet  
Lapping and lapping away,  
The wavelets tender and sweet,  
Coming and going away.

Kissed by the golden light  
In shimmer and flash and glow,  
Soft through the silent night  
Forever they come and go.

Oh, Heart! so far away,  
Oh, Soul! by the jasper sea,  
Child of the sunless day,  
Hast thou a thought of me?

But one short year ago  
These wavelets touched her feet;  
And her voice was tender and low,  
And I listened to words so sweet.

And the yellow moon shone fair  
And full in her thoughtful face,  
Kissing her golden hair  
As she stood in this very place.

I think it cannot be far,  
The heaven we strive to reach,  
That the gates may be swung ajar  
Even here beside the beach.

Who knows but the jasper sea  
Unseen comes up with the tide,  
And if I could only see  
I should find her at my side.

Perchance her hand is in mine,  
And I cannot feel the thrill,  
That stirred me in times long since  
When the night was calm and still.

The wavelets come and go  
In touch and shimmer of light,  
And I am alone, and may not know  
What lies beyond my sight.

But I hear them whisper, and say,  
"This better to bide and trust;  
Love that hath been is love always,  
The dead are not of the dust."

## The Journal—An Incident—Tobacco

—The Inspirational Speaker.

G. W. KING, M. D.

As the present year nears its close, justice and the pleasing remembrance of enjoying the many good things you have distributed in the JOURNAL, prompt me to wish you a Happy New Year. You have contributed to the joy of many readers; you have with superior ability dressed up truth in becoming garments; you have with unflinching courage told practices of fraud which is best for the world to know; you have not allowed a bad selfishness nor the pleadings of weak compromisers and conservatives to move you in your work from the Rock of Ages; therefore, you are entitled to the congratulations of the season. Dear friend and teacher, it is not flattery to mention the good works of any person.

The religion and philosophy of your JOURNAL is not alone for today and this mundane plane; but also for the beyond and abroad, where thought goes and angels dwell. A religion that is not supported by a sound philosophy cannot be a religion of reason having needed value, doctrine or creed which does not permit the adding of knowledge to faith, and marks a blind faith greater than that which will keep any person, who embraces it, in a starving condition for the bread of life. I must not, at this time, try to mention the numerous things which many people enjoy, but I will mention the fact that many people have been converted to the religion of the JOURNAL, and marks a blind faith greater than that which will keep any person, who embraces it, in a starving condition for the bread of life. I must not, at this time, try to mention the numerous things which many people enjoy, but I will mention the fact that many people have been converted to the religion of the JOURNAL.

While an old friend and former neighbor was paying a visit to the Randall household, in company with his wife, from a distant city, the Randall household was requested to exhibit his wonderful phenomena, then so new and interesting to many persons; and as the visitor, Mr. Nathaniel Barnett was a member of the New York legislature, therefore much interest was shown in the unexplained phenomena were interrogated upon questions pertaining to affairs of state.

Being of a skeptical and investigative turn of mind the uncle said: "If Henry's hand can be moved to the right, and the pencil can be moved independently?" Accordingly he placed the pen in such a position that its point rested upon the paper, while its holder rested in an oblique position against the boy's hand, his fingers not closing upon it, and Mr. Barnett asked the question: "Can the hand be moved to the right, and the pencil can be moved independently?" The pen slowly and scratchily, but very legibly, wrote (without a movement of the medium's hand) "John H. Hale," a name neither of the witnesses present had heard or thought of in connection with such candidacy.

When the convention took place some months later, John P. Hale was nominated (the spirit did not give the middle letter), though he was not subsequently elected, and which the prophecy did not promise.

Two or three years later the same gentleman, together with his wife, brother, and other witnesses, received a communication from a deceased friend, a young and very illiterate girl from New Hampshire, a stranger to all the family; she being in an insensible condition to which, by some unseen power, she had been transformed in a few brief moments from a deceased friend.

In that condition, and with closed eyes, her hand was moved to write a message to his relatives and friends, purporting to come from a man who had lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and whose existence the medium had never even heard of.

Who had been first a writing master and then a physician; stating that his wife was with him, but his children (two daughters) still in the earth. Life. He finished his message with the facsimile of his own peculiar and handsome autograph, and accurately given that his brother Horatio Randall, of Buffalo, (not a Spiritualist) when shown it afterwards, not knowing whence it came, and being asked who had written it, said unhesitatingly, "Why! Ours, of course."

**J. A. Heinsohn.**  
to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
Mr. J. A. Heinsohn was suddenly removed from earthly life on the 8th of December. He had often expressed the wish that such might be his lot, and his wish was granted. He was just leaving his office for the day, when he sat the fatal fall, and he sank on a sofa, and was gone. He was a native of Oostend, Germany, but for forty years has been a resident of Cleveland. He was as ardent and free from guile as a child; absolutely honest, and it was difficult to persuade him that any one was otherwise. He was unselfish and self-sacrificing almost to a fault. He was the adviser of the poor and unfortunate, their reliable assistant in time of need.

Though used in the German philosophy, he read with avidity every thing in the line of Spiritualism, and was well informed in all branches of thought. Words are less eloquent in his praise, than the tears of the countless number he has benefited. He had reached the ripe age of 73, but was still active in his business life and in his moral pursuits. Next year with his wife he had planned to celebrate the golden wedding, but that must be held under changed conditions. The funeral was held on Tuesday, Aug. 1st, at 10 o'clock (Unitarian), giving an address in German and English, and a eulogium, on a friend of thirty years, who represented Spiritualism at its best and highest, wrought into the conduct of life.

The Song Verena sang an appropriate song, and then all that was mortal of the departed was laid away in the tomb at Lake View, almost covered with flowers, the off-rings of sympathizing friends. Cleveland, Dec. 18th.

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notes and Incident.

### SPIRIT REALMS.

The location of the land of souls, seems to be a matter which is not understood, and in the minds of men. The writer in his forty years' investigation of Spiritualism has never seen anything from spirits or men very definite on the subject. The JOURNAL, once contained an article copied from an English paper which came the nearest locating the realm to which we are all hastening, of anything he has seen. If I remember rightly the description given claimed to be of spirit origin. The location was just outside of the earth's atmosphere, about sixty miles from the earth, forming a belt around it, and extending about sixty degrees on both sides of the equator, thus leaving very large openings at the poles. The theory advanced to account for the former state of affairs was that the earth's motion on its axis being greater in the sphere of sublimated matter was thrown off there, and under the law of etheral gravitation, a belt or sphere was formed around the earth in the region indicated; and then the most refined portion of this sphere is thrown off, and in like manner another sphere formed outside of the first, and a third in the same way outside of the second, making three spirit realms surrounding the earth in concentric circles, which ultimately become the homes of the children of earth, when the necessary degree of growth and refinement shall have been attained. A curious analogy exists, in the fact that these realms are divided off into nations corresponding to those of the earth. North America in the upper world being located exactly above, or opposite North America in the lower world; and people taking up their abode in the corresponding part of the upper realm, that they occupy the lower, all of which seems to accord with the analogies of season and nature. It would be interesting and profitable to hear from those versed in this kind of lore through the columns of the JOURNAL.

JEBRAUN LARLEY.

In the early days of Spiritualism there dwelt at Westville, in Northern Ind., an estimable woman whose name was Mrs. E. W. Hale. She was a medium thirty or thirty-five years ago. She was a pioneer in Spiritualism in that part of the county. She often held meetings and spoke in the trance state. She gave séances at her home, and in the neighborhood during a course of many years, but never thought of charging anybody anything. Spiritualism was very unpopular in those days, and notwithstanding her amiable and kind disposition, became a target for the arrows of ridicule from the church people, and suffered ostracism at their hands, till at last she was compelled to leave the place; but it was of the unique character of one of her controls that I set out to speak of. She gave her name as "Jebraun Larley," said she was of Chinese and Japanese parentage; she gave pet names to her friends who attended the séances—something characteristic of the person. The writer she called "Vagabond," meaning by that, that she was a person who never sought public favor, and who was content to be known for the sake of popularity, but was frank and outspoken in all he said or did. Another friend she called "Possum," because he was hidden, concealed and in his character, another she called "Chester," because he was a cheater, and she called him a cheater in the burr, and invulnerable at all points, and so she had names for all; she was lively, sprightly and witty.

A little boy ten years old, a cousin of the writer, was passing way; his parents, watching by his side, thought he was going, but he said, "Don't you hear it?" He then turned his gaze across the room saying, "There they stand, papa. Don't you see them, a row of angels, all sitting so sweetly?" Then a gentle smile lit up his countenance for a moment and he was gone.

O. W. BARNARD.  
Manteno, Ills.

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Political Prophecy.

In the spring or summer of 1852, the late James L. Randall resided near Syracuse, New York, and as a member of his household, a nephew about twenty years of age, who was the next of kin, a man of Troy, N. Y., who by playing medium at school was found to be possessed of remarkable powers in that direction. For instance the table would follow him about the room, and if only his hand was laid upon it, his hand would be moved to write, etc.

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## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Hell, as Demonstrated by Spirit-Return.

GEN. EDWARD F. BULLARD.

The question is often asked what good has Spiritualism done? I am thirty-six years' active experience among Spiritualists and in the world at large, I have observed that a belief in the fact of spirit-return, makes many better, but occasionally produces the opposite result.

When men are constrained to do right merely because they fear a present or future punishment, learn that there is no literal hell where fire and brimstone will burn the evil doer forever, they are liable to swing in the other direction and give full vent to their selfish desires and passions.

I have known two notable instances where men were apparently made worse, although they were full believers in spirit communication. One of them, in the year 1854, one of the best of men of education, natural ability and great powers as a trance medium. His lectures in private and before large audiences were remarkable for power and eloquence. He was aided by the best of our faith, but soon became in the habit of using tobacco in excess, followed soon after by the use of intoxicating drinks, and was soon obsessed or controlled by low spirits when his fall became speedy. He was not longer sustained by good society, nor received upon the platform. After a few years, and about 1860 he committed suicide, leaving behind him a letter in which he stated his life had been a failure. The writer was one of the victims who suffered in a pecuniary way from a large amount of this terrible crime. After he had been in the next world about twenty years, he came through a medium to the writer, and was apparently in the greatest agony. He tried to try and relieve this terrible suffering, but turned his back upon the world, and his wailing in the most pitiful manner. He said in substance: "Talk about a hell of fire and brimstone! I have been for twenty years in a worse condition. I have tried to try and relieve this terrible suffering, but turned his back upon the world, and his wailing in the most pitiful manner. He said in substance: "Talk about a hell of fire and brimstone! I have been for twenty years in a worse condition. I have tried to try and relieve this terrible suffering, but turned his back upon the world, and his wailing in the most pitiful manner. He said in substance: "Talk about a hell of fire and brimstone! I have been for twenty years in a worse condition. 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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR!

JULIA GREY BURNETT.

Good-by, Old Year! as friends we part,  
As friends we've traveled far together;  
We've lived and loved with hand and heart  
Through stormy skies and pleasant weather.

When first we met in life's rough way,  
Ah! me, how well do I remember  
All seemed as fair and bright as May,  
And now 'tis dreary, cold December.

Your days have passed, as days must pass,  
When the dawn of a new year is dawning;  
We cannot have all smiles, alas!  
For joys and tears will oft commingle.

You came to me with happy song,  
Or as the bright bird so fitly flying;  
With you we've sped life's path along,  
But now, Old Year, you're fading, dying.

With falling tears we say "Farewell!"  
Your happy days have gone forever;  
Your memories still with us shall dwell,  
Like sunbeams glinting on life's river.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
How I Feel about It.

CHAS. D. LAKEY.

Somebody pities me because I believe in the return of the dead. I have the best of that somebody. He theorizes and judges. I investigate and know. The patronizing air and the sneer are lost on me. I have found and secured great treasure; am rich; a hundred times a millionaire! What do I care for the nippers who consider me a pauper; and what riches—an absolute certainty that death does not end all; voices of friends of other days calling back out of the deep night assuring us that they still live; proof positive that humanity is not drifting toward some terrific cataclysm; that the trend of the race is upward toward better things; that the millennium is no dream but a sure prophecy, and no guess work, no uncertainty, no cracked link in the chain of events.

Indeed, I pity Mr. Somebody. He has had bad luck. During the life of a generation he has been actively engaged in the endeavor to destroy a great truth. He has warred with fact. Time and again he has told the world of victory, and shouted, and set the world to shouting. The discovery of a piece of mosquito netting, or a particularly industrious toe-joint was announced by him as the end; but the truth has gone smilingly on its way, with a perfectly becoming indifference to the world's talk. It is to live, this that is called Spiritualism? Well, it looks as though it might. It does not seem to be much the worse for its tussle with the steam printing press, certainly; nor has the orthodox pulpit damaged it. These are considered to be rather potent forces, and from the first they have done their utmost to strangle the movement, and surely Spiritualism has had no end of foes within its own household. The medium of yesterday is the exposé of today. Besides there have been enough masks, lace, and other paraphernalia stripped from professional materializers to stock a dozen theatres; finally, Magie Fox's toe-joint and confession, and yet Spiritualism lives. It grows, spreading like ivy on the wall of the world. Had it not been based on the truth the press would have killed it. But for its rock foundation, the fraudulent medium and her dupes would have destroyed it long ago. The fact stands, because it is a fact. These are chinks in the partition wall that divides the two worlds. This world is listening. It hears. It knows. There can be no mistaking the voice, the words, the meaning. In quiet city homes, in far away hamlets, everywhere there is inquiry and response. The tide comes in and no human device can arrest its coming. Results are seen in much needed modifications in religious belief, larger charity, a growing faith in the brotherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Spiritualism for some reason does not crystallize. It does build into this age, and its philosophy, based on fact, is the noblest ever presented to man.

Gentle Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth \$40,000 a year." "Woman?" "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay \$10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" and Dr. H. laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, gentler quackery—like the suffering woman paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

Consumption Surely Cured.

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A REVIEW

OF THE  
Seybert Commissioners' Report  
OR,  
WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

BY  
A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,  
A MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR; AUTHOR OF  
"LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER,"  
"COURT AND PRISON," "DR. CROSBY'S CALM,"  
VIEW FROM A LAWYER'S STANDPOINT,"  
"A HAWK IN AN EAGLE'S NEST," ETC.

This able and comprehensive work should be read by every thoughtful man and woman who has heard of the Seybert Bequest.

After a happy and appropriate introduction of the subject, with all needed explanations concerning the bequest of Mr. Seybert, the author gives in the first chapter his "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission." Chapters II, III, and IV, are devoted to a searching criticism of the Report of the Seybert Commission. Chapter V, treats of the Report of the Spiritualists; Chapter VI, has for its motto "In my Father's House are Many Mansions"; Chapter VII, contains C. C. Massie's Open Letter on "Zollner" to Professor George S. Fullerton; Chapter VIII, gives an account of the séance held at a meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," with remarks made on that occasion by Professor Robert Hare, Esq., etc.; Chapter IX, contains the Report of the "London Dialectical Society," made in 1884; Chapter X, gives Professor Crookes's testimony from his "Researches in Phenomena of Spiritualism." Chapter XI, gives further testimony from two witnesses; Chapter XII, "Summary," and the Preface, close the volume.

"A Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report" is a strong book, and will be read; it will throw light on some of the most important questions of the day, and will hold the attention of all who are interested in the subject. It is a book of the highest quality, and is a valuable addition to the library of every student of the subject.

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## Mexico's Great Shrine.

(Continued from First Page.)

which the Mexicans call *labrada al temple*. My limited knowledge of art does not enable me to describe it or give the English equivalent. For the same reason, any opinion I might advance would have no weight. Therefore I must offer the opinions of men of recognized standing and fame as painters. The fact appears to be that on three different occasions, in three different ages, commissions composed of the ablest artists and men of learning and character were appointed to make an examination and report under oath. In each case the report was the same, and on no point did they more strongly agree than as to the fact that four distinct kinds of painting were plainly visible on the canvas. The most notable of these commissions took place in the middle of the last century and was presided over by the great painter, Miguel Cabrera, with whom were associated also two other distinguished artists, José de Ibarra and Antonio Vallejo. Cabrera was a man of the highest character as well as a great painter. The conviction left upon him by this solemn inspection was that the painting was miraculous. He declared no human painter could have executed what he saw, and he confirmed the existence of the four kinds of paintings. "The union or conjunction of these four," I quote his own words in his sworn report—"is something unheard of; something that no artist has ever attempted on one single canvas. . . . These kinds are so distinct that each requires a separate and different preparation, and finding no preparation whatever in this painting makes their combination still more marvelous on the one canvas. For me this is an argument so strong that it convinces me that this painting is miraculous. . . . Very well do I understand how impossible it is by any human means to harmonize four distinct kinds of painting demanding preparations so different."

Everything Cabrera noticed about the work was a marvel; so it was also with Ibarra and Vallejo. "Such is the combination of perfections in it," says Cabrera in another place, "that it is impossible to suppose it a human work. Its originality of conception and execution and the extraordinary artistic effects produced, not only beyond the power of artists but in defiance of the very rules of art, place it altogether above human origin."

The perfection of the drawing amazed Ibarra, who declares also that no artist ever succeeded in making an exact copy. Even the perfect outlines could not be obtained until oiled paper was used. But no one has ever succeeded in the attempt to imitate the conjunction of the four kinds of painting on one canvas, nor to reproduce the colors and shades and extraordinary effects. One of these effects alone may be noted in the gold and exquisite gilding, which are of such unique types that when first seen the gold appears to have been laid on in powder, but closer examination shows that it is incorporated with the wool of the cloth.

But I have said there are four distinct kinds of painting, and, according to the experts who have made a critical examination of the picture, the head and hands are in oil colors, the tunica or dress, as well as the cherub and the clouds that serve as a fringe or border, in distemper; the mantle, or cloak, which also serves as a wall, in water colors, and the field over which fall the rays appears to be in the other form of distemper called *labrada al temple*.

Any artist who doubts this assertion can satisfy himself by a critical examination.

## UNKNOWN COLORING SUBSTANCES.

Another strange feature appears to be the fact that the most minute expert investigation has failed to detect of what substances these colors are composed. All that is ascertained is that they do not belong to any known coloring substances. "This is most evident," says Cuevas, "in the gilding (el dorado). By human means it is not possible to obtain metallic lustre (reflejo) without metallic substances prepared in one form or another, and yet in this painting the effect is produced without any metallic substance, so far as can be detected."

Again the same author, Cuevas (to whose little books I have been much indebted in my researches), writes thus: "With a single color it is impossible to obtain different colors, that is to say, different degrees of the same color or colors essentially different, with one and the same color. In the picture of 'Our Lady of the Guadalupe' has been seen for ages, the colors that it displays are indefinable, and this is because they really form a diversity of colors under one base of coloration. It cannot be explained or understood, but it is a fact that the cloak is blue and green at the same time; the tunica pink and violet; the face brown, pearl and leaden gray, and in each of these colors is observed at the same time many shades or degrees of themselves. This effect cannot be ascribed to the light over the glass which protects the painting, nor to the light over the picture itself, because it is visible with or without the glass, and remains no matter by what light the picture is viewed. . . . Were it possible to make a complete analysis of the constituent elements of the rose it might be found perhaps that with them alone the miraculous image has been painted."

By this Cuevas means that with the natural colors of the roses gathered by the Indian, Juan Diego, the Virgin painted her own image on his tlima. I now come to my

Fourth proposition, namely, the extraordinary preservation of the painting. For 357 years it has been in existence and under the eyes of the Mexican people. During that period many other pictures have come and gone, destroyed by the salt vapors with which the air is impregnated from Lake Tezco, and by the variable temperature to which the region is exposed. The natural conditions are all adverse, and yet this picture is clear and distinct in colors and wonderfully preserved after more than three centuries and a half of existence, while no other painting has endured in the same place for more than one hundred years. One can well see that it is old, very old, but what is again remarkable, it is both old and young at the same time. The colors are bright and fresh, though the cloth or canvas looks old and faded. Most paintings of great age decay uniformly throughout, the lustre dims, the colors fade and the cloth wears out in spite of all the precautions known to art. Not so is it with this remarkable picture. Nature has not made it pay the usual penalties. Time has dealt lightly with it, only encroaching on the feeble *ayate* or cloth, feeble enough in its youth, but still firmer to-day, more cohesive, than many a canvas after fifty years of service. Why is this? From what cause has this one painting enjoyed such singular exemptions? No one has been able to explain it on any known principle of art.

## A TEST.

About a century ago a somewhat noted Mexican, Don Jose Bartolache, who pooh-poohed the alleged supernatural origin of the

picture, was allowed to have it copied by skilful artists and under conditions as nearly approaching as possible to the original. That is to say, it was to be made as like the original as the best artists could make it. Bartolache declared he would have it hung up at Guadalupe and thus prove that it would last as long as the original. His copy was made and placed in the chapel of the "Poquito" at Guadalupe. Before eight years it was so completely defaced that it had to be removed from its position, a total failure! This was not due to the tampering of human hands, but solely to the natural effects of the climate, the saline vapors from old Lake Tezco having quickly rendered the canvas mouldy, ash-colored and altogether unfit for exhibition.

Another curious proof may be stated. At one time certain people who had the custody of the painting conceived the idea of improving (?) it by adding a circle of angels to the *replazador* of rays in order to represent the homage of the celestial beings to the Queen of Heaven. In an evil hour consent was given and the circle of cherubs was added to the mysterious rays. But soon the circle of cherubs began to grow dim, and in a short time became such a disfigurement that it had to be blotted out altogether.

The fact of the wretched quality of the cloth itself must not be lost sight of in discussing the question of preservation. Of itself, it should have perished long before the material is flimsy and easily destroyed. Why it has not thus perished must be explained by those who scoff at the suggestion of supernatural preservation. They offer no explanation.

I might go much deeper into this subject, but it would require more space than I feel warranted in occupying. It seems to me that I have said as briefly as possible established the points advanced at the outset. My aim has been simply to place this remarkable picture in a proper light before the American people. Whatever it may be, whatever its origin, no one after a mere examination can pronounce it a fraud—a mere device of a crafty priesthood to practise a huge imposture on the credulity of the world.

My own private views are not easily communicable. I am not sure myself what they are, except that I find it difficult to assent to any theory of supernatural power. But the sincere faith of millions of people is not to be lightly ridiculed, and millions of Mexicans of the Indian race as firmly believe in the divine origin of the sacred painting of Guadalupe as they do in the rising and setting of the sun. And certainly in their case faith is founded upon facts strong enough to embarrass the most learned.

In conclusion, I would like to express a desire through your columns to hear the reasons of intelligent people in explanation of the singular facts I have tried to place before the public in as simple a manner as possible. I have given the conclusions of experts as well as my own observation, and their evidence at least is not to be slighted. *Peritis in arte credendum*. If there are any good American artists or other people whose judgment is entitled to respect ready to explain, no doubt the public will be glad to receive them. Perhaps some American artist has examined the picture and can speak from personal observation. If the painting is really supernatural in the opinion of experts, the world should know it. If, on the other hand, it is only a clever trick, there is still more reason for making the fact known to the world.

T. B. CONNERY.

New York, December 15, 1888.

## THE DISREPUTABLE FAY.

Brief History of a Dutch Adventuress Who is Endorsed and Defended by the "Oldest Spiritualist Paper on Earth." A Woman who is a Disgrace to her Sex.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As so many inquiries are being made as to the character and antecedents of Mrs. Heman B. Fay, of 62 West Newton St., Boston, the notorious swindling materializing medium, I have taken the trouble to extract from the files of the Court here, certain sworn testimony of Mrs. Flinn, who was a leading witness in a recent action which was the outcome of Mrs. Fay's disgraceful exposure a year ago, and with the husband of whom, Captain Flinn, a part of her past life is somewhat conspicuously identified. Mrs. Flinn now resides at Chatham, Mass., and we have been careful to ascertain that she is a highly respectable and reputable lady. Here is her story in substance:

Mrs. Fay came from Holland, in the mock capacity of stewardess in a vessel commanded by Captain Flinn, the said vessel carrying no passengers, and therefore the position of stewardess being a sinecure, except as subsequently transpired to minister to the Captain's whims during the voyage. Her name was then Bertha Meisch. On arrival in this country she succeeded in stealing away the Captain's affections from his wife, who was a true woman, and "unwavering in her fidelity to her husband until the last. Bertha, however, appropriated her place at table, took his arm in the presence of his wife, and, fearing at her before him, boasted fully plumed herself on her position. His affections, and on one occasion threatened the terrified woman with a pistol if she ever got her out to sea.

Mrs. Flinn, poor soul, remained persistent in her endeavors to recover the fast waning affections of her spouse, but to no avail, for he deserted her for his Bertha, and so this villainous, unprincipled creature succeeded in forever blasting the happiness of the Flinn home, for the Captain was not proof against her vulgar fascinations. Bertha now announces herself as Mrs. Flinn, though, mark you, she was never married to him, for his wife was never divorced and as we have seen, is now living at Chatham, Mass. Shortly after this the Captain was lost at sea, and in this connection Bertha made some pretty spiritualistic play, for long after she had received proof that Captain Flinn was drowned, she gave out to a confiding believer (now a resident of Hyde Park, Mass.) that she knew she would never see him again, as he had come to her in spirit form, and strewn her bedquilt with materialized flowers! Thus she claimed the gift of prophecy.

In the above is the sworn evidence of poor Mrs. Flinn, in its essentialness. We next hear of Mrs. Fay as practicing her swindling wiles at a house at the south end of Boston, and gathering in her hell-born net an old widower, Heman B. Fay by name. Her stock of spirits being at that time very limited, Heman had to content himself with a vision of his departed wife, Addie, in the sparse array of one of Bertha's dirty night dresses, embellished only with a couple of pieces of blue ribbon, and supplemented with a yard or two of flimsy spirit gauze, such as is used by all materializing mediums to-day, her digits being protected from anything so plebeian as his human grasp by a pair of white cotton gloves. Here she was exposed

and turned out by the landlady, whose credulity could not stand so severe a test. Not so, however, poor Heman, for we next hear of him, playing the part of Cupid to "fair Psyche," kneeling at the ethereal throne, warning the fond bosom of unconquered love." He drew his clumsy bow, and the arrow found mark in that portion of Bertha's organism, which in others is known as the heart. A license was taken out, and she married him under the assumed name of Mrs. Flinn, though strangely enough, the most vigorous search fails to bring the register to light in the City Hall Records.

This woman is of course lost to all sense of shame, for she has been twice publicly exposed within as many years (at the last of which exposures I was present), and her machinations over the weak minded have enabled her to acquire a free title in her own name to the \$10,000 house on West Newton Street, where she still continues to swindle her simple-minded adherents.

Her husband, silver-tongued Heman, is at his post at the evening séances to collect the hard-earned dollars of their pitiable victims. Whether he is more knave than fool each reader shall decide for himself. Suffice it to say, however, that this man is a railroad conductor on the Boston and Albany Road, and it seems an anomalous condition of things that any trust where life and property are involved, should be vested in one who publicly advertises in the name of "Mrs. Heman B. Fay," a business which has been proved over and over again to be a low lived and cruel swindle; and this is the man and woman, whom the *Banner of Light* so sedulously endorses. *O Tempora, O Mores*. Surely no comment is necessary.

Boston, Mass. SHAMAN.

## COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes data of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp for reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

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During a recent conversation on coincidences, a gentleman from Vermont who was spending a few weeks in Chicago remarked that he knew of one that occurred in their village some years ago. All the parties were well known to him; that he knew of it at the time, and the facts were corroborated by all the members of the family.

He said that in the fall of 1874 a man residing in Northern Vermont left his home under circumstances that caused his family to hope that he would never return; he was away for over a year, during which time his family had no communication with him. His brother received two or three letters, mailed from different parts of the country, but giving no address to which a reply could be sent.

One morning a sister of the man's wife startled the family by remarking, "B. is coming home." When asked, "How do you know? Have you heard from him?" she replied, "No, but I saw him last night on the cars," and then described the clothes he wore. The next day, to the surprise and consternation of the family, he returned dressed as described.

On writing to the lady for further particulars, and also as to whether it was a vision or a dream, she replied as follows:

NOVEMBER 19th, 1888.

J. E. WOODHEAD, Sir.—Your letter of Oct. 27th received. I will reply as concisely as I can. The circumstances occurred some ten or twelve years ago,—the exact date I have forgotten, but the vision I distinctly remember. The man had been away a year or more, had been heard from a few times by letters posted at different places, but had not been heard from for some time before he came, and I knew nothing of his whereabouts. I had at the time the incident or vision occurred been acquainted with the man thirty years or more. I do not remember whether I had been conversing with any one about him that day or at any particular time prior, but presume I had, as we often spoke of him. I had been in bed a short time, but was not asleep, when I seemed to see a mass of rolling darkness, as it looked to me, and in a short time out of it appeared a train of cars. There was nothing peculiar about the cars. I saw the people in them, and in a little while I saw an evening train, and frequently while at home of an evening he had read aloud for his wife. Monday night he took down from one of the shelves of his well-stocked library a poetical work. After reading several pretty selections he turned over the leaves and at last the eyes became fixed on a poem on "Death." It struck his fancy and he began the reading of it to his wife. He had not progressed very far when she stopped him with an earnest gesture and begged him not to read any further. The poem oppressed her. He smiled at her fears and closed the book, remarking that he would do some writing before retiring. Bidding him good-night Mrs. Donnelly left the room.

The moments followed each other until nearly an hour and a half had passed. Mr. Donnelly had nearly completed his task when he heard the kitchen door open. Failing to hear the sound of its being closed, he came to the conclusion that it was his dog which had entered. Making a remark that he would have to teach the animal better manners, he started for the kitchen. He had barely entered the room when, lifting his eyes, he beheld something which caused him to come to a halt. There in the middle of the apartment was an old woman, clad in dark garments, and about her stooping shoulders there fell the folds of a black shawl. Her face was wan and pale and very sad. She lifted her gaunt hand and made a motion toward him, then turned, walked slowly across the floor and out through the still open door. She disappeared in the gloom, and the door

swung to and closed itself, leaving Mr. Donnelly standing awe-stricken at the other end of the room. In a moment he regained his usual presence of mind and hurried to his bedroom, where his wife, who was still awake, asked him what was the trouble. "I have seen my mother!" he said in an frightened manner. "She tried to persuade him that he was mistaken, but he rigidly adhered to his assertion."

"I thought I heard the kitchen door open," he said, "and thinking that it was the dog I went out to shut it. It was then I saw my mother. She was very pale and made a motion toward me with her uplifted hand." He then related the facts as above given, and appeared very much depressed. His wife endeavored to cheer him, but all to no purpose. After a short time he retired, and as before stated, arose Tuesday morning, went to work, and fifteen minutes after commencing his labors received the injury which caused his death.

The case throughout is one of unusual interest, and will be viewed from various standpoints by many people, wholly on account of the circumstances which preceded the accident.

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The Chicago & Alton and Union Pacific Railroads have recently built and placed at Mr. Walters' disposal a number of new and handsome tourist sleepers. These are modeled after the style of the regular Pullman Sleeping Car and are built by that company. There is no upholstery in the cars, which is the only difference between the Pullman Sleeping Car and the Tourist Sleeping Car. Mr. Walters has overcome this by furnishing the cars with new carpets, cushions for the seats in the day cars, mattresses, pillows, sheets, blankets and curtains for the berths at night. Each car is provided with separate and commodious toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, in which will be found towels, soap and all the necessities of a toilet room. A colored porter is in charge of each car. His sole duty is to cater to the wants of passengers, and a courteous excursion conductor accompanies each party through to the coast.

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These excursion parties leave Chicago every second week, via the Chicago & Alton Railway. For further particulars apply to Robt. Somerville, city passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, No. 39 South Clark St., or to Mr. Walters, general excursion manager, Sherman House, Chicago.

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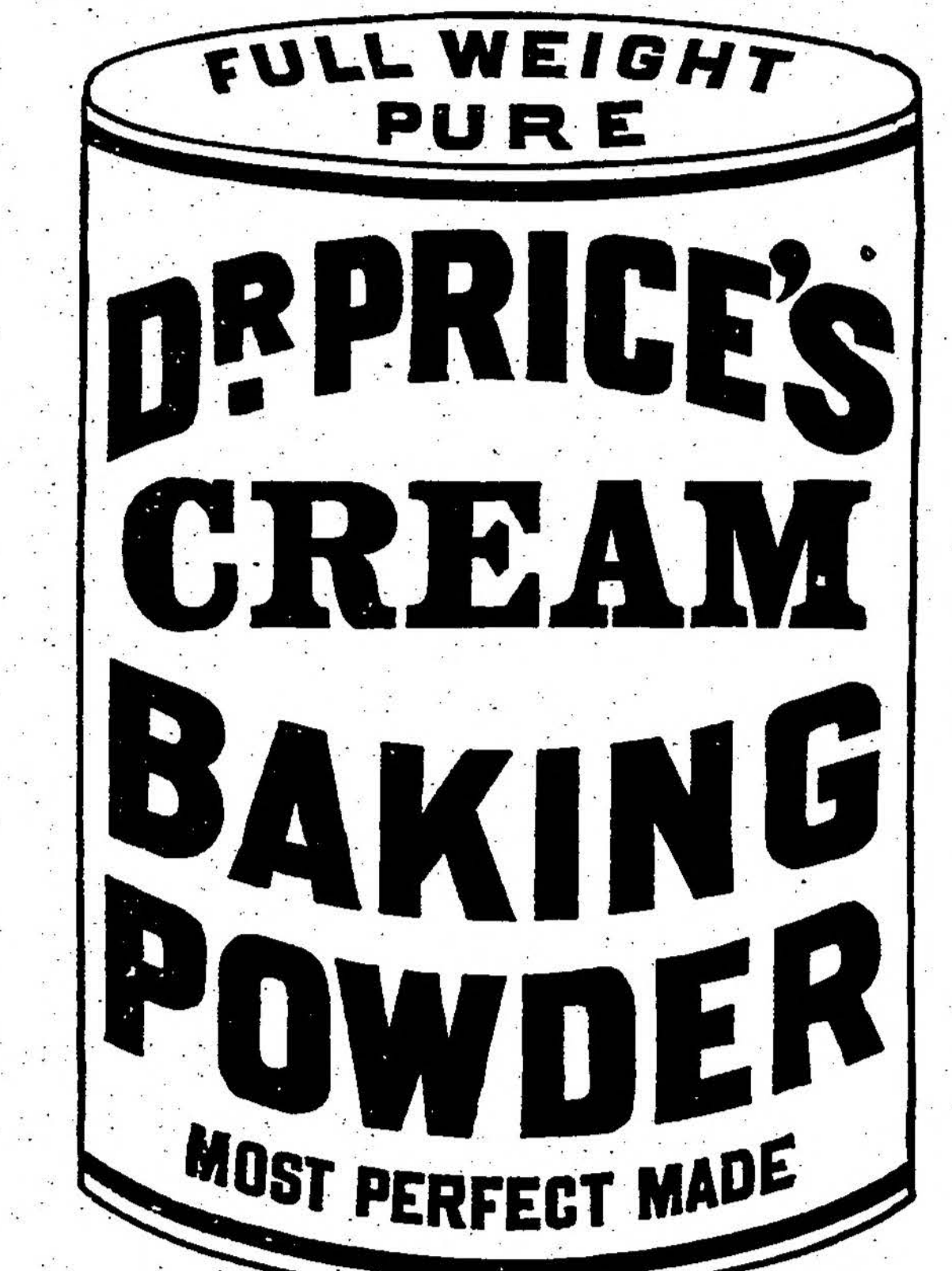
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